

THE ENTERTAINING
TRAVELS
AND
ADVENTURES
OF

Mademoiselle de Richelieu.

COUSIN to the present DUKE of that
NAME

Who made the Tour of *EUROPE*, dressed
in Men's Cloaths, attended by her MAID
LUCY as her *Valet de Chambre*.

Now done into ENGLISH from the LADY's own
MANUSCRIPT.

By the TRANSLATOR of the MEMOIRS and
ADVENTURES of the Marques of *BRE-
TAGNE* and Duke of *HARCOURT*.

V O L II. The Second Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by *S. Ballard* at the
Blue-Ball in *Little-Britain*.



were proper when the good of the Cause
 with such miserable Arguments the Cause
 of Christianity.

How happy have been the Lives of
 who make a Study of their own Souls
 have been Witnesses to the glorious Conduct
 of Belief in the Christian Religion
 and in reading up the Christian System upon
 in Rome. I shall thank Heaven while I live
 to have been a Christian and I hope it

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to be convinced of the Truth of the Christian
 own understanding Reason, that will be convinced
 and convinced of the Truth of the Christian
 never doubted of the Truth of the Christian
 Church convinced of the Truth of the Christian
 I have seen many who have been upon some
 of the Christian Religion, and have been upon some

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NOTHING exceeds the Satisfac-
 tion which we receive from
 the Conversation of a learned and
 pious Man ; our Understandings
 are greatly improved and enlightened, our
 Imaginations struck with agreeable Impres-
 sions, our Hearts enflamed with a glowing
 Zeal, and our Souls wrapt up in the noble
 and sublime Sentiments which we catch from
 the Mouth of the Orator. This was the
 Case, I dare say, of every one of us, who

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were present when the good *Jesuit* maintained, with such irresistible Arguments, the Cause of Christianity.

How happy had it been for some Persons, who make a Merit of their Incredulity, to have been Witnesses to his glorious Conquest of Deism, in dismounting all its Batteries, and in rearing up the Christian System upon its Ruins. I shall thank Heaven while I live for this happy Opportunity; and I hope, if ever my Travels fall into the Hands of Deists, or People who think themselves too wise to be conducted by any other Guide than their own unerring Reason, they will be convinced and converted: For my Part, though I never doubted of the Mysteries, because the Church commands my Belief, yet I never, I own, could satisfy my Reason upon some Articles of Faith: My Mind was often overwhelmed with a thousand Doubts, and I wandered up and down in unsettled Principles, without being able to find a fixed Point; but as I am now fully convinced that there is a Depth in the divine Nature, and in the Conduct of his Providence, which is not to be fathomed by the short Line of Reason, I cheerfully sacrifice my Understanding, when I find it puzzled between the Extremes of a clear Revelation and an incomprehensible Obscurity, and attribute the seeming Inconsistency of certain Mysteries to its Scantiness and narrow Limits; and I heartily concur with the Church, in believing that this Sacrifice



vice is one Part of the Worship due to the Supreme Being.

I was not the only Person charmed with the profound Knowledge of this great and good Man, the Countess de Saluce appeared to be highly delighted with what he had said; and as for the Count, his own Words will best discover his Sentiments.

WHAT a valuable Man is this, said he, how just are his Sentiments, and how clearly and elegantly does he express them! How happy should I think myself to enjoy his Company once or twice every Week. I must confess that I am now sorry that ever I was acquainted with this excellent Man, since probably I shall never see him after I leave this Place; however, added he, addressing himself to me, if you are as fond of his Company as I am, you'll consent to go with me to his Convent and pay him a Visit. With all my Heart, cried I; and though I cannot pretend to conceive the Sublimeness of his Sentiments as you do, yet I have an unconceivable Pleasure to hear him speak, and was sorry when he left off; besides, Self-interest makes me ardently desire to accompany you in this Visit, that I may beg some Directions from him for my Conduct as a Traveller; and I would intreat you, my dear Count, as you can be more free with him than I can pretend to be, to put him upon that Subject. With all my Heart,

said he, and it will add to my Satisfaction, that what he says cannot but be useful to you upon many Occasions. He then called for his *Valet de Chambre*, and ordered him to go next Morning to the Jesuit's Convent with a How d'ye do, and to know the Hour that he could receive our Visit; which he did, and brought us Word, that about Three o' Clock in the Afternoon he would have an Hour at our Service.

We accordingly went; and after the first Compliments, the Count told him, smiling, that our Visit was more selfish and interested than he imagined: This Friend of mine, added he, pointing to me, is going to set out upon his Travels, and would, as well as I, reckon it a very great Favour to have some Directions from a Man of your profound Knowledge, which might serve him as Rules to direct his Conduct.

My Profession, as well as my Inclination, prompts me, answered he, to comply with a Request which gives me an Opportunity of exercising Charity as well as Civility; but as I have only travelled in Books, I am not so well qualified to give a young Gentleman Directions as some other Persons who have seen and conversed more with Men than I have done; however, I shall venture to say, that if this World be a great Book, as *St. Austin* calls it, none study it so much as the Traveller. They who never stir from home may

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may be, in a Manner, said to read only one Page of it, and like the dull Fellow in *Pliny*, who could never learn to count farther than five, they dwell always upon one Lesson, or like an Acquaintance of mine, who had always a Book, indeed, lying open upon a Desk; but it was observed, that it lay always open at the same Place, and by long Custom, could lie open no where else. He then that will know much out of this great Book, *the World*, must read much in it; and as *Ulysses* is represented by *Homer*, as the wisest of all the *Grecians*, because he had travelled much, and had seen the *Cities and Customs of many Men*, so his Son *Telemachus* is esteemed the Reverse, which the same Author attributes to his Mother *Penelope*, who instead of sending him abroad to see foreign Countries, had always kept him at home in Sloth and Indolence.

TRAVELLING preserves the young Gentleman from surfeiting of his Parents, and weans him from the dangerous Fondness of his Mother. It teaches him wholesome Hardship; to lye in Beds that are often bad; to speak to Men he never saw before; to travel in the Morning before Day, and in the Evening after Day; to endure any Horse and Weather, as well as any Meat and Drink. Whereas the Country Gentleman that never travelled can scarce come from a remote Province to *Paris* without making his Will, at least without wetting his

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his Handkerchief when he takes Leave of his Friends.

I have read that many of the old *Romans* put out their Children to be nursed abroad by *Lacedemonian* Nurses, till they were three Years old; thereafter put them to their *Uncle*, till Seven or Ten; then sent them into *Tuscany* to be instructed in Religion; and at last, into *Greece* to study Philosophy.

I know nothing better for curing a young Gentleman who has a plentiful Estate, of his Self-conceit and Pride, than to visit foreign Countries, where he will see Men of greater Grandeur and Estates than his own, so that he will come home far more modest and civil to his Inferiors, and far less puffed up with the empty Conceit of his own Greatness, as in the Case of *Alcibiades*, whom nothing cured so much of his Pride, as when *Socrates* shewed him in a Map that his House and Lands appeared only as a little Spot or Dab.

I might add that Travelling takes off, in some Sort, the Misfortune that Mankind lie under from the Confusion of Tongues, which deprives us of the Pleasure of conversing with People of a Country the least remote from our own, and shew you how beneficial it is for all Ranks of People from the *Mechanick* to the Prince; but I believe I have no Occasion to take up Time with what you know

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know perhaps better than my self, I shall only beg Leave to say that Examples (the best Philosophy) shew us that the greatest Princes Europe can boast of, viz. Charles the V. and Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden were both of them great Travellers; the first had been twice in England, as often in Africk, four Times in France, six Times in Spain, seven Times in Italy, and nine Times in Germany: The second travelled incognito into Holland, France, Italy, and Germany in his Youth, which made him say afterwards to the French Ambassador *Mareschal Breze* in a threatening Way, that he knew the Way to Paris as well as Stockholm. Add to this, that the wisest and greatest among the ancient Philosophers, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Anaxagoras*, *Anacharsis*, *Apollonius*, *Architar*, and *Pittacus* (which last left his supreme Command of *Mytelen* to travel) were all great Travellers, and that *St. Hierom* (who being no Bishop and consequently not obliged to Residence) having travelled into France, Italy, Greece, and the Holy Land, purchased such rare Acquisitions of Learning by his Travels and Languages, that among all the Fathers and Doctors, the Church in her Collect on his Day calls him only, *Doctorem maximum, the greatest of Doctors*.

THE Sons of Noblemen when they travel ought to be accompanied with Governors who should be Men of Learning, not meer Scholars, Men of Honour, as well as of Honesty, not only Gentlemen born, but
Gentlemen

Gentlemen by Breeding, and who from their own Experience know how to conduct a Gentleman in foreign Courts and Countries. Men of a cheerful Conversation and prudent, and who, without any Stiffness, or pedantick Affectation; endeavour to make their Pupils rather wise than witty; but as this, Sir, added he, is not the Case with your Friend, I shall say no more upon the Subject of Governours, tho it might admit of a long Discourse.

THIS Gentleman, continued he looking at me, [designs, I suppose, to visit some Part of his native Country before he goes to other Parts of the World, this is I think right for many Reasons, but not to mention the Advantage it must be to know something of ones own Country before they go to other Places where they will meet with frequent Occasions of talking about it, the very Observing of Towns and Rarities in *France* will sharpen his Appetite for foreign Curiosities; but I would not have him imitate all Things he sees done in *France* or other Countries; only to learn of the *French* a handsome Confidence, but not an impudent Boldness, he must learn of our Country Men to come into a Room with a *Bonne Grace*, but not to Rush into a Man's Chamber without so much as knocking at the Door. He must learn of them to dance well, to walk and Salute gracefully, but he must not dance as he walks, as many of our *Petit Maitres* do. He must learn of his Country Men to become any Cloaths well, but he must not follow them
in

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in all the Fopperies of Dress ; he must learn to fence well, but I would have his Sword stick faster in the Scabbard than theirs do. In fine, I would have him open, airy, and gallant as they are, but not affecting to be the Gallant of every Lady as they do.

IN *Italy* I would have him learn to make a fine House, but I would not have him learn of the *Italians* to keep a *good House*. He may learn of them to be *sober* and *wise*, but I would not have him learn of them to be *jealous* and *distrustful*. I would have him learn of the *Italians* to receive those that visit him with great Civility and Respect, but I would not have him stand upon all their little Forms and incommodius Punctilios.

IN *Germany*, I would him learn to give his Friend a hearty Welcome to his House; but not to press so much Wine upon him as he shall not be able to go out again. I like well their shaking Hands with you when you first enter, but I like not their quarreling with you for not pledging a Health in a monstrous large Glass, which would ruin yours.

A Traveller ought, above all Things, to frequent the best Company. I do not mean by the Word *best* the greatest Men in Birth, but in Parts, those that are the wisest, the best bred, and the best principled, for of such Men much is to be learned ; their Life is a perpetual Lecture ; their Words so many Oracles ;

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Oracles ; their Discourse so many wise Maxims ; and though young Men are not, perhaps able to bear a Part in the Conversation, yet they will imbibe their Principles and Maxims, and grow in Knowledge and Virtue as they advance in Years.

BUT as Travelling has many Advantages, and greatly improves the Mind, so on the other Hand, it is attended with many Inconveniencies and Dangers. There are many Baits and Temptations laid in the Way of a young Traveller by designing Men and Women, whose Trade it is in most Countries to get in with Strangers ; the former, to strip them of their Money, and the latter of their Virtue, and both are extremely dangerous to a Gentleman of your Friend's Age.

THE Sharpers and Curtezans in *Italy* are the most wicked and artful Creatures in the World, and when they form a Project to hook in some poor unthinking Youth, they seldom meet with a Disappointment ; this is a Rock upon which many young Travellers have split ; and I heartily wish, Sir, added he addressing himself to me, that you may escape the Danger against which I can give you no other Cautions but what your Virtue and Prudence will suggest to you, and put up my constant Prayers to Heaven that you may be under its particular Protection, amidst the many Dangers and Temptations you are going to encounter.

I returned him many Thanks, though I could not but smile within myself at the Thoughts of his Apprehensions. As the Priest did not renew the Conversation upon Travelling, we soon took Leave of him and returned to our Lodging, where we found several Ladies who were come to wish the Countess a good Journey; among the rest Miss *Courbon* and her Aunt. I had a long Conversation full of Gallantry with the former, who was a Girl of great Wit and Merit; among other Things she told me very agreeably, that she could almost wish that she were really now what she seemed to be at our first Meeting, that she might have the Pleasure of rambling a little up and down the World in my Company, having a very great Curiosity to see foreign Countries. I told her, that though I was obliged to wish whatever could give her Pleasure, yet I could not hinder myself from thinking that such a Metamorphosis would never be brought about, but in downright Opposition to the Wishes of the Male Sex; and I, in particular, would protest against it. I think, Sir, said she, that it is a Matter of great Indifference to you what Sex I am of, and the Compliment I pay you in wishing to be a Man, that I might travel with you, should, in my Opinion, engage you, out of Gratitude, to sympathize with me in my Wishes, or, at least, according to the Rules of Politeness, you ought to say so.

No, no, Madam cried I with Emotion, I am not so much Master of the dissembling Art, as basely to betray the Sentiments of my Heart, which, for what Reason I know not, trembles at the very Thoughts of your being a Man. What Occasion have I given it, said she, to be so averse to what I think would make me happy? This is a Piece of Cruelty of which I never could have suspected it. Do not give it that Term, Madam, answered I, for if it could make you happy as a Woman, no Attempt would be too difficult for it, no Pleasure so great, as nothing gives it more Pain just now than to find that yours longs after what would make it miserable. This was a home Thrust; Miss could not help blushing and appearing to be a little disconcerted, but she endeavoured to recover herself. I am so much a Stranger, said she, to the extraordinary Emotions and Desires of Hearts, that I cannot account for the Whims of my own, and far less for those of yours; but so far I dare venture to say of mine, that it takes no Pleasure in making yours uneasy, and, I believe, is so complaisant that it would rather give up Manhood than to purchase it at the Expence of any body's Satisfaction, and far less of a Gentleman whom I very much esteem: With that she got up from her Chair, and went to join some other Ladies at a little Distance, not giving me Time to make any Answer to her last Compliment, which did not at all vex me; for Things had been
pushed

pushed so far, that I must have made a formal Declaration of Love, and I am pretty certain she expected it, perhaps, with some Pleasure, but in such Cases Female Modesty forces us to retire though our Hearts bid us stay. It would be quite out of the common Road for a Woman to confess herself conquered upon a first Attack, we are commonly but too condescending and silly, I confess, and if we hold out a little it is only to get the faster Hold of our Man, for Men despise what they purchase at too easy a Rate. Miss *Courbon* had too much good Sense not to consider that I was just upon the Wing to leave her, and of an Age not to be depended upon; though it were true that her Charms had reached my Heart, which she was not sure of by what I had said, nor had Time to make a proper Trial before my Departure; so that upon many Accounts, it was prudent in her not to let me discover that I had gained any Ground in her Heart; for what Strefs could she lay upon the Protestations of a roving, whimsical young Fellow, such as I appeared to her; besides, such Gallantries in *France* are meer Words of Course which Custom authorizes, and is indeed become so necessary, that a Girl with whom a Man has a *tete a tete*, would think herself highly affronted if he did not make Love to her, and would not value one Farthing whether he was in Jest or in Earnest, if he only did it with a good Grace.

WHEN Miss *Courbon* and her Aunt rose up to be gone I approached the Niece, while the Aunt was wishing the Count and his Lady a good Journey, and told her, in a low Voice, Madam, my Heart feels the Weight of a Separation from you not less than it did your metamorphosing Project; but I hope I shall find you unchanged as to your Sex at my Return, and that during my Absence, you will think sometimes of a Person whose Heart is your Conquest, and allow it to conceive Hopes that, one Day or other, I may aspire to the Happiness of possessing yours.

SIR, said she, I wish you a good Journey, and shall be glad to see you return with a Heart as safe and sound as I suppose it to be just now; as for mine, I know not but it may remain undisposed of all the Time of your Absence, and may, perhaps, treat with yours upon fair and honourable Terms when you come back.

WHEN all the Ladies were gone, the Count gave Orders to have every thing ready for our Departure next Morning at Six o'Clock, and we accordingly set out for *Orleans* on the 10th of *April* 1728, where we arrived on the 12th, and stopped there two Days. The Intendant came to wait upon the Count and his Lady the Day after our Arrival, and invited us to Dinner, where
we

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we had a very elegant Entertainment, followed by an Assembly of the principal Ladies and Gentlemen, and a Ball after Supper.

I resolved to begin my Epistolary Correspondence with my Aunt from this Place, rather to shew her how exactly I intended to obey her Commands, than from having any thing curious or entertaining to tell her ; however, as I know her Fondness for Descriptions of Towns and Countries, I put Pen to Paper, and wrote by way of Description what follows.

THIS Province comprehends what they call the *Orleanois* proper, the *Sologne*, the *Beauvais*, the *Blaisois*, the greatest Part of the *Gatinois*, and the *Perche Gonet* ; being bounded by *Perche* and the Isle of *France*, *Champagne*, and *Nivernois* towards the East ; by the Government of *Berry* towards the South, and by *Maine* and *Touraine* towards the West ; being about Thirty-two Leagues in Length from East to West, and Twenty-eight in Breadth from North to South.

IT is an exceeding healthful pleasant Country, divided by the River *Loire* in two Parts, and watered by several other considerable Streams, on the Banks whereof are some of the best Vineyards in *France*, with arable Lands, Forests, and little Hills, which form a most agreeable Prospect, insomuch that some have given it the Name of the Enchanting Country,

try, and others the Granary of *Paris*, from which the North-east Part of it is but about ten Leagues distant.

THE principal Rivers are the *Loire*, the *Loiret*, the *Cher*, the *Eatonna*, the *Ergle*, and the *Hyerus*; besides which there are two Canals, by which the *Loire* and *Seine* have a Communication, and the Navigation is continued from the Ocean to the *British* Channel.

THE *Loire*, after having visited the City of *Orleans*, takes its Course to the Westward, and discharges itself into the Ocean ten or twelve Leagues below *Nants*.

THE Merchants who inhabit the Towns on this River, have obtained a Grant of the King, for laying a Duty on all Goods passing and repassing it, towards cleaning this River, and preserving the Navigation, which is of great Consequence to the whole Kingdom, but more immediately to them.

THE River *Cher* rises in the *Leonis*, and running northward till it reaches the Eastern Borders of this Country, turns about to the West, and falls into the *Loire*, between *Tours* and *Saumur*.

THE Canal of *Brière*, is so called from a little Village on the *Loire* where it begins, and is carried on North-east to the River *Loing*, which falls into the *Seine* near *Moret*,
and

and was esteemed vastly advantageous, as it preserved a Communication between *Nants*, (and consequently the *Western Ocean*) and *Paris*, and all the fine Provinces situated on the *Loire*, the *Seine*, &c. But the Canal of *Orleans*, which has been made since, is much more commodious, so that the Canal of *Briare* is very little used.

THE Canal of *Orleans* begins at the *Loire*, about two Leagues above that City, and having traversed the Forest of *Orleans*, and the Plain beyond it, joins the River *Loing* also, about a League below *Montargis*, being about eighteen Leagues in Length. It was begun in the Year 1682, and finished in the Year 1692; and the Trade is so great upon it, that the Duties upon Goods passing and re-passing in one Year, have amounted to more than Two hundred Thousand Livres. There are about thirty Sluices upon it.

THE Forests of this Country are those of *Blois*, *Rassy*, *Boulogne*, *Chambord*, *Montargis*, and *Orleans*, of which the last is much the most considerable, as well upon Account of its Extent, containing Fourscore and fourteen thousand Acres, as for the Wood that grows in it, viz. Oaks, Elms, and Aspin Trees, of which they cut as much as amounts to One hundred and fifty thousand Livres annually.

Orleanois Proper is bounded by *La Beausse* towards the North, by *Gatinois* and *Niver-*
mois

nois on the East ; by *Sologne* on the South ; and the *Blaisois* on the West. The chief Towns are *Orleans*, *Beaugency*, *Meun*, *Lorris*, *Sully*, *Gergeau*, and *Pluviers*.

Orleans, which in the Latin Language they call *Genabum Aureliana Civitas*, Two and thirty Leagues almost South from *Paris* ; it stands on the North-side of the River, on the Declivity of a Hill, the Buildings reaching down to the Water-side, and the Town winding with the River, is much longer than broad. The Cross-streets are most of them narrow, and make a very indifferent Figure ; but there is one handsome broad Street which runs the whole Length of the Town, and is the Beauty of it, being above a thousand Fathoms long, but then the Buildings are old and ill-contrived. There is a large handsome Stone Bridge over the River to one of the Suburbs which stands upon an Island. This Bridge is an Hundred and seventy Fathoms long, and upon it is a Brazen Statue of the blessed Virgin, sitting at the Foot of the Cross, and holding in her Arms a dead Christ. On one Side of her is King *Charles VII.* in Armour on his Knees ; and on the other *Joan of Arc*, called the Maid of *Orleans* in Armour also, and on her Knees, designed to perpetuat the Story of the Deliverance this City received by the Address of that Heroine when it was closely besieged by the *English*, and on the Point of surrendering in the Year 1429, and indeed it

it is an Event that deserves to be commemorated.

THE *English* were at this Time Masters of *Paris*, and of almost all the rest of *France*; when it is said *Joan of Arc*, a poor Shepherdess, about eighteen Years of Age, presented herself to *Charles* the *French* King, stiled by the *English*, in Derision, King of *Berry*, having scarce another Province left him, declaring that she had received a Revelation from Heaven, that he should drive his Enemies from *Orleans*, and shortly be crowned King of *France* at *Rheims*, the usual Place where the Kings of *France* are crown'd, and then in Possession of the *English*, offering to lead his Troops in Person, and shew them the Way to Victory; and was so fortunate in the Sallies she made, say we *French* Folks, that she soon after raised the Siege of *Orleans*, revived the Courage of the *French*, and gave such a Turn to their Affairs, that the *English* were defeated in every Encounter; and the *French* King, according to her Prediction, was crowned at *Rheims*, which established her Fame, and made her adored by the *French* as their Tutelary Goddess; though most Men, I believe, at this Time of Day, look upon this Occurrence as a pure State-Trick.

THE People were dispirited upon the repeated Victories of the *English*, and the King's Affairs become desperate, which put him upon counterfeiting a Revelation from Heaven

Heaven in his Favour, knowing how great Things had been effected by such Stratagems as these in all Kingdoms of the World.

WHEN a People can once be brought to think they are fighting the Cause of God, and are supported by his Almighty Arm, all Dangers are despised; like the *Turks* or *English* Enthusiasts; they are confident of Victory if they live, or if they die of going immediately to Paradise. But this Stratagem alone would not have restored the Affairs of the *French*, especially when she soon after suffered the Disgrace of being defeated, made Prisoner, and burnt by the *English* for an Impostor.

THERE were a great many other concurring Circumstances, which contributed to the Success of the *French*; as first, the *English* Generals having a Misunderstanding with their great Ally the Duke of *Burgundy* at this very Time, which was the principal Occasion of raising the Siege of *Orleans*. 2. The Minority of the King of *England*. 3. The *York* Faction distressing his Affairs. And lastly, the Disagreement among the *English* Governors and Generals. --- So much by way of Digression.

THIS City has in it four handsome public Places or Squares, a Cathedral said to be one of the finest in the Kingdom, and an University, but as far as I can learn, Law

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is the chief or only Study attended to in it. It contains Twenty-two Parishes, and is near Four thousand common Paces in Circumference, being encompassed on the Land Side with an old Wall, flanked with antique Towers, which are now rather an Ornament than Defence to the Place.

THERE is no City in *France* at such a Distance from the Sea which hath so brisk a Trade, having an Opportunity of exporting and importing all Manner of Merchandize by the Way of *Nants* and the *Western Ocean*; and on the other hand, by the *Seine* and the *Loire*, they have a Communication with most of the Northern and Southern Provinces of *France*. Their Commerce with *Paris* alone is very considerable.

THE City is very ancient, some will have it founded by the *Druids*; but certain it is, that we find it mentioned by *Cæsar* under the Name of *Genabum*, and it is supposed to have received the Name of *Aurelianum* by the Emperor *Aurelian*, who enlarged and beautified it.

IT was since the Capital of the Kingdom called *Orleanois*, and fell to the Share of *Clodomir* the second Son of *Clovis*, which Kingdom lasted about Fourscore Years. *Orleans* is a Bishop's See, Suffrage of *Paris*, and Capital of a Dutchy, giving a Title to the

the second Son of *France*, who is called Duke of *Orleans*.

'Tis the general Opinion that the *French* Language is spoken in its greatest Purity here, and at *Blois*. The Natives are witty, and extremely given to Raillery and ill-natured Reflections in their Conversation, which has occasioned some of their Neighbours to give them the Character of a Was-pish Generation.

I inclosed this long Account of *Orleans* under a Cover with a Letter to my Aunt, in which I took Care to mention every Stage where we changed Horses, not forgetting our Entertainment upon the Road, without which she would have thought my Journal very imperfect, for, of all Creatures, Nuns are the most curious about Trifles, and my good Aunt would have thought it an unpardonable Piece of Stupidity in me, if I had omitted to tell her what we had for Breakfast, Dinner and Supper, the Name of every little Village through which we past, where and how we lay every Night; in short, my Ivory Table Book was constantly in my Hand, that I might put down Things only for her Satisfaction, which I should not otherwise have given myself the least Trouble about. I concluded my Epistle with telling that my next to her would be from *Bordeaux*, where I expected to have the Pleasure of hearing from her.

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ON the 14th we set out from Orleans about Ten o' Clock, dined at *St. Laurent des Eaux*, four Posts, * or Stages, from Orleans, and arrived about Six o' Clock at Blois, where we resolved to remain till we had satisfied our Curiosity about that Place.

THE *Blaisois* or County of Blois is bounded by *La Beausse* on the North; by *Orleanois Proper* towards the East; by the Province of *Berry* on the South, and by *Touraine* on the West. This is one of the finest Countries in France, abounding in Corn, Wine, Cattle, Game and Fish.

THE Pastures about Blois are so rich, that the Milk of their Cows seldom fails, as I was credibly informed, in restoring broken Constitutions, and producing the best Butter in the Kingdom. The chief Places of this Province are, *Blois*, *Chambord*, *Mer*, *St. Denis*, *Ramorantin*, and *Millancy*.

Blois, in Latin *Castrum Blesense*, the Capital of the *Blaisois*, is situated on the River *Loire*, in an admirable good Air. The Body of the Town lies upon an easy Ascent of a Hill on the North-side of the River, and is joined to a Suburb on the other Side by

* A Post is about Six English Miles.

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the Bridge. It is a large handsome Town, but the greatest Beauty of it is the Castle or Palace, the Residence formerly of several Kings, with Gardens, Fountains, Water-works, and Park, suitable to the Magnificence of the Buildings. The Stair-case of the Castle is much admired as well as the Gallery, above an Hundred Fathoms long, and the Equestrian Statue of *Lewis XII.* It is observable, that there is an Image of the Virgin over every Gate of the Town, set up in the Year 1631, when they suffered pretty much by the Plague, and were miraculously delivered from this Calamity by the Intercession of the blessed Virgin, according to the Tradition of the Place. The Parish Church of *St. Solenne*, the largest in *Blois*, having been destroyed by a Tempest, was magnificently rebuilt by *Lewis XIV.* and converted into a Cathedral. The *Jesuits* also have a beautiful College here, the Front whereof is adorned with the *Dorick*, the *Ionick*, and the *Corinthian* Orders of Architecture. The other publick Buildings worth the viewing are the Town-house, and the Palace where the Courts of Justice are held. Their Fountains are very spacious, being supplied by a noble Aqueduct, supposed to be the Work of the ancient *Romans.* The Natives are remarkable for their good Sense and genteel Behaviour, as well as for their speaking *French* in Perfection, supposed to proceed from the frequent Residence of the Court here.

WE were so charmed with this Place that we resolved to stay a whole Week in it.

IN the Morning of the second Day after our Arrival, the Count and I went to pay the Bishop a Visit, who received us with great Civility; and after the first Compliments upon our coming in, told the Count, that he had intended to pay his Respects to him and his Lady that Forenoon, and to prevail with them to do him the Favour to dine at his House; but though you have prevented me, added he, I hope you'll bring your Lady here to Dinner, or allow me to go myself and conduct her hither: The Count thanked him for the Honour he did him and his Spouse, and accepted frankly of his Invitation, but would by no Means allow the Bishop to take the Trouble of going himself; this good Prelate, after he had settled the Affair with the Count, gave me a most kindly Invitation to come along with my Friend.

WE were most elegantly entertained; but what gave me more Pleasure than all the Delicacy of his Table was the agreeable Conversation, when the Desert was served and the Domesticks retired. We were Ten in all at Table, six Gentlemen, including me among the Males, and four Ladies, of whom one, a very pretty and gay Lady, named *Madam de Fouquet*, addressed herself

to the Bishop, and asked him, smiling, whether a *Molinist* Lady might safely confess to a *Jansenist* Priest? Madam, answered he, according to my Way of Thinking upon the Dispute betwixt the *Molinists* and the *Jansenists*, I would tell you she cannot; but I shall rather chuse to give you a short Abstract of the Propositions which chiefly incurred the Pope's Censure, and leave you to judge for yourself.

THE Pope's Decree, generally called the *Constitution Unigenitus*, from the Words with which that Bull begins, *Viz. Unigenitus Dei Filius*, i. e. *The only begotten Son of God*, was made against a Book of Father *Quesnel's*, entituled, *The New Testament in French, with moral Reflections on each Verse*; or, *An Abridgment of the Morals of the Gospel, Acts of the Apostles, Canonical Epistles and Revelations*; or, *Christian Thoughts on the Text of the sacred Books*. Printed at Paris 1693 and 1694. Out of this Book were extracted an Hundred and one Passages or Propositions, as the Subject of the Pope's Censure, of which I shall mention some of the Chief, from whence you will be able to pass some Judgment on the Papal Decree.

2. THE Grace of Jesus Christ, a Principle efficacious for all Manner of Good, is necessary to all good Works; without it nothing is done or can be done.

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3. IT is in vain, O Lord, that you command, unless you give what you command.

10. GRACE is nothing else but the Will of Almighty God, governing and doing whatever he willeth or ordaineth.

29. No Grace is given out of the Church.

34. THE Grace of *Adam* produceth only human Merit.

59. THE Prayer of the Wicked is a new Sin, and that which God grants them a new Judgment.

73. WHAT is the Church but the Assembly of the Children of God, living in its Bosom, adopted in Christ, subsisting in his Person, redeemed by his Blood, living by his Spirit, acting by his Grace, and expecting the Glory of the Life to come.

76. NOTHING is more extensive than the Church; because it consists of all the Elect and righteous of all Ages.

80. The reading of the Holy Scriptures is for all Men.

86. To forbid ignorant People the Comfort of joining their Voice to that of all the Church, is a Custom opposite to the ancient

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Practice of the Apostles, and even to the Intention of God.

92. To suffer Excommunication and an unjust Anathema, rather than betray the Truth, is to imitate *St. Paul*; far from opposing Authority in the least, or breaking the Unity.

97. IT happens too often, that those Members which are most holy, and most strictly united to the Church, are regarded as unworthy of being in the Church, or as if they were excluded. But the righteous live by Faith, and by Virtue of the Opinion of Men.

101. THERE is nothing more opposite to the Spirit of God, and the Doctrine of Jesus Christ, than to render Oaths common in the Church, because it is to multiply the Opportunities of Perjury, and lay Snares for the weak and ignorant, and occasions that the Name and Truth of God serve sometimes for the promoting impious Designs.

THESE are what have given greatest Offence, and they are indeed so extravagant, that it is surprising so many learned, and, I may say, good Men, have been so infatuated as to give into them.

AND I, said another Lady named *Madam d' Orgeval* in a Sort of Passion, am surprised to

to think that any good Christian should side with the *Molinists* ; I am neither for your *Molina* nor *Molinos*, Latitudinarians and Quietists are my Aversion, and I defy all the *Jesuits* to prove that the *Jansenists* fall short in Practice of the Strictness of their Principles ; let a Person's Life and Conversation be ever so loose, if he or she be but a stiff *Molinist*, all is well, they are sent to Heaven in a Hurry ; but if the Tree is known by its Fruit, and a Christian by his Virtue, Piety, and good Works, who can pretend to compare with the *Jansenists* ? I am one, and I glory in owning it. I do not trouble my Head whether all the concurrent Causes or Principles distinct from the Soul, leave her at Liberty to act or not act, or according to the other Opinion, that these concurring Principles do so far force and determine the Will, that she is plainly over-ruled by them ; what fixes my good Opinion of them is their exemplary Lives, being persuaded that Men who aim at nothing but Sanctity of Life and Manners cannot have bad Principles. I look upon a Man's Practice in moral Duties to be the only Touch-stone of his Principles ; and without that, should he form the finest Scheme in the World, I mean as to Theory, I should suspect him as a Cheat who designed to impose upon the credulous Part of Mankind.

HOLD, hold, Madam, cried a Lady, whose Name was Madam de Fontange, a stiff *Molinist*, and had read herself almost blind

blind upon the Disputes that divided the *Gallican* Church, without understanding one Word of them ; can any Woman that has the least Notion of Religion, nay even of common Sense be a *Jansenist* : Do you know, Madam, added she with Fury in her Eyes, the five Propositions into which the Bishops of *France* reduced the whole Doctrine of *Jansenism*, I am almost sure you do not ; and therefore I will, with the Bishop's Leave, repeat them to you.

1. SOME Commands of God are impossible to righteous Men, even though they endeavour with all their Powers to accomplish them ; the Grace being wanting by which they should be enabled to perform them.

2. IN the State of corrupted Nature a Man never resists inward Grace.

3. TO Merit and Demerit in the present State of corrupt Nature, it is not requisite a Man should have that Liberty which excludes Necessity ; that which excludes Constraint is sufficient.

4. THE *Semipelagians* admitted the Necessity of preventing inward Grace to each Act in particular, and even to the Beginning of Faith ; but they were Hereticks, in regard they asserted that this Grace was such as that the Will of Man might either resist or obey it.

5. IT

g. It is *Semipelagianism* to say that Jesus Christ died, or shed his Blood for all Men in general.

Jansenism consists in maintaining these Doctrines, which may be done two Ways.

1. By asserting that these Propositions are sound and orthodox. 2. In affirming that they are evil and heretical in the Sense wherein the Church has condemned them; but that this Sense is not that of *Jansenius*.

CAN any Roman Catholick adopt such wild heretical Opinions? Sure you must either be extremely ignorant, or miserably deluded by a damn'd Set of hypocritical Schismaticks, to chime in with their monstrous Tenets. For God's Sake tell me, continued she, if you have any Notion how *Liberty excluding Necessity* is to be distinguished from that which *excludes Constraint*! And what a pretty Hypothesis is that of *inward preventing Grace which the Will of Man may either resist or obey*? How strangely inconsistent is this from the 2d of the five Propositions, viz. *In the State of corrupted Nature a Man never resists inward Grace*; for Shame, Madam, abandon People of such monstrous Principles, with whom no Person that has the least Pretensions to the Roman Catholick Religion ought to have any Correspondence directly or indirectly. I see, said Madam d' Orgival, that the *Jesuits* have

have taught you as they would a Parrot to repeat a Parcel of Words, which you as little understand as my Lap Dog; but tho' you did, and had all the Sophesty of the Children of *Loyola*, neither they nor you shall be ever able to persuade me, that People who observe, with the greatest Strictness, all the Christian Duties, can be justly accused of erroneous Principles; shall they who make it the whole Study of their Lives to raise their Affections above the perishing Things of this World, who imitate as far as human Nature is capable, the Charity, Humility, and Resignation, under Persecutions of all Kinds, of the Author and Finisher of our Faith and the Redeemer of the World; shall they, I say, be supposed to act from wrong Principles? Surely they must be mad or worse than mad that can imagine it. Your *Molinist* Clergy indeed have a quite different Scheme, they know the Infirmities of human Nature, and are mighty indulgent; and it would, no doubt, be a terrible Hardship upon a Lady of your polite Taste to have a rigid Confessor still buzzing in your Ears, that you are in a bad Way, and must give up your darling Sins. What darling Sins, interrupted she, you join to a Want of Charity, the common Failing of all the *Jansenian* Tribe, an Impertinence not to be bore with; I would have you to know, Madam, that it is such Coquets as your Ladyship who have their darling Sins; and if the Marquis de *Montander*, who makes no Secret of the Favours you are pleased to bestow upon him, were
here

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here just now, I could appeal to him for the Truth of what I say; and I, cried *Madam de Fontange*, in a terrible Fury, could appeal to all *Blois*, in which there's scarce a Child but knows that your Ladyship has done the good Man your Husband the Favour of classing him among the hornified Race; upon which Glasses, Trenchers, Spoons, Knives and Forks flew about the Room like Hail, and the poor old Bishop was so terrified that he made but one Step to the Door. The two Combatants came at last to close Engagement, and commenced a very terrible scratching Battle; in a Moment both their Caps were among their Feet all tore to Pieces, their Faces all in Blood, and Handfuls of Hair scattered up and down. All the Company were so well pleased with this Battle royal that no Mortal offered to separate them, till they had foused one another to some Purpose; but as they were both of them at last very much fatigued, and that *Molina* had got *Jansenius* down, the Count and another Gentleman pulled the uppermost off her painting Adversary, and so the Battle ended. Basons full of Water were brought to wash the Blood off their Faces, which were in a Sad Pickle; and when *Madam de Fontange's* Face was washed, which happened to be first done, she threw the Bason and Water in her Enemy's Breast, who returned the Compliment that Moment with her's; so that to see them with their dischevelled Hair, and their Gown's bedawbed all over with bloody Water would have made a dying Man laugh. *Madam de Fontange*

Pontange was the first who retired from the Field of Battle, and as she was going off turned about, and swore that she would neither eat nor sleep till she had the Satisfaction of having her Enemy's damn'd lecherous Eyes pulled out of her abominable Head; and I, cried *Madam de Orgeval*, will hire Ruffians to *Abelard* thy broad back'd *Doremus*, which will be a more terrible Punishment than if I should pull out thy Eyes and Tongue. Adieu, said the former, thou Scandal to thy Sex; farewell, reply'd the other, thou Sink of Pollution. Good God, cried the Countess, what Monsters are we got among; for Heaven's Sake, my dear said she to the Count, let us get out of the Reach of these desperate unhappy Wretches; upon which I presented my Hand to lead her down Stairs, followed by the Count and the *Marquis de Mirandello*, a Gentleman of great Accomplishments, and who, tired with a tumultuous Court Life, had retired to this Place, where he lived privately and agreeably, and conversed more with the Dead than the Living. The Count invited him to go and take the Air with us in his Coach, which he readily agreed to. This extraordinary Scene, in the Bishop's House, furnished, you may believe, ample Matter of Conversation; and we all allowed, that nothing was capable to hurry People to such Extremities as religious Zeal, of which the *Marquis* gave us many terrible Instances from Books that he had read; this Subject naturally led us to talk upon the Passion of Anger which we saw, by what it had produced

duced in these two silly Women, often gets the better of our Reason. The Marquis de *Mirandelle* made a long and elegant Discourse upon this unhappy Failing of human Nature, with which the Count was so charmed, that he wrote it down that very Evening; and as it may be instructive and entertaining to several Readers, I shall insert it here just as I transcribed it from his Manuscript.

‘ PASSION, said the *Marquis*, is applied to the different Motions, and Agitations of the Soul, according to the different Objects that present themselves to the Senses. In Propriety, all those Motions whereby the Soul is carried towards any Thing, as Love, Ambition, Revenge &c. are rather Actions than Passions.

‘ WE find various Modifications and Impressions of Pleasure and Pain inseparably annexed by an established Law of Nature, to the several Judgments we form concerning Good and Evil: These Judgments with their respective Modifications of Pleasure or Pain, according to the various Appearances and Relations of the Object considered, either as Good or Evil, present or absent, certain or uncertain, probable or improbable, possible or impossible, and affecting the Machine in a certain Manner peculiar to such Modifications, make what we call the *Passions*.

' How, or by what Means, this mutual
 ' Action and Communication between Soul
 ' and Body is effected, we are, in a great
 ' Measure ignorant; we have but very ob-
 ' scure and faint Notions of any thing prior,
 ' or more simple to resolve it into; except
 ' the immediate Will and Agency of the
 ' first Cause itself.

' It may not be an improper Digression,
 ' said he, to take Notice here of what some
 ' Philosophers have advanced concerning *Occa-*
 ' *sional Causes*, which are not the direct
 ' Causes of their Effects.

' THE Soul, say those Philosophers, is
 ' not able to act on the Body; nor the Body
 ' reciprocally on the Soul; to keep up an
 ' Intercourse between them, God, on Oc-
 ' casion of a Motion of the Body, impresses
 ' a Sensation on the Soul; and, on Occasion
 ' of a Sentiment of the Soul, impresses a
 ' Motion on the Body. The Motions, there-
 ' fore, of the Soul, are only *Occasional*
 ' *Causes* of what passes in the one or the
 ' other: Thus, say they, the Stroke of
 ' Percussion, is only the *Occasional Cause* of
 ' the Motion produced in the Body struck;
 ' it is God who is the direct efficient *Cause*.
 ' And thus the Action of Objects on our
 ' Organs, is not the efficient *Cause* of our
 ' Ideas and Perceptions, but merely the *Occa-*
 ' *sional Cause*, which determines God to
 ' act on the Mind, according to the Laws
 ' of

of the Union of Soul and Body. But the Consequences that follow from this fine Reasoning are very unlucky, not to say ridiculous: Thus, it is not the Cannon-ball that kills the Man, or beats down the Wall, but it is God that does it: The Motion of the Cannoneer, whose Arm, moved by the Power of God, applied Fire to the Powder; the Powder inflamed, determined God to drive out the Ball; and the Ball driven, with an inconceivable Rapidity, to the exterior Surface of the Body of a Man, or a Wall, determines God to break the Bones of the Man, or beat down the Wall, &c. A Coward, who runs away, does not run away at all; but the Motion of his Pineal gland, agitated by the Impression of a Squadron of Enemies coming on him, with Bayonets at the Ends of their Muskets, determines God to move the Coward's Legs, and carry him from them.

It has been often said, in a moral Sense, that the World is a Comedy, and that each Man only acts his Part; but it may be here said in a strict physical one, that the Universe is a Puppet-show, and each Man a Punchinello, making a great deal of Noise without speaking, and bustling without moving. — So much by way of Digression, and now to return to the Inquiry into Passions with which I began.

Malebranche defines the Passions to be all those Emotions naturally arising in the Soul, on occasion of extraordinary Motions of the Animal Spirits and the Blood. In Opposition to those Motions of the Soul which are common to us with pure Intelligences, and which he calls *natural Inclinations*.

THOUGH the Passions be inseparable from *Inclinations*; and though a Man be only capable of sensible Love or Hatred, because he is capable of spiritual ones; yet does it appear just in that Author to distinguish between them. *Passions* are much stronger and warmer than *Inclinations*; their Objects are different, and so are the Causes: *Passions* and *Inclinations* differ just as much as Sense and Imagination.

In effect, the *Passions* of the Soul are Impressions of the Author of Nature, which incline us to our Bodies, and all Things that may be of Use to their Preservation: Natural *Inclinations* are Impressions of the Author of Nature, which determine us primarily to love him, as our supreme Good.

PHILOSOPHERS are not agreed about the Number and Divisions of the *Passions*; the ordinary Distribution is into *Passions* of the *concupiscible Appetite*, which are Pleasure
and

and Pain, Desire and Aversion, Love and Hatred; and those of the *irascible Appetite*, which are Anger, Courage, Fear, Hope, and Despair.

A certain famous Physician of England, considers the Passions as either spiritual or animal. — Spiritual Passions he defines to be those Sentiments produced in the Soul by external Objects, either spiritual ones immediately, or material ones, by the Organs of the Body.

Animal Passions he defines to be those Effects produced by Spirits or Bodies, immediately on the Body.

HENCE, as outward Objects may be considered either as Goods or Evils; the most natural Division of the Passions, whether spiritual or natural, as they regard those Objects, is into *pleasurable* and *painful*.

AND in this Sense, all the *Passions* may be reduced to Love and Hatred; of which Joy and Sorrow, Hope and Fear, are only so many Modifications, or Complexions, according to the various Appearances, Positions, &c. of the Object.

IN effect, all the Passions may not only be reduced to two, viz. Love and Hatred; but, perhaps, to one, Love; and even

that may be all resolved into Self-love ; and this into a Principle of Self-preservation, or necessary invincible Desire of Pleasure or Happiness. — The rest are only Rivulets from this Source ; or special Applications of this Principle to particular Occasions.

Thus, the Desire of any thing under the Appearance of its Goodness, Suitableness, or Necessity to our Happiness, constitutes the Passion of Love ; the Desire of eschewing or avoiding any thing apprehended to be mischievous, hurtful, or destructive, constitutes Hatred or Aversion ; the Desire of a Good which appears at the same time probable, and in our Power, constitutes Hope ; but if the Good appear improbable, difficult, or impossible, it constitutes Fear or Despair ; the unexpected Gratification of Desire is Joy ; the Desire of Happiness to another under Pain, or Suffering, is Compassion ; and the Desire of another's Punishment, Revenge or Malice, &c.

THE single Desire of Happiness, then, is the Spring or Motive of all our Passions ; as those are of all our Actions. Some wise and reasonable Motive, or End of Action, says a Christian learned Doctor, is certainly necessary to all wise and reasonable Actions ; to act without a Motive, would be the same Thing as not to act at all, that is, such an Action could answer no farther

or

‘ or better End than not acting ; and consequently the Action, as well as the Agent, would be so far insignificant and useless. He who should have no Object at all of his Love or Aversion, Hope or Fear, Joy or Grief, must be simply and purely indifferent to all Action, and consequently must, either be in a State of perfect Rest, and Inaction, or in a State equivalent thereto ; wherein the Action of such a Being could be of no more Significancy, than the uncertain Fluctuation of an Atom, or the quivering of a Feather in the Air.

‘ THE natural or occasional Cause of all the *Passions*, *Malebranche* makes to be the Motion of the Animal Spirits, which are diffused through the Body to produce and preserve a Disposition therein suitable to the Object perceived ; to the End, that the Body and Mind may mutually assist each other on this Occasion ; it being the Order of the Creator, that our Wills be followed by Motions of the Body proper to execute them ; and that the Motions of the Body mechanically excited in us by the View of external Objects, be accompanied with a *Passion* of the Soul, which inclines to will or nill what appears serviceable or noxious to the Body.

‘ IT is a continual Impression of the Will of the Creator, that unites us thus intimately to a Piece of Matter, and occasions this Reciprocation of Motions and Sensations ;

' tions ; were this Impression of the Creator's
 ' well suspended a Moment, we should be
 ' delivered from all Dependance, all *Passions*,
 ' &c. For what People usually imagine
 ' of a necessary Connexion between the
 ' Motions of the Spirits and Blood, and
 ' the Emotions of the Soul is inconceiv-
 ' able.

' CERTAIN little Parts of the Bile,
 ' say they, move with some Violence among
 ' the Fibres of the Brain ; therefore the Soul
 ' must necessarily be agitated with some
 ' *Passion* ; and this *Passion* must be Anger
 ' rather than Love. What Relation can we
 ' conceive between a *Passion* of Contempt or
 ' Hatred, and a Bodily Motion of the Parts
 ' of the Blood striking against certain Parts
 ' of the Brain ? How can the Union or
 ' Alliance of two Things so different as
 ' Spirit or Matter be effected, but by the
 ' omnipotent Will of the Author of Na-
 ' ture ?

' It is a Point about which the Divines
 ' and Philosophers can never agree ; whe-
 ' ther this Relation and Connexion of
 ' Thoughts of the Mind, and Motions of
 ' the Body, be the Gift of Nature, or the
 ' Punishment of the first Sin ? And whether
 ' the *Passions* be the Institution of Nature or
 ' the Corruption thereof ? Indeed, consider-
 ' ing the good and wise Purposes the *Passions*
 ' serve, and that absolute Necessity they are
 ' of, it is surprising it should ever be
 ' doubted,

' doubted, that they are essential to human
' Nature.

' THIS Union or Relation is found in all
' Men, but in different Degrees, and of
' different Extent, according to the diffe-
' rent Temperaments, Conditions, Ages,
' Sexes, Occasions, Objects, &c. Thus,
' for Instance, our Union or Relation to
' sensible Objects we have seen, is stronger
' than that to Things we have only heard
' talk of. And thus, as the Great have a
' Relation to many more Things than others,
' their Slavery is more extensive. A General
' retains or has a Relation to all his Sol-
' diers, as they all respect him; and it is
' this Slavery that usually occasions his Ge-
' nerosity; the Desire of being esteemed by
' all in whose Sight he is frequently, ob-
' lises him to sacrifice more reasonable
' Pleasures.

' IT is thus throughout the World;
' Vanity animates Virtue, otherwise we
' should never have such Lengths gone.
' Again, Children do not mind the same
' Things with grown People. Women look
' no farther than their Families and Neigh-
' bourhood; but Men retain to their whole
' Country; it is for them to defend it;
' they mind Honours, Offices, &c. Nor is
' there a less Variety resulting from the dif-
' ferent Circumstances and Employments of
' People,

' THE

‘ THE Disposition of Mind in a married
 ‘ Man differs much from that in a Batchel-
 ‘ lor. The People in Monasteries have both
 ‘ the Mind and Heart turned very differ-
 ‘ rently from People who live in the World.
 ‘ They are united to much fewer Things ;
 ‘ but then the Attachment is much closer and
 ‘ stronger ; their *Passions* move in a nar-
 ‘ row Sphere, and like the Sun’s Rays in
 ‘ a Convex Lens, are collected, as it were,
 ‘ in a Focus.

‘ IN every *Passion* there may be seven
 ‘ Things distinguished : The first, the
 ‘ Judgment the Mind makes of an Object,
 ‘ or the View of the Relation the Object
 ‘ bears to us. The second, a new Deter-
 ‘ mination of the Will towards that Object,
 ‘ supposing it to appear as good. The third,
 ‘ the peculiar Sensation or Modification
 ‘ which accompanies them ; as the Sensation
 ‘ of Love, Hatred, Desire, or Joy ; which
 ‘ Sensations are always different in the differ-
 ‘ ent Passions, and as it were, the Cha-
 ‘ racteristicks thereof. The fourth, a new
 ‘ Determination of the Course of the Blood
 ‘ and Spirits towards the several Parts of
 ‘ the Body : before the Sight of the Ob-
 ‘ ject of the *Passion*, the Animal Spirits
 ‘ were pretty equally diffused throughout
 ‘ the Body ; but the Presence of the new
 ‘ Object disturbs the whole Œconomy ;
 ‘ and the greatest Part of the Spirits are
 ‘ sent into the Muscles of the Arms, Legs,
 ‘ Face

‘ Face &c. The fifth, is the sensible Emotion of the Soul, which finds itself shaken by this sudden overflowing of Spirits. The sixth, is the different Sensation of Love, Hatred, &c. caused, not by the intellectual View of good or Evil, but by the different Shakes or Movements the Animal Spirits occasion in the Brain. The last, is a certain Sensation of Joy, or inward Satisfaction, which detains the Soul in its *Passion*, and attests its being in the State it ought to be with regard to that Object.

‘ *Passions*, in a View to Medicine, make one of the six *Non-naturals* of the utmost Consequence, with respect to Health or Disease. Physicians have digested all the Causes of Diseases into six Classes, which they call the six *Non naturals*. These are, — 1. Air. 2. Meat and Drink. 3. Motion and Rest. 4. The Passions of the Mind. 5. Excretions and Retentions. 6. Sleep and Waking.

‘ THEY are thus called, because by their Use, or Abuse, they become either good *Naturals*, or evil *Contra-naturals*. But the Division, in effect, is of no great Use, the Causes of Diseases being much more commodiously laid down otherwise; and were it not, said he, entertaining you, or rather fatiguing you, with a Subject, which, from the Obscurity of necessary technical Terms, becomes dry and insipid, I should have

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‘ have given you an Abstract of what I have
 ‘ read upon the Causes of Diseases, before
 ‘ I proceed on what remains to be said on the
 ‘ *Passions.*’

SIR, answered the Count, my Wife, who
 is the only Woman here, will, I believe, be
 curious enough to hear what you say upon
 that Subject ; and though it were otherwise,
 I know that she has too great a Regard to
 the *Chevalier de Radpont*, and me, to deprive
 us of the Pleasure of hearing what is new, I
 fancy, to us both ; and therefore, I hope
 you will, without any farther Ceremony, tell
 us what you think proper upon that Sub-
 ject.

‘ Of all Animals, said he, Man is sub-
 ‘ ject to the most Diseases ; and of Men,
 ‘ the studious and speculative are most ex-
 ‘ posed thereto. Other Animals have their
 ‘ Diseases ; but they are in small Number ;
 ‘ nor are Plants without them.

‘ SEVERAL Authors have given us very
 ‘ compendious Theories of Diseases ; reduc-
 ‘ ing them all to some one great Disaffection :
 ‘ *Bontekoe* deduces all the Diseases of the
 ‘ human Frame from the *Scorbutus* or Scur-
 ‘ vy : *Musgrave* from the *Arthritis* or
 ‘ Gout : *Doctor Woodward* from the Bile :
 ‘ Others imagine all Diseases from a Pocky
 ‘ Virus, or a putrid Matter which has
 ‘ lurked in the Seed ever since the Sin of
 ‘ *Adam* : *Helmont*, and *Serenus the Dane*,
 ‘ take them to depend on some extraneous
 ‘ Ferment,

‘ Ferment, formed in or out of us : Last-
 ‘ ly, it appearing from the Observations of
 ‘ *Pliny, Kercher, Langius, and Bonomo*, that
 ‘ there are little Worms in Feverish Blood,
 ‘ Postules or Pimples, Carbo’s, and the
 ‘ Itch ; divers Physicians have took Occa-
 ‘ sion to suspect, that all Diseases arise from
 ‘ Worms, of which the ordinary Place is
 ‘ the Intestines, though there is scarce any
 ‘ Part of the Body but is sometimes infected
 ‘ with them ; for, besides the *Verines Intes-*
 ‘ *tinales*, there are *Dentales, Gingivales,*
 ‘ *Pulmonarii, Cardiaci, Sanguinari, Cuta-*
 ‘ *neous, Umbilical, Hepatick, Salival, &c.*

‘ THEY are all usually supposed to be
 ‘ ingendered from the Eggs of some Insect,
 ‘ deposited in something that is taken into
 ‘ the Body by way of Food ; or some other
 ‘ way : An Hypothesis, however, which
 ‘ will hardly account for certain Species of
 ‘ these Insects, not to be found but in the
 ‘ Bodies of Animals. --- A Solution of this
 ‘ Difficulty will, perhaps, be hard to find,
 ‘ without having Recourse to the first Sta-
 ‘ mina of Animals, and the Principles of
 ‘ Generation.

‘ THERE are three Species of Worms,
 ‘ most frequent in the human Body ; the
 ‘ *Teretes*, or round and thick, mostly found
 ‘ in the Duodenum or first of the small
 ‘ Guts ; the *Latus*, or flat, called also *Tæ-*
 ‘ *nia* ; and the round and small, found in
 ‘ the *Rectum*, or third and last of the large
 ‘ Intestines,

50 *The* TRAVELS *of*

‘ Intestines, called *Ascarides*. Sometimes,
 ‘ indeed, there are anomalous Worms ex-
 ‘ pelled; as horned, hairy, four-footed,
 ‘ two-headed Worms, &c.

‘ THE Symptoms of this Disease are, vo-
 ‘ miting, Head-ach, Heart-burn, sighing,
 ‘ swooning, feeble Pulse, heavy Sleep, De-
 ‘ lirium, Squinancy, Pleurisy, canine Hun-
 ‘ ger, and innumerable others; occasioned
 ‘ by the Animals sucking, moving, vellicat-
 ‘ ing, or twitching, gnawing, consuming
 ‘ the Chyle or whitish Juice into which the
 ‘ Food is converted by Digestion, irritating
 ‘ the Nerves, wounding the Solids or con-
 ‘ tinuous Parts of the Body, &c.

‘ As to the *Latus*, besides the other com-
 ‘ mon Symptoms, those affected with this,
 ‘ have one peculiar to them; which is, that
 ‘ with their Stools they discharge several little
 ‘ Bodies, like Gourd-seeds.

‘ DOCTOR Tyson, in the *Philosophical*
 ‘ *Transactions*, gives a curious Account of
 ‘ the *Lumbrient-latus*, or Flat-worm, in
 ‘ English ordinarily called the *Tape-worm*, or
 ‘ *Joint-worm*. ----- This is always single;
 ‘ it lyes variously convoluted; being some-
 ‘ times as long as all the Guts, and some-
 ‘ times vastly exceeds that Length.

‘ Olaus Borrichius assures us, a Patient of
 ‘ his, in a Year’s Time, voided Eight hun-
 ‘ dred Foot of this Worm, though he had
 ‘ not

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‘ not yet met with the Head ; in void-
‘ ing, the Patient always observed it to
‘ break off.

‘ DOCTOR *Tyson* parallels this Case with
‘ that of a Patient of his, who voided vast
‘ Quantities of this Worm for several Years
‘ together ; but in various Pieces : Some
‘ two, three, four, six, or more Yards long ;
‘ but all put together, he says, would much
‘ exceed the Length of that of *Borri-*
‘ *chius*.

‘ THE Joints in this Worm are very
‘ numerous ; in one of Twenty-four Foot
‘ long Dr. *Tyson* numbered Five hundred
‘ and Seven Joints. --- Above the Middle of
‘ the Edges of each Joint, he observed a
‘ protuberant Orifice. --- Those Orifices he
‘ takes for so many Mouths ; the best Mi-
‘ croscopes discovering no Mouth in what
‘ usually passes for the Head.

‘ THE *Worm* is frequent enough in most
‘ Kinds of Animals ; as Dogs, Oxen, Crabs,
‘ Herrings, Pikes, &c. Some Authors assert
‘ that it is not one, but many Worms linked
‘ together, and included in a Spolium of the
‘ Intestines ; and that this Spolium is not
‘ animated, but receives its Sense and Mo-
‘ tion from a Sort of *Vermiculi Cucurbitini*
‘ inclosed in it. --- This *Gabucinus* says he
‘ has plainly discovered ; but *Tyson* abun-
‘ dantly evinces the contrary.

‘ In *Persia*, &c. there are very long slender Worms, six or seven Yards long, bred in the Legs, and other Parts of Men’s Bodies ; when arrived at a certain Pitch, they put out their Heads, Necks, &c. and withdraw them (if displeased or hurt) again, causing intollerable Pains, Fevers, &c. So much for Worms. — I shall now proceed to say something farther upon Diseases, from thence return to my first Topic the Passions, and conclude a Discourse, which must certainly be tiresome to you, as I begin to find it is to myself.

‘ SOME *Diseases* only impair the Use of the Part, as the *Ophthalmia*, a Disease of Eyes, Gout, &c. Others destroy it entirely, as the *Gutta Serena*, Palsy, &c. Some affect the whole Body, as the Fever, Apoplexy, Epilipsy, &c. Others only impair a Part, as the Astma, Cholick, Dropsy, &c. Some only affect the Body, as the Gout ; others disturb the Mind, as Melancholy, Delirium, &c. Lastly, others affect both the Body and Mind, as the *Mania*, by a vehement Kind of Delirium without a Fever, Phrenzy, &c.

‘ As the Actions, or Conditions of the Body, so also the Diseases or Defects thereof, may be reduced to three general Heads, viz. 1. *Diseases* of the solid Parts. 2. Those

‘ Those of the fluid Parts. And, 3. *Diseases* compounded of both.

‘ A popular Syllabus of Diseases may be given, as follows: The solid Parts, i. e. the Bones and Flesh, may be disordered five Ways, viz. rendered turgid by Tumours; cut with Wounds; corroded by Ulcers; removed by Dislocations, or discontinued by Fractures and Contusions.

‘ *Diseases* of the Fluids are either in the Mass of the Blood, or the Spirits: Those of the Blood are reducible to two Kinds; those that thicken, or which amounts to the same, retard its Motion; and those which attenuate and dissolve, and of consequence accelerate it.

‘ To this latter Kind belong Fevers and Feverish Affections alone: All the other Diseases of the Blood belong to the former.

‘ THE Diseases of the Animal Spirits arise either, 1. From an Intermision, or Retardation of their Motion; or a Diminution of their Quantity: Or, 2. From a Disorder in their Crasis, or Quality.

‘ To the first Class are reduced the Cataplexis or sleepy Disease, Apoplexy, Palsy, Stupor, Tremor, &c. To the second belong the Mania, Phrenzy, Delirium, Foolishness, Melancholy, Vertigo, Spasms,

‘ Epilepsy, Hysteric Affections, Horror,
 ‘ &c. Add, that as all Diseases of the
 ‘ Blood arise from external Causes, viz.
 ‘ some or more of the Non-naturals, as
 ‘ Food, Air, Evacuation, &c. So those of
 ‘ the Spirits generally proceed from Disorders
 ‘ of the Blood.

‘ THE Diseases of the Fluids, whether
 ‘ those of the Blood or Spirits, are seldom
 ‘ confined long thereto ; but presently come
 ‘ to disturb, and impede some of the Func-
 ‘ tions of the solid Parts, and at last cor-
 ‘ rupt the Substance of the Solids them-
 ‘ selves. Hence compound, or complicated
 ‘ Diseases, which are infinitely various.

‘ THE learned *Boerhaave* furnishes us a
 ‘ much more accurate Division of Diseases
 ‘ into those of Solids and Fluids, but his
 ‘ System is too extensive to be explained ;
 ‘ and besides, I have been but too long al-
 ‘ ready upon the Subject of Diseases.

‘ AFTER this long Digression upon Dis-
 ‘ eases, I now return to the Passions in a
 ‘ View to Medicine, as they make one of
 ‘ the six Non-naturals of the utmost Con-
 ‘ sequence with respect to Health or Dis-
 ‘ ease.

‘ IN consequence of the several Judg-
 ‘ ments we form concerning Objects, as
 ‘ either good or evil, the Organs of Sensa-
 ‘ tion or Motion, i. e. the nervous Fibres are
 ‘ variously

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variously impressed or stimulated ; whence arise certain Sensations, and certain Modifications of Motion, which, it is apparent, are reciprocal, and follow mutually to each other, whether the Impression be supposed first made on the Body or on the Mind ; that is, any strong violent Motion made on the Organs, will excite a painful Sensation in the Mind ; or any such painful Sensation first excited in the Mind, from the bare Consideration of an Object, will impress a violent Motion on the Organs. And, on the contrary, an easy and placid Undulation, impressed originally by the actual Impulse of Objects, will excite a pleasurable Sensation in the Mind ; or a pleasurable Sensation excited in the Mind, from the meer Contemplation of an Object, will be followed with a like easy, placid Undulation or Motion of the Organs.

THE painful *Passions*, then, as well as Bodily Pain, impress the nervous Fibres with a violent Motion, which brings them alternately into forcible Contractions and Dilatations, or strengthens and increases their muscular Force and Action. While then this Pain, or Uneasiness of Desire, annexed to the *Passions*, and impressed on the Nerves, is moderate and restrained within the Bounds of Nature, such stimulating Desires have a good Effect ; as they strengthen muscular Motion, keep up the Circulation of the Blood, promote the natural

' natural Secretions, and excite a Man to
 ' such Actions and Exercises, wherein Ani-
 ' mal Life, Health, and Vigour consist.
 ' But where the Uneasiness annexed to the
 ' *Passion* is too violent, such a continual
 ' Stimulus will gradually derive a too great
 ' Proportion of Blood to the stimulated Or-
 ' gans, by which the Vessels will be over-
 ' stretched and distended, their muscular
 ' Force gradually impaired, and the Equi-
 ' librium of the Blood and Juices be inter-
 ' rupted. And hence, from a meer pain-
 ' ful Sensation, will arise a complicated
 ' Train of Bodily Illnesses and Pains, in
 ' Consequence of the established Laws of
 ' the Union and Communication of Soul and
 ' Body.

' AGAIN, while we are wearing off the
 ' Uneasiness of *Desire* annexed to any
 ' *Passion*, we feel a sensible Pleasure, or
 ' agreeable Emotion; and the Organs here-
 ' upon falling into easy, uniform, placid
 ' Undulations, the too great Current of the
 ' Blood toward them is diverted, and the
 ' Equilibrium restored. As soon as the Un-
 ' easiness is all gone, the Pleasure ceases and
 ' terminates in meer Indolence, which dis-
 ' poses the Person to rest and Inaction; till
 ' the Return of some fresh Desire, sti-
 ' mulating to farther Action, renews the
 ' same Succession and interchangeable Series
 ' of Pains and Pleasure.

‘ AND

‘ AND this is the Circle of Animal Life;
 ‘ as the Stimulus of Desire throws off the
 ‘ Indolence of Rest, and excites to Action;
 ‘ so the Gratification moderates the Pain
 ‘ of Desire, creates a Pleasure at first, and
 ‘ then terminates in the former Indolence
 ‘ and Inaction; till fresh Desires returning,
 ‘ stimulate to farther Action and continue the same Round.

‘ A certain Physician divides the *Passions*
 ‘ into acute and chronical, after the same
 ‘ Manner, and for the same Reason as *Diseases*
 ‘ are so divided.

‘ THE *Acute Passions*, whether pleasurable
 ‘ or painful, he observes, have much the
 ‘ same Effect, and operate after the same
 ‘ Manner as *acute Diseases* do. They effect
 ‘ a brisk Circulation of the Blood, and
 ‘ constrict the Solids for some short Time.
 ‘ Thus, sudden Gusts of Joy or Grief stimulate the nervous Fibres, and the Coats
 ‘ of the Animal Tubes, and thereby give a
 ‘ greater Celerity to their included Fluids;
 ‘ and the Functions of the Heart and Lungs
 ‘ being involuntary, they have their more
 ‘ necessary and immediate Effects on them.
 ‘ Thus, both sudden Joy and Grief make
 ‘ us breath short and quick, and render the
 ‘ Pulse small and frequent; though retaining our Breath some Time to reflect
 ‘ more intensely on a painful Object, forces at Length a strong Expiration; which
 ‘ be-

‘ becomes a Sigh. Thus a sudden painful
‘ Idea making a quick Circulation, and
‘ thereby throwing a great Quantity of Blood
‘ upward, makes it appear in the superficial
‘ Vessels of the Face, Neck, and Breast,
‘ and so produces a Blush. The same Prin-
‘ ciples will account for the Effects of Fear
‘ and Anger, which make us change Colour
‘ and look Red or Pale, as the Blood is acele-
‘ rated or retarded in its Course. Sudden and
‘ great Fear do so convulse the nervous System
‘ that they some Times alter the Position
‘ of the Parts: Thus the Hair shall stand
‘ on End in a Fright, and the Nerves be
‘ rendered so stiff and rigid, as to stop at
‘ once the Animal Functions, whence
‘ Fainting, and sometimes Death.

‘ *Chronical Passions* waste the Nervous
‘ System. Those Nerves employed in Consi-
‘ dering, Brooding over, and fixing such a
‘ Set of Ideas in the Imagination, must be
‘ worn out, and impaired; and the rest, by
‘ Disuse, rendered resty and unactive, life-
‘ less, and destitute of a sufficient Flux of
‘ warm Blood, and due Nourishment. Thus
‘ do long Grief, dark Melancholy, hopeless
‘ Love, over weening Pride, &c. Impair the
‘ the Habit; and sometimes, when long in-
‘ dulg'd, terminate in Madness; the Rea-
‘ son is, that a constant Habit of fixing
‘ one Thing in the Imagination, begets a
‘ ready Disposition in the Nerves to pre-
‘ duce again the same Image, till the
‘ Thought of it become spontaneous and
‘ natural

‘ natural, like Breathing, or the Motion
 ‘ of the Heart. Thus the *Faquirs* in *In-*
 ‘ *dia*, fix one or both Hands by long
 ‘ holding them up, so as that they cannot
 ‘ bring them down again.

‘ ANOTHER Physician has given us a
 ‘ very curious Explanation of the Origin
 ‘ and Effects of the *Passions*, from a Course
 ‘ of actual Observations of the several Phæ-
 ‘ nomena in the Body, which attend the
 ‘ several *Passions*, viz. The State of the
 ‘ Pulse, Respiration, Warmth, Digestion,
 ‘ &c. That Author draws these general
 ‘ Conclusions.

1. ‘ THAT all the grateful or pleasurable
 ‘ *Passions* raise the vital Tide, strengthen
 ‘ and quicken the Pulse, diffuse the natu-
 ‘ ral Heat, and take off any antecedent
 ‘ Stimulus or Pressure upon the Abdomen
 ‘ and inferior Organs: And on the contra-
 ‘ ry the Painful *Passions* sink and depress
 ‘ the Blood, weaken the Pulse, recal and
 ‘ concenter the natural Heat, and fix a
 ‘ Stimulus or Compression on the inferior
 ‘ Organs.

2. ‘ ALL the *Passions* impress their Cha-
 ‘ racteristic Sensations, or Modifications
 ‘ of Pleasure and Pain, especially upon the
 ‘ Oesophagus, or Gullet, a Membranous
 ‘ Pipe or Passage whereby our Food and
 ‘ Drink is conveyed from the Mouth to
 ‘ the

‘ the Stomach and upper Orifice of the
 ‘ Stomach.

‘ 3. THAT they impress the different
 ‘ Modifications on the Muscles of the
 ‘ Larynx (one of the Organs of Respiration
 ‘ lying below the Root of the Tongue and
 ‘ the principal Instrument of Voice) and thus
 ‘ discover themselves by the different Mo-
 ‘ dulation and Tone of the Voice.

‘ AND hence he infers, that the Nerves
 ‘ of the *eight Conjugation*, (*i. e.* two Nerves
 ‘ arising together and serving for the same
 ‘ Operation, Sensation, or Motion) or *per*
 ‘ *vagum*, so called because dispended to di-
 ‘ vers Parts of the Body, are the principal
 ‘ Instruments of the *Passions*; by Means
 ‘ whereof they are variously impressed, mo-
 ‘ dified, and organized: These, therefore,
 ‘ which are dispersed to all Parts of the
 ‘ Breast and Abdomen or Belly, particular-
 ‘ ly the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver,
 ‘ Oesophagus, Diaphragm, vulgarly called
 ‘ the Midriff, Intestines, the Organs of Ge-
 ‘ neration, &c. he considers as *Pathetics*
 ‘ of the *first Order*, *i. e.* small Nerves of
 ‘ the Brain, which have their Origin in the
 ‘ lower Part of the Brain behind; the *Inter-*
 ‘ *costal*, *i. e.* two Nerves formed in the
 ‘ Brain so called; because in descending they
 ‘ pass near the Roots of the Ribs, which
 ‘ accompanies all the Division of the *par*
 ‘ *vagum*, he calls *Pathetics of the second*
 ‘ *Order*:

Order: The Nerves which serve the Muscles, employed in Respiration, and have the nearest Communication with those of the *par vagum*, by means of the *Intercostal*, he calls *Pathetics of the third Order*: And the Nerves which immediately dispense Sense and Motion to the several Parts of the Head, and have a remoter Communication with the *par vagum*, *Pathetics of the fourth Order* according to this Gradation, then, the Organs which are immediately supplied with Nerves from the *par vagum*, or *Pathetics of the first Order*, will be first affected in the *Passions*, and with the smallest Degree of impressed Motion; with which the Parts communicating immediately with the *Intercostal*, or *second Order of the Pathetics*, keep Pace; and are affected almost at the same Time; and with the same Motion: Then the Organs supplied with the Third Order of *Pathetics*, or the Nerves employed in the Muscles of Respiration, are affected: And lastly, the Organs of Sense and Motion in the Brain it self, by which Sensation and Imagination are performed, are put in a forcible Emotion; by which the ordinary Operations of Sense, Judgment, &c. are much disturbed.

THIS gradual Rise and Progress of the *Passions* is confirmed by Fact, Observation, and Experience; but how they are generated, and by what step they make these

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‘ Advances, requires some farther Con-
‘ sideration.

‘ It may be observed then, that the Quan-
‘ tity of Motion impressed on the *Pathetic*
‘ *Nerves* in any *Passion*, is always proportio-
‘ nal to the Strength of the Desire ; but such
‘ impressed Motion is not always uniform,
‘ or equally diffused through the whole *Pa-*
‘ *thetic* System ; for as the largest and most
‘ numerous Branches of the *pathetic Nerves*
‘ are spent on those Parts which derive their
‘ Blood from the descending Trunk of the
‘ *Aorta* (*i. e.* an Artory which arrises im-
‘ mediately out of the left Ventricle of the
‘ Heart) *viz.* the Stomach, Spleen, Kid-
‘ neys &c. upon any Motion too forcibly
‘ impressed, or too long continued, these
‘ inferior Organs are the first and greatest
‘ Sufferers ; whence the Blood flowing im-
‘ petuously and irregularly to the Parts thus
‘ stimulated, they become overstretched ;
‘ and hence a Sense of Pain, Weight and
‘ Oppression. By this Means the Head and
‘ superior Parts being deprived of their due
‘ Share of Blood, the Pulse must sink, the
‘ natural Heat diminish and retire, and a
‘ Sense of Cold and Constriction be felt
‘ about the *Oesophagus*, where the Branches
‘ of the *par vagum* are very numerous ; and
‘ hence the Patient will be excited to
‘ sigh, groan, moan, cry out, and com-
‘ plain, and discover it in the Tone of the
‘ Voice, and Modulation of the Muscles of
‘ the

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‘ the Larynx, the Characteristics of the prevailing *Passion*.

‘ SUCH is the State of Nature under the painful *Passions*, where the strong Desire of Good is attended with an Appearance of Difficulty, or Improbability ; where the same Desire is attended with a seeming Probability of obtaining or effecting it ; this Appearance, by moderating the Intensity of the Pain of the Desire, and taking off the too violent Action of the pathetic Nerves on the inferior Organs, puts the pathetic System in an easy, natural, uniform Undulation ; by which the Equilibrium of the Blood being restored, the pleasurable *Passions* of Love, Joy, Hope, &c. will be raised ; and in this Case the Pulse will rise, and the natural Heat be diffused, and by the Action of the pathetic Nerves on their proper Organs, the several Symptoms be produced which discover their placid Emotions. Where the Desire is very keen and intense, we see what a prodigious Force it will impress on the Nerves, by the Actions of Madmen, and Men in a Fright. In this Case the Stimulus of Desire being exceeding strong, and the impressed Motion universal, the pathetic Nerves of the fourth or last Order come to be affected ; that is, the Organs of Sensation and Imagination in the Brain are brought into such violent Vibrations, as to disturb the Operations of Reason.

‘ AND from this violent Perturbation of
‘ the pathetic Nerves in the Brain, Madmen
‘ have their Imagination as strong and vivid
‘ as Sensation itself.

‘ HENCE, also, we may observe the
‘ Heights, or Extremes, of two contrary,
‘ painful and pleasurable *Passions* ; the one
‘ rising at length into a Mania or raving
‘ Madness, and the other sinking into a Hy-
‘ pochondrical Melancholy. The principal
‘ Seat of the one is in the Brain, and of the
‘ other the Viscera of the Abdomen, espe-
‘ cially the Spleen and Misentery. The one
‘ inflames and overheats, the other chills
‘ and freezes the Imagination : The one
‘ hangs over the Understanding, like a glar-
‘ ing, dazzling Light, which animates and
‘ leads us on with Zeal and Vehemence ;
‘ the other like a thick, black, and dismal
‘ Cloud, that sinks all the Powers of Na-
‘ ture into the Depths of Misery and De-
‘ spair.

‘ THE *Hypochondriac* Passion is a very
‘ comprehensive Disease ; it is variously
‘ denominated, according to the various
‘ Symptoms it is attended with, and the va-
‘ rious Parts where it is supposed to be
‘ seated, or in which it arises.

‘ WHEN conceived as situate in the
‘ *Hypochondriac* Regions, or arising from
‘ some Disorder of the Parts contained
‘ therein,

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‘ therein, w^z. the Spleen, Liver, &c. it is
‘ properly called the *Hypochondriacal Disease*,
‘ *Spleen*, &c.

‘ WHEN conceived as owing to some
‘ Disorder of the Womb, it is called *Hys-*
‘ *teric Affection*, &c,

‘ AND lastly, when the flatulent Rumb-
‘ lings in the Intestines, Belchings, &c.
‘ are considered, it is called the *Vapours*.

‘ THE *Hypocondriac* Passion is a very
‘ common and obstinate Disease ; few Men
‘ of a sedentary Life, and fewer Women,
‘ are free from it ; its Symptoms are very
‘ numerous ; the most usual, are a Pain in
‘ the Stomach, Windiness, Vomitings, a
‘ Swelling or Distention of the upper Parts
‘ of the Belly, Noises and Rumbings in
‘ the Lower Venter, wandering Pains,
‘ a Constriction of the Breast, Difficulty of
‘ Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Faint-
‘ ings, *Vigiliæ* or Persons that cannot
‘ sleep, *Inquietudes*, Swimming of the
‘ Head, Fears, Suspicions, Melancholy,
‘ Deliriums, &c. not that all these Acci-
‘ dents befall every Person seized with this
‘ Disease ; but sometimes some of them,
‘ and at other Times others, according to
‘ the Constitution of the Patient.

‘ IN effect, the *Hypochondriacal* is a very
‘ vague, indeterminate Sort of Disorder ;
‘ its Symptoms ape or emulate those of most
‘ other

other Diseases, and whatever Part it is in,
 it produces somewhat like the common
 Diseases of that Part. ---- Thus, in the
 Head it produces a Sort of Apoplexy;
 fits like the Epilepsy, called *Hysteric Fits*;
 intolerable Head-ach, &c. In Persons af-
 fected with the *Chlorosis*, i. e. Green-
 sickness or White-Jaundice, it produces a
 Palpitation of the Heart; sometimes,
 though rarely, it seizes the Lungs, and
 causes a continual dry Cough; it also
 imitates the Cholic, and Iliac Passion, and
 sometimes the Stone, Jaundice, &c. In
 the Intestines it produces a Diarrhæa or
 Looseness; in the Stomach, Nauseas or
 retching, and Endeavours to vomit, arising
 from a Loathing of Food: Sometimes it
 seizes the external Part, and particularly
 the Back, which it renders chilly and
 painful; and the Legs and Thighs, which
 it swells so as to resemble the Dropsy;
 seizing the Teeth it resembles the Scurvy.
 Lastly, which is the most unhappy Cir-
 cumstance of all, the Person is more af-
 fected in Mind than in Body.

THE Seat of this Disease is commonly
 supposed to be in the Animal Spirits, and
 the nervous System. Its Cause is referred
 to an acid Salt abounding in the Mass of
 Blood, to which the ill Disposition of the
 Stomach, and the other Parts contained in
 the *Epigastrium* or upper Part of the Belly,
 may greatly contribute. According to
 some Physicians, vehement Motions of
 the

‘ the Body, or more usually, violent Perturbations of the Mind, as Grief, Anger, Fear, &c. are its procatartetic or original Causes.

‘ For the Cure, the principal Indication is to purify and strengthen the Blood, which is to be effected, after proper Evacuations, by Chalybeats, *i. e.* something that partakes of the Nature of Steel or Iron, or that is impregnated with Particles of those Mettals, Strengtheners, and volatile Spirits. The Cortex or *Jesuit's* Bark has also notable Virtues in this Disease; as also a Milk Dyet. Riding is admirable. *Hypochondriacal Medicines*, are Remedies proper in the *Hypochondriacal Disease*: Such are all those which tend to purify the Blood, Humours, and Spirits; as Chervil, Baum, Agrimony, and the other Cephalic and Cardiac Herbs; such also are those which purge Melancholy or Atrabilis, *i. e.* black Bile; and those which dispel Wind and Vapours; and all Medicines good for Disorders of the Nerves, particularly Vervain, both Male and Female; but above all, frequent, gentle, Anodyne Purges.’

I should now say something upon the *Celiac, Hysteric, and Iliac Passions*, but I have been already too prolix upon a Subject so little diverting. I dare say, replied the Count, that none of us think so; and were it not that you must be fatigued with so long speaking,

speaking, I should beg you would continue to explain the Nature of those Passions or Diseases which you have mentioned ; but I hope, added he, we shall have another Opportunity of prevailing with you to give us that Satisfaction ; in the mean Time, continued he smiling, as my Friend here, pointing to me, is very fond of the Poetical Works of the Ancients and Moderns, and is for ever poring upon the Classics, I hope, you'll favour us To-morrow with your Thoughts upon the Passions in Poetry.

I shall always be ready to oblige this Company, replied the Marquis, in any thing that lies in my Power ; but as what I have to say upon those *Passions* may be reduced to a very narrow Compass, I can do it now by way of Desert to a long and dull Repast.

Passions in Poetry, said he, denote the passionate Sentiments, Gestures, Actions, &c. which the Poet gives his Persons.

THE *Passions* are, as it were, the Life and Spirit of the longer Poems. Their Necessity in Tragedy and Comedy is obvious, nor can the *Epopœia* or Epic subsist without them.

IT is not enough the Epic Narration be surprising ; it must likewise be moving, and passionate, hurrying away the Reader's Mind,
and

and filling it with Anxiety, Joy, Terror, or some other violent Passion, and this for Subjects it knows are feigned.

THOUGH *Passions* be always necessary, yet, all are not equally necessary, or suitable to all. Comedy has Joy, and agreeable Surprizes for its Parts: Tragedy, on the contrary, has Terror and Compassion. The proper *Passion* of the Epic is Admiration, though as a Medium between the two others, it takes in both their Kinds of *Passions*; as we see in the Grievs of the fourth Book of the *Æneid*, and the Games and Diversions of the fifth. Admiration, in effect, is consistent with each; we admire with Joy the Things that surprize us agreeably, and with Terror and Grief those that amaze and afflict us.

BESIDES the general *Passion*, which distinguishes the Epic from Drammatic Poems, each Epopœia has its particular *Passion*, which distinguishes it from other Epic Poems. This peculiar *Passion* still follows the Character of the Hero. Thus Wrath and Terror reign in the *Iliad*, because *Achilles* is wrathful, and the most terrible of Men. The *Æneid* is all in the tender, softer *Passions*, such being the Character of *Æneas*. The Prudence of *Ulysses*, not allowing these Excesses, we find none of them in the *Odyssæ*.

As to the conducting of the *Passions*, to make them have their Effect, there are two Things

Things required, *viz.* that the Audience be prepared or disposed to receive them ; and that several incompatible Passions be not mixed together.

THE Necessity of disposing the Audience, is founded on the natural Necessity of taking up Things where they are, in order to remove them elsewhere. The Application of this Maxim is easy ; a Man is calm and at Ease, and you would put him in a *Passion* by a Discourse made on Purpose. You must begin, then, in a calm Manner ; by this Means you join yourself to him ; and afterwards walking together, he will not fail to follow you in all the *Passions* to which you lead him insensibly.

If you shew your Anger at first, you will be as ridiculous, and will have as little Effect as *Ajax* in the *Metamorphoses* ; in whom the ingenious *Ovid* gives a fine Example of this Failing. He begins his Harangue in the Height of Passion, and with the most violent Figures, before his Judges in the deepest Tranquillity.

Sigeia torvo,
Littora prospexit, classemque in Littore, voltu ;
Protendensque manus, agimus, proh Jupiter
inquit,
Ante rates causam, & mecum confertur Ulysses.

THE necessary Dispositions arise from some preceding Discourse, or, at least, from some Action, which has already begun to raise the *Passions* ere they are mentioned. The Orators themselves sometimes use this last Means; for though ordinarily they do not raise the *Passions* till the End of their Discourse, yet, when they find their Audience already moved, it would be ridiculous in them, by an unseasonable Tranquillity, to lay them again. Thus the last Time *Catiline* came to the Senate, the Fathers were so shocked at his Presence, that those near the Place where he sat down, rose up, retired, and left him alone. On this Occasion, *Cicero* had too much Sense to begin his Oration with the usual Tranquillity and Coolness of Exordiums. By this Means he would have palled and abated the Indignation of the Senators against *Catiline*, which it was his Business to spirit up and inflame; and would have eased the Parricide of that Conspiration, the Behaviour of the Senators had given him, and which it was *Cicero's* Design to aggravate. Omitting, therefore, the first Part of his Oration, he takes his Auditors in the Condition he finds them; continues and augments their *Passions*, by upbraiding *Catiline* for abusing their Patience and for his blind Madness.

THE Poets are full of Instances of this kind, where the *Passion* is prepared or kept up by Actions. *Dido* in *Virgil* begins a Discourse like *Ajax*, but then the *Motions* are

are here well disposed ; *Dido* is before represented under terrible Apprehensions of *Æneas's* quitting her, &c.

Seneca's Conduct, indeed, is quite opposite to this Rule. If he has a Passion to raise, he is sure first to take from his Audience any Disposition they might have to be affected. If they be in Grief, Fear, or the Expectation of something horrible, he will begin with some fine Description of the Place, &c. In the *Troades*, *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, being prepared to hear the violent and barbarous Death of their Son *Astyanax*, whom the *Greeks* precipitated from the Top of a Tower ; what did it signify to tell them, that of the Spectators that crowded from all Quarters to see the Execution, some placed themselves on Stones, which the Ruins of the Walls made to project ; that others shook their Legs, as being placed too high.

THE second Thing required in the Management of the *Passions*, is, that they be found pure, and disengaged from any thing that might prevent their Effect.

Polymythy, therefore, *i. e.* a Multiplicity of Fables, Actions, or Histories, must be avoided ; all Adventures much broken, and hard to be retained ; and all Intrigues intricate and difficult to conceive, are at once excluded. These embarrass the Mind, and require so much Attention, that there is none to spare for the *Passions*. The Soul must
be

be free and disengaged, to feel ; and we divert ourselves even from our real Sorrows, by an Application to other Things.

BUT of all others, the greatest Enemies to the Passions are the Passions themselves ; they oppose and destroy one another ; and if two Oppositions, for instance, Joy and Sorrow, meet in the same Object, they will neither of them stand it. It is the Nature of these Habits that imposes this Law ; the Blood and Spirits cannot move gently and equally, as in a State of Tranquillity, and at the same be stopped and suspended with some Violence, occasioned by Admiration. Nor can they be in either of those Situations, while Fear calls them from the Outer Parts of the Body, to assemble them about the Heart, or Rage sends them into the Muscles, and makes them act there with Violences very opposite to the Operations of Fear.

THE Causes and Effects, therefore, of the Passions in the Soul, are to be studied, to be able to manage them with all their Force. *Virgil* furnishes two Examples of what is said about the Simplicity and Engagement of each Passion in the Death of *Camilla* and *Pallas*.

HERE the Marquis left off speaking, but the Count gave him no Respite : Your mentioning, Sir, said he, the Death of *Camilla* and *Pallas* gives me an Opportunity of beg-

ging the Favour of you to let us know why the fabulous Way of writing was so agreeable to Mankind in former Times? Sir, answered he, though I cannot directly answer your Question I shall willingly let you know what occurs to me upon the Subject of *Fable*; after which he thus began.

THE ancient Eloquence, it is observed, was full of Mysteries and Allegories. ----- The Truth was by them usually disguised under those ingenious Inventions called *Fables*; as if there were as much Difference between these fabulous Discourses of the Learned, and the common Language, as between the Speech peculiar to Man and the Voice of Brutes.

AT first, *Fables* were only employed in speaking of the divine Nature, as then conceived; whence, the ancient Theology was all *Fable*. The divine Attributes were separated as into so many Persons; and all the OEconomy of the Godhead laid down in the feigned Relations and Actions thereof; either by reason the human Mind could not conceive so much Power and Action in a single and indivisible Being; or, perhaps, because they thought such Things too great and high for the Knowledge of the vulgar. And as they could not well speak of the Operations of this Almighty Cause, without speaking likewise of its Effects; natural Philosophy, and at length human Nature and Morality itself, came thus to be veiled under the

the same *fabulous* Allegoric Expression ; whence the Origin of Poetry, and particularly of Epic Poetry.

THE Critics, after *Aphthonius*, and *Theon*, reckon three Kinds of *Fables*, rational, moral, and mixed.

Rational Fables, called also *Parables*, are Relations of Things supposed to have been said or done by Men, and which might possibly have been said or done, though in Reality they were not. --- Such, in the sacred Writings, are those of the *Ten Virgins* ; of *Dives* and *Lazarus* ; the *Prodigal Son*, &c. of these rational *Fables* we have likewise about a Dozen in *Phædrus*.

Moral Fables, called also *Apologues*, are those wherein Beasts are introduced as Actors, Speakers, &c. These are also called *Æsopic Fables* ; not that *Æsop* was their Inventor, for they were in Use long before him, viz. in the Time of *Homer* and *Hesiod* ; but because he excelled therein. In this Kind, not only Beasts, but even sometimes different inanimate Things are supposed to speak.

THE *Rational* differ from the *Moral Fable* in this ; that the former, though it be feigned, might be true ; but the latter is impossible ; as it is impossible for Brutes or Stocks to speak.

MIXED *Fables*, are those composed of both Sorts, rational and moral ; or wherein Men and Brutes are introduced conversing together. --- Of these we have a fine Instance in *Justin*, made by a petty King, to alarm the ancient *Gauls* against the *Massilians*, who arriving out of *Asia*, in *Spain*, charmed with the Place, begged Leave of the Inhabitants to build a City. To this Effect.

A Bitch big with young, begged of a Shepherd a Place to lay her Whelps in, which when she had obtained, she farther begged for Leave to rear them in the same. At length, the Whelps being now grown up, depending on the Strength of her own Family, she claimed the Property of the Place. ---- So the *Massilians* who are now only Strangers, will hereafter pretend to be Masters of this Country.

As to the Laws of *Fable*, the principal are : First, that to every *Fable* there be some Interpretation annexed, to shew the moral Sense or Design thereof. --- Secondly, That the Narration be clear, probable, short, and pleasant. To preserve this Probability, the Manners must be expressed, and closely kept to, as in Poetry.

M. de la Motte has some fine Remarks on this Subject, at the Beginning of his *Fables nouvelles*

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nouvelles dédiés au Roi, i. e. his New Fables addressed to the King. A *Fable*, according to this polite Writer, is a little Epic Poem, differing in nothing from the great one, but in Extent, and in that being less confined as to the Choice of its Persons, it may take in all Sorts at Pleasure, as Gods, Men, Beasts, or Genii; or even, if Occasion be, create Persons, i. e. personify Virtues, Vices, Rivers, Trees, &c. Thus *M. de la Motte* very happily introduces Virtue, Talent, and Reputation, as Persons making a Voyage together.

THAT Author suggests two Reasons why *Fables* have pleased in all Ages and Places. The first is, that Self-love is spared in the Instruction. The second, that the Mind is exercised by the Allegory. Men do not love direct Precepts; too proud to condescend to those Philosophers who seem to command what they teach, they will needs be instructed in a more humble Manner; they would never amend, if they thought that to amend were to obey. Add, that there is a Sort of Activity in the Mind, which must be humoured. It pleases itself in a Penetration, which discovers more than is shewn; and in apprehending what was hid under a Veil, fancies itself in some measure the Author of it. The *Fable* must always imply or convey some Truth: In other Works, Delight alone may suffice; but the *Fable* must instruct. Its Essence is to be a Symbol, and of Consequence to signify somewhat

more than is expressed by the Letter. This Truth should for the Generality be a moral one ; and a Series of Fictions conceived and composed in this View, would form a Treatise of Morality preferable to any more direct and methodical Treatise ; accordingly, *Socrates*, we are told, had a Design to compose a Course of Morality in this Way. The Truth should be concealed under the Allegory ; and, in Strictness, it ought not to be explained either at the Beginning or End.

THE Truth, or the Idea intended, should arise up in the Reader's Mind from the *Fable* itself. However, for the Conveniency of the less discerning Readers, it may be a good Way to point out the Truth or Moral in precise Terms. To have the Moral at the End of the Fable, seems much better than at the Beginning. The Mind is apt to be forestalled in the latter Case ; I carry the Key all along with me, so that there is no room to exercise my Mind, in finding any thing myself.

THE Image, *M. de la Motte* observes, must be just, and express the Thing intended, directly and without any Equivoke : It must be one, that is, all the Parts must be visibly accessory to one principal End ; and it must be natural, that is, founded on Nature, or at least on Opinion.

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THE Writers of *Fables* are not many. If there were any before *Æsop*, his Success has quite effaced their Memory ; and even occasioned all the good Things of that Kind to be ascribed to him. His Life, as wrote by *Planudes*, is itself a thorough *Fable*. It must be owned to be very happily imagined, to make the Inventor of *Fables* a Slave, and his Master a Philosopher. The Slave has his Master's Pride, and ill Humour to deal withall, throughout. His Lessons were all contained in the *Fables* themselves ; and the Readers were left the Pleasure of picking them out themselves.

It is generally allowed among the Learned, that though the Matter and Invention of the *Fables* be *Æsop's*, the Turn and Expression is not. The *Greek* is of *Planudes*, and bad *Greek* it is in the Judgment of *F. Vavassor*. Some Authors will have *Socrates* the Author of the *Fables* of *Æsop* ; others attribute them to *Solomon* ; and others to *Homer*.

Phædrus was a Slave too, and a Freedman ; but he had the Advantage over *Æsop* in Education. He is only a Fabulist, as he translates and copies. Though his *Fables* be generally short, yet is he prolix, compared to his Author. His Style, however, is always florid, his Descriptions concise, and his Epithets suitable ; he frequently adds Graces never dreamt of by the Inventor ; and every
where

where enriches the Simplicity of *Æsop*, in the most delicate Manner.

Pilpay, another Fabulist, governed *Indostan* a long Time under a powerful Emperor, but he was not the less a Slave; for the prime Ministers of such Princes are always more so than the meanest Subjects. *Pilpay* comprised all his Politics in his *Fables*, and accordingly his Work long continued the Book of State, or the Discipline of *Indostan*. It was translated into *Persian* and *Arabic*, and since into the modern Languages. His *Fables*, *M. de la Motte* observes, are rather famous than good; but he is the Inventor, and the Merit of Invention will always compensate for a Deal of Faults. His *Fables* are often wild and artless; and the Collection is a Sort of Romantic Assemblage of Men and Genii, composed, in its Kind, like *Cyrus* or *Orlando*, where the Adventures are continually thwarting and clashing with each other.

I shall say nothing of the *Fables* of *Gabrias*, or *Babrias*, *Avianus*, *Abstemius*, &c.

AMONG the Moderns, we have none that deserve to be seen in the Company above-mentioned, except perhaps *Mess. de la Fontaine*, and *de la Motte*. The first of whom has picked out all the best Things in *Æsop*, *Phædrus*, and *Pilpay*, and given them a-new in *French*, with a Delicacy and Simplicity
pecu-

peculiar to himself, and which, in the Judgment of the best Connoisseurs, sets him even above *Phædrus*.

THE latter, rather than take up what *de la Fontaine* had left, chose to be an Inventor himself. He has succeeded. His *Fables* are many of them very happy, though some think them too full of Thought and Reasoning. His Versification is infinitely more correct than that of *la Fontaine*, and more suitable to the Subject than that of *le Noble*.

Fable is also used for the Plot of an Epic, or Dramatic Poem; or the Action which makes the Subject of such Poem, or Romance.

THE *Fable*, according to *Aristotle*, is the principal Part, and as it were the Soul of a Poem. It must be considered as the first Foundation of the Composition; or the Principle which gives Life and Motion to all the Parts. ----- In this Sense, the *Fable* is defined *A Discourse invented with Art, to form the Manners by Instructions disguised under the Allegory of an Action*.

THE Epic *Fable*, according to *Bossu*, is confined to the rational Kind, *i. e.* the Actors and Persons are to be Gods and Men. And yet it admits of a deal of Latitude; it may be either grave, illustrious, and important

tant, or low and popular; either whole or defective; in Verse or in Prose; much Epifodified, or brief; rehearsed by an Author, or represented by Actors on the Scene; all which are only so many Circumstances, which do not make any Alteration in the Nature and Essence of the Fable.

THE Characters that specify the Epic *Fable* are these: It is rational and probable; it imitates a whole and an important Action; and it is long, and related in Verse. None of which Properties affect the Nature of the *Fable*; or make it less a Fable than those of *Æsop*.

THE *Fable*, according to *Aristotle*, consists of two essential Parts, *viz.* Truth, as its Foundation; and Fiction, which disguises the Truth, and gives it the Form of Fable. The Truth is the Point of Morality intended to be inculcated; the Fiction is the Action or Words the Instruction is covered under.

To make a Plot or *Fable*; the first Thing, according to the great Critic just mentioned, is to pitch on some moral Instruction to be exemplified.

FOR instance, I would exhort two Brothers, or other Persons who have some common Interest, to live in Amity, in order to preserve it. This is the End of the *Fable*,
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and the first Thing I have in view. In order to this, I endeavour to impress this Maxim on their Minds, that *ill Understanding ruins Families, and all Kinds of Society.* This Maxim is the Moral, or Truth which is to be the Ground of the *Fable*: which Moral Truth is now to be reduced into Action, and a general Action framed from several single and real Actions of such as were ruined by ill Understanding.

THUS, *e. gr.* I say, that certain Persons, united together for the Preservation of something that belonged to them in common, coming to disagree; their Division left them open to an Enemy who ruined them. --- Such is the first Plan of a *Fable*. The Action presented by this Narration has four Conditions: It is universal, imitated, feigned, and contains a moral Truth under an Allegory.

THE Names given to the several Persons, begin to specify the *Fable*. *Æsop* uses those of Brutes. Two Dogs, says he, appointed to watch a Flock, fall out, fight, and leave all open to the Wolf, who carries off what he pleases.

If you would have the Action more singular and render the *Fable* rational, take the Names of Men. *Pridamus* and *Orontes* Brothers by a second Marriage, were left very rich by their Father's Will; but disagreeing about the Partition of their Effects, they engaged

gaged themselves so far against each other, that they took no Care of their common Interest against *Clitander*, their eldest Brother by a former Wife ; which last, artfully inflaming their Quarrel, and feigning he had no View but to some moderate Augmentation, which might be made him without pressing them ; he, in the mean time, gets the Judges on his Side, and the other Persons intrusted with the Affair, procures the Will to be annulled, and becomes intitled to the whole Estate the Brothers were at Variance about.

Now, this Fable is rational ; but the Names being feigned as well as the Things, and, besides, the Persons being only of a private Rank, it is neither Epic, nor Tragic. However, it may be employed in Comedy ; it being a Rule laid down by *Aristotle*, that Epic and Tragic Poets only invent Things.

To accomodate this Comic Fable more to the Mode and present Taste, some *Dorinda* must be imagined to have been promised to *Clitander* ; but her Father, finding him disinherited by the Will, changes his Resolution, and will have her marry one of the rich, senseless, younger Brothers whom she despised, &c.

BUT to return. The Fiction may be so disguised with the Truth of History, that there shall not appear any Fiction at all. To effect

effect this, the Poet looks back into History for the Names of some Persons to whom the feigned Action either really or probably did happen ; and relates it under those known Names, with Circumstances which do not change any Thing of the Ground of the *Fable*.

THUS in the War of 1302, between King *Philip* the Fair, and the *Flemish*, the *French* Army was under the Command of *Robert* Earl of *Artois* as General, and *Ralph de Nesle* his *Constable*. Being in the Plain of *Courtray*, in the Sight of the Enemy, the *Constable* was of the Opinion it were easy to starve them ; and that it was not worth while to hazard so many of the Nobles against a base, desperate Populace. This Advice the Earl rejected with Scorn, taxing the *Constable* with Cowardice and Infidelity. It shall be seen, answers the *Constable*, which of us two is the bravest, and the most faithful ; and clapping Spurs to his Horse, led the whole *French* Cavalry precipitately to the Charge. This Precipitation, with the Dust they raised, prevented their seeing a large deep Ditch, behind which the *Flemish* were posted. The Cavalry, therefore, plunged into it, perished miserably ; and the Infantry astonished with the Loss, let themselves be cut in Pieces by the Enemy. Thus may Fiction be made to consist with Truth.

As for the *Fable* it matters but little, whether the Persons be called Dogs ; or
 Vol. II. H *Orontes*

Orontes and Pridamant ; or Robert of Artois, and Ralph de Nesle, or Achilles and Agamemnon.

THE Epic *Fable* I shall now propose in its just Extent under these two Names last mentioned. It is too short for the *Epopæa* in the two preceding ones. I chuse the *Fable* of the *Iliad*, as being the finest Plan of an Epic Poem in the World, and at the same Time the most useful System of the Precepts of the Art ; it being hence that *Aristotle* was furnished with all his Reflections.

In every discreet Undertaking, the End is the first Thing proposed, and by this the whole Work and all its Parts are regulated ; consequently, the Design of the *Epopæa* being to form the Manners, it is with this first View the Poet must begin. Now the Philosopher dwelling on Virtues and Vices in general, the Instructions he gives, serve equally for all States and all Ages ; but the Poet has a more immediate regard to his Countrymen, and the pressing Occasion of his Fellow Citizens. On this View it is that he chuses his Moral, which he is to insinuate into the People, by accommodating himself to their peculiar Customs, Genius and Inclinations.

How well has *Homer* acquitted himself of all this : He knew that the *Greeks*, for whom he wrote, were divided into as many States as Cities ; each whereof was a Body apart, and had its Government independent of the rest.

rest. Yet were these different States frequently obliged to unite into one Body against their common Enemies. Here then were two Sorts of Government, too different to be commodiously treated in one Poem; the Poet accordingly had Recourse to two *Fables*; the one for all *Greece*, considered as confederated together, only consisting of independent Parts; the other, for each particular State, such as they are in time of Peace, and without the first Relation. The first is the Subject of the *Iliad*, the second of the *Odyssse*.

FOR the first Kind of Government, all Experience agrees, that the only Thing which can render it happy, and its Designs successful, is a good Understanding, and due Subordination among the several Chiefs that compose it; and that Misunderstandings, a Desire of Sway, &c. are the inevitable Bane of such Confederacies. The best Instruction, therefore, that could be given them was to set before their Eyes the Destruction of the People, and even of the Princes themselves, through the Ambition and Discord of these latter. *Homer*, therefore, for the Ground or Moral of his *Fable*, chose this great Truth, that the Misunderstandings of Princes ruin their States. *I sing*, says he, *the Wrath of Achilles, so fatal to the Greeks, and which destroyed so many Heroes, occasioned by a Disagreement between King Agamemnon and that Prince.*

To enforce this Truth, he represents divers confederate States first at Variance, and unprosperous ; then reconciled and victorious. All which he thus includes in one universal Action.

SEVERAL independant Princes league against a common Enemy : He whom they chuse as their Leader, affronts the bravest of all the Confederacy ; upon which the offended Prince withdraws ; and refuses any longer to fight for the common Cause. This Misunderstanding gives the Enemy so much Advantage, that the Confederates are ready to relinquish the Enterprize. The disaffected Person himself becomes a Sharer in the Calamities of his Allies ; one of his chief Friends and Favourites being killed by the Chief of the Enemies. Thus, both Parties grown wise at their own Costs, are reconciled. Upon which the valiant Prince, again joining in the War, turns the Scale to his own Party, and kills the Enemy's Chief.

SUCH is the first general Plan of the Poem. To render this probable, and more interesting, Circumstances of Time, Place, Persons, &c. are to be added, that is, the Poet looks in History, or Tradition, for Persons, to whom such Actions may with Truth or Probability be attributed.

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HE pitches on the Siege of *Troy*, and supposes the Action to have passed there. The brave, cholerick Character he calls *Achilles*; the General, *Agamemnon*; the Chief of the Enemies, *Hector*, &c. To gain upon his Readers, he accommodates himself to their Manners, Genius, Views, &c. and to render his Fable more interesting, makes his chief Persons, and those who remained at length victorious, to be *Greeks*, the Fathers of those very People. The Course of the Work is filled up, and extended with other useful Lessons and Instructions.

THAT the *Epopæa* in all its Glory is still justly and strictly a mere Fable, in the same Sense as the Fictions of *Æsop* are, is shewn by *F. Bossu*, in a Parallel between the Fable of the *Iliad*, and that of *Æsop* already mentioned. The moral Instruction is visibly the same in both; so is the Fiction. All the Difference lies in the Names and Qualities of the Persons. *Homer's* are Kings; he calls them *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, &c. and the general Good to be preserved, he calls the *Greeks*. *Æsop*, after this Manner, gives his Persons the Names of Beasts. The Dogs are confederated, the Wolf is their Enemy; and what *Homer* calls the *Greeks*, *Æsop* calls Sheep. One says that while the Confederate Princes are at Variance, *Hector* rushes on the *Greeks*, and makes them pay dear for the Folly of their Sovereigns; but that the Allies, brought by Misfortunes to themselves

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again,

again, re-unite, repulse *Hector*, and kill him. The other, that while the Dogs are together by the Ears, the Wolf falls on the Sheep ; and that the Dogs, seeing the Havock he makes, join together, pursue and kill him.

THE two *Fables* were capable of a still nearer Resemblance. *Homer* has extended his by long Speeches, Descriptions, Comparisons and particular Actions ; and that of *Æsop* might be amplified after the like Manner, without corrupting or altering it. There needs no more than to relate what Cause set the Dogs at Variance, and shew the Rise of the fatal Wrath in all its Circumstances ; to make fine Descriptions of the Plain wherein the Sheep fed, and of some neighbouring Wood, where the Wolf was sheltered ; to give this Enemy Whelps to rear, make them follow their Sire in Search of Prey ; and describe the Carnage they made at divers Expeditions. Nor would the Genealogies of the Heroes be forgotten ; the Wolf should boast himself a Descendant of *Lycaon* ; and one of the Dogs be sprung in a direct Line from *Canicula*, which last would be the proper Hero of the Poem, as being hot, and apt to be enraged. He would represent the Person of *Achilles* to Admiration ; and the Folly of some *Ajax* his Cousin, would afford a good Proof of so divine an Extraction. Nothing more were required to engage Heaven in the Cause, and divide the Gods ; which, no doubt, have as much Right in

Æsop's

Æsop's Republic, as in the States of *Homer* ; witness *Jupiter* taking Care to give a King to the Nation of the Frogs. ---- But I have dwelt too long upon this Subject ; and am, I fear, liable to a Failing very common in old People, who think themselves Oracles, and that every body has as great Pleasure in hearing as they themselves have in speaking.

I own, replied the Count, that some old People have so good an Opinion of their own Abilities, that they think it Ignorance and Want of Taste not to listen with Pleasure to what they think deserves the greatest Attention, though it very often happens that what they say is of very little Consequence. There is a certain noble Duke of my Acquaintance who has two general Topics of Conversation, with People whom he looks upon to be no Scholars, the Genealogy of his Family is branched out in a most pompous Manner, and three long Hours will he harangue upon his illustrious Race, not forgetting his own Achievements in *Flanders* during the late Wars. When he finds himself surrounded by a Circle of Persons who have any Pretensions to Learning, he is directly at Metaphysics, and dives so deep in the Concatination of Ideas, that he neither knows himself nor can make his Audience comprehend what he would be at.

THE last Time I had the Honour to see his Grace, he told me that he was surprized to

to see a Man of my Penetration (as he was pleased to term it) so little conversant in Metaphysics, which every body must allow to be the Stamen, or Root, from whence all the other Parts of Philosophy arise, and wherein they all meet; as its Object is *Being*, in the Abstract, or general, not restrained to this or that Species of *Beings*; nor to spirit any more than Body; so that the Doctrines of Metaphysics are applicable to all *Beings* whatever. *O! ens rationis*, cried he in a Rapture, how happy are they who can form an Idea of thee in thy *effectivum*, *subjectivum*, and *objectivum*, and can go through the Labyrinths of metaphysical Certitudes, Distinctions, Evidences, Forms, Perfections, Possibles, and Universalities. In short he continued for a whole Hour this metaphysical Jargon, and would have gone on, God knows how long, had not Providence sent some Visitors who had no Notion of Metaphysics, which not only stopp'd his Mouth, but gave me an Opportunity to make my Escape, fully resolved to break off all Correspondence with *ens rationis*.

‘ Science, said the Marquis de Mirandelle,
 ‘ in Philosophy, is a clear and certain Know-
 ‘ ledge of any thing founded on self-evident
 ‘ Principles, or Demonstration: In this
 ‘ Sense, *Doubting* is oppos’d to *Science*; and
 ‘ *Opinion* is the Middle between the two.
 ‘ The *Sceptics* profess to deny that we have
 ‘ any such Things as *Science*; that is, any
 ‘ clear

clear, certain Notices of any Thing capable of producing absolute Conviction.

DIVINES suppose three Kinds of Science in God : the first, *Science of mere Knowledge*, whereby God knows himself and all Things possible, --- The second, *Science of Vision*, whereby he knows all Things he has resolved to do, or to permit in the same Order wherein he has resolved to do, and permit them. --- The third, a *mediate or intermediate Science*, whereby he knows what Angels and Men will do in certain Cases and certain Circumstances, if he resolve to bring them about.

It is greatly disputed among School Divines, whether or no there be such a *mediate Science* in God ; the Reason why some call it in question is, because it does not consist well with their particular Schemes of Prescience.

Science, is more particularly used for a formed System of any Branch of Knowledge ; comprehending the Doctrine, Reason and Theory of the Thing, without any immediate Application thereof to any Uses or Offices of Life. In which Sense the Word is used in Opposition to Art : I confess, indeed, that the precise Notion of an *Art* and *Science*, and their just adequate Distinction, do not seem to be yet well fixed.

‘ A very learned *German* Author has wrote, I think, what is very satisfactory on this Head, and I find his Manner of distinguishing betwixt Science and Art so very just and curious, that I shall endeavour to reduce what he writes within a narrow Compass to avoid being tedious.’

WORDS, says he, are the immediate Matter of Knowledge ; I mean, of Knowledge considered as communicable, or capable of being transmitted from one to another. We should have known many Things without Language, but it would only have been such as we had seen or perceived ourselves. The Observations of others could no way have been added to our own ; but every Individual must have gone through a Course for himself, without any Assistance either from Predecessors, or Contemporaries. ---- It is evident, that in this Case, nothing like an *Art* or *Science* could ever have arose : The little System of Things, which come immediately in one Man’s Way, would but have afforded a slender Stock of Knowledge ; especially to a Being whose Views were all to terminate in himself. Besides, as the chief Occasions of his Observation would have been of the same kind with those of other Animals ; it is probable his Knowledge would not have been very different, whether we consider its Quantity or Quality. It is confessed that all our
Knowledge

Knowledge in its Origin, is no other than Sense; whence it should follow, that one Being has no natural Advantage over another, in its Disposition for Knowledge, other than what it has in the superior Number, Extent, or Acuteness of its Senses.

It is, then, to Language that we are chiefly indebted for what we call *Science*. By Means of Language our Ideas and Notices, though Things in their own Nature merely personal, and adapted only to private Use, are extended to others to improve their Stock. And thus, by a Kind of second Sense, a Man gets Perceptions of the Objects that are perceived by all Mankind, and is present, as it were, by Proxy, to Things of all Distances from him: We hear Sounds made a thousand Years ago, and see Things that pass a thousand Miles off. If the Eagle really sees, the Raven smells, and the Hare hears farther and better than Man; their Sense, at best, is but narrow, in Comparison of ours, which is extended, by the Artifice of Language, over the whole Globe. They see with their own Eyes only; we with those of a whole Species. --- In effect, by Language, we are upon much the same Footing, in respect of Knowledge, as if each Individual had the natural Sense of a Thousand: An Accession which, alone, must have set us far above any other Animals. But at the same Time, this very Accession of a Multitude of Ideas, more than naturally belonged

belonged to us, must have been, in great Measure useless, with certain other Faculties of ordering and aranging them; of abstracting, or making one a Representative of many; of comparing them together, in order to learn their Relations; and of combining them, &c. The Effect whereof, is what we call *discoursing*, and *philosophizing*; whence arise *Doctrines*, *Theories*, &c.

EVERY Word is supposed to stand for some Point, Article, or Relation of Knowledge. From which it follows that the Vocabulary of any Language, is Representative of the several Notices of the People, among whom it obtains; I mean of the primary, or absolute Notices; for by the Construction of these Words with one another, a new Set of secondary or relative Notices are expressed.

To enter better into this, it may be observed, that the several Objects of our Senses, with that other Set of Things analogous hereto, the proper Objects of the Imagination are represented by fixed Names, *viz.* *Nouns*, denoting some of them Individuals, *viz.* *proper Names*; others Kinds, *viz.* *Appellatives*, &c. Now, these which make the first, or fundamental Part of a Language, it is obvious, are no other than a Representation of the Works of Nature and Art, as they exist in a Kind of still Life, or in a State of Inaction, and Independency one upon another. But in regard we do not find the
Creation

Creation thus quiescent, but observe a great Number of Mutations arise in the Things we are conversant among ; we are hence put under a Necessity of framing another Set of Words, to express these Variations, and the Actions to which they are owing, with the several Circumstances and Modifications thereof, such as *Verbs, Participles, Adverbs, &c.* By this Means, Nature is removed, as it were, out of her dormant Constitution, and shewn in Action ; and thus may occasional Descriptions be framed, accommodate to the present State of Things.

HENCE arise two Kinds of Knowledge ; the one absolute, including the standing Phænomena, the other relative, or occasional, including what is done, or passes with Regard to them. The former is in some Sense permanent ; the latter merely transient or historical. The first is held forth as already observed, in the Vocabulary : The second is Vague, and uncircumscribed by any Bounds ; being what fills all the other Books. In effect, this last, being in some measure casual, may be said to be infinite ; for that every new Case, *i. e.* every new Application and Combination of the former, furnishes something new.

In the wide Field of Intelligibles, appear some Parts which have been more cultivated than the rest ; chiefly on Account of the Richness of the Soil, and its easy Tillage ; but partly too, by reason of the skilful and

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industrious Hands under which it has fallen. These Spots, regularly laid out, and conveniently circumseribed, and fenced round, make what we call the *Arts and Sciences* : and to these have the Labours and Endeavours of the Men of Curiosity and Learning, in all Ages, been chiefly confined. Their Bounds have been enlarged from time to time, and new Acquisitions made from the adjoining Wasse ; but still the Space of Ground they possess is but narrow ; and there is room to extend them vastly, or lay out new ones.

THEY were divided, by their first Discoveries, into a Number of subordinate Provinces, under distinct Names ; and have thus remained for Time immemorial, with little Alteration. And yet this Distribution of the Land of *Science*, like that of the Face of the Earth and Heavens, is wholly arbitrary ; and might be altered, perhaps, not without Advantage. Had not *Alexander, Cæsar*, and *Gengiskan* lived, the Division of the terraqueous Globe had, doubtless, been very different from what we now find it ; and the Case would have been the same with the World of Learning, had no such Person been born as *Aristotle*. The first Divisions of Knowledge, were as scanty and ill concerted, as those of the first Geographers ; and for the like Reasons ; and though future Philosophers, and Mathematicians, by opening new Tracts, have carried our Knowledge a great Way farther ; yet the Regard we bear to the
ancient

ancient Adventurers, and the established Division has made us take up with it, under all its Inconveniencies, and strain and stretch Things, to make our latest Discoveries quadrate thereto. I do not know whether it might be more for the general Interest of Learning, to have the Partitions thrown down, and the whole laid in common again, under one undistinguished Name. Our Inquiries, in such Case, would not be confined to so narrow Bounds, but we should be led to explore many a rich Tract, now doomed to lye neglected because without the pale.

Art and Science are, indeed, Words of familiar Use, and great Significance, but, I doubt, little understood: Philosophers have long laboured to explain and ascertain their Notion and Difference; but all their Explanation amounts to little more than the substituting one obscure Notion for another. Their Attempts have usually terminated in some abstracted Definition, which rather casts Obscurity than Light on the Subject; and expresses very little of the Essence, and obvious Phænomena thereof. --- To come at which, we must be at the Pains of a new Investigation.

To *Science*, then, seem to belong such Things as Men may discover by the Use of Sense and Reasoning; whatever the Mind describes in Virtue of that Faculty, where-

by we percive Things and their Relations, is Matter of Science: Such are the Laws of Nature, the Affections of Bodies, the Rules and Criterions of right and wrong, Truth and Error, the Properties of Lines and Numbers, &c.

Science, in effect, is the Result of Reason and Sense, in their general or natural State, as imparted to all Men, and not modified, or circumstantiated by any thing peculiar in the Make of a Man's Mind, the Objects he has been conversant among, or the Ideas he has present to him.

In fine, *Science* is no other than a Series of Deductions, or Conclusions, which every Person, endowed with those Faculties, may, with a proper Degree of Attention, see and draw; and a *Science*, i. e. a formed *Science*, is no more than a System of such Conclusions, relating to some one Object, orderly and artfully laid down in Words. Thus a Person who has all the Ideas expressed in *Euclid's* Definitions, and sees the immediate Connexion of those in his Axioms; which no Man, acquainted with his Language, can be supposed without, may be said to have it in his Power, with Attention and Industry, to form all the Theorems and Problems that follow: He has nothing to do, but to range those Ideas orderly in his Mind, compare them together, one by one, in all their Changes, and put down the immediate Relations

tations observed in the Comparison, *i. e.* their Parity, Imparity, &c. And after the Relations of each to each are thus got, which make a Kind of primary Propositions; to proceed to combine them, and take down the Relations resulting from a Comparison of several Combinations. By such Means, without any other Helps than Penetration and Perseverance, might he make out an infinite Number of Propositions; possibly more than *Euclid* has done: There being a new Relation, *i. e.* a new Proposition, resulting from every new Combination.

To *Art*, on the other hand, belong such Things as mere Reason would not have attained to; Things which lye, out of the direct Path of Deduction, and which require a peculiar Cast, or Turn of Mind, to see or arrive at. A Man might call these the Results of particular, or personal Reason, in Opposition to the former; but that such a Denomination would be thought unphilosophical. It may, perhaps, be more just to consider Reason, here, as modified or tintured with something in the Complexion, Humour, or Manner of thinking of the Person, or as restrained and diverted out of its proper Course, by some Views or Notices peculiar to him. --- The Difference between the two, may be illustrated by that between Wit and Humour; the former whereof is a general Faculty of executing

agreeable and surprizing Pictures in the Imagination, and the latter a particular one ; the former is pure and absolute in its kind ; the latter tinged with something foreign and complexional.

AN *Art*, and a *Science*, therefore, only seem to differ as less and more pure : A *Science* is a System of Deductions made by Reason alone, undetermined by any thing foreign, or extrinsic to itself : An *Art*, on the contrary, requires a Number of *data* and *postulata*, to be furnished from without ; and never goes any length, without, at every Turn, needing new ones. It is, in one Sense, the Knowledge and Perception of these *data* that constitutes the *Art* ; the rest, that is, the doctrinal Part, is of the Nature of *Science* ; which attentive Reason alone will descry.

An *Art*, in this Light, appears to be a Portion of *Science*, or general Knowledge, considered, not in itself, as *Science*, but with Relation to its Circumstances, or Appendages. In a *Science*, the Mind looks directly backwards and forwards, to the Premises and Conclusions : In an *Art* we also look laterally, to the concomitant Circumstances. A *Science*, in effect, is that to an *Art*, which a Stream running in a direct Channel, without Regard to any thing but its own Progress, is to the same Stream turned out of its proper Course, and disposed into Cascades, Jets, Cisterns,

Cisterns, Ponds, &c. In which Case, the Progress of the Stream is not considered, with regard to itself, but only as it concerns the Works ; every one of which modifies the Course of the Stream, and leads it out of its Way. It is easy to trace the Progress of the former, from its Rise to its Issue ; in regard it flows consequentially ; but a Man ever so well acquainted with this, will not be able to discover that of the latter, in regard it depends on the Genius, Humour, and Caprice of the Engineer who laid the Design.

THESE are some of the different Characters, or Conditions of *Art* and *Science*, but there is a Difference between them prior to any of these, and of which these are only Consequences. The Origin of them all lies higher, in the principal of Action or Operation abovespecified ; namely, as the Mind is either active or passive in respect of them. With regard to this, those Things may be said to belong to Science, which we only see or perceive, which flow from the Nature and Constitution of Things, by the sole Agency of the Author thereof ; subservient only to his general Purposes ; exclusive of any immediate Agency, or Intervention of ours. --- And, on the contrary, those Things belong to Art, wherein such Science or Perception is farther modified, and applied by us, to particular Purposes and Occasions of our own. --- From hence arise the several Differences abovementioned ; for the Mat-
ters

ters of Art are only personal, as they are, according to the Measure of the Artist's natural Faculties, in respect of Quantity and Degree ; and to the Cast of his moral Faculties, in respect of their Quality. The Perception, even of Matters of *Art*, is of the Nature of Science ; so that thus far the two agree ; and their Difference only commences from the superinducing a farther Modification, in the Matter of such Perception ; and the giving it a new Direction to some particular End. By Means hereof, it becomes invested with a new Set of Conditions, and Circumstances wholly personal ; as being all framed, and adapted to the particular View and Aim of the Artist, and conducted according to his particular Degree of Knowledge and Address ; which is the Effect of a particular Set of Objects, and a particular Organism of Body. In a Word, in *Art* there is a moral View, or Motive, superadded to the natural Science, or Perception ; which Motive is the proper Principle, or *primum mobile* of Art. Perception is its Matter ; and some Member of the Body, its Organ, or Instrument. And from such new Principle, &c. arise a new Set of secondary Perceptions analogous to the natural and primary ones.

--- The whole, therefore, ends in this, that *Science* arises from a natural Principle, *Art* from a moral one ; or even, as moral Matters are also, in one Sense, natural *Science* may be said to be of divine Original ; *Art* of human. --- Thus far our *German* Author.

Now;

Now, as to *Metaphysics*, it is a Branch of Science, about whole Nature and Idea Authors differ.

SOME define *Metaphysics*, that Part of Science which confiders Spirits, and immaterial Beings ; which others chufe to diftinguifh by the Name of *Pneumatics*. Others, keeping clofer to the Etymology of the Word, explain *Metaphysics* by *trans-natural*, or *præter-natural*, or even *post-natural Philofophy*.

OTHERS, with more Propriety, conceive *Metaphysics* to be what fome call *Ontology*, or *Ontofophy*, i. e. the Doctrine *de ente*, or of *Being*.

PHILOSOPHERS again, are divided as to the Notion of a Science of *Being* in general. Some hold it real, precise, and folid enough to be demonftrated ; others judge it too obfcure, faint, and confufed, to be admitted into Philofophy.

Being, abftracted from every Sort or Species of *Being*, is certainly a very vague Term, and does not feem to give footing enough for a Science : I cannot fee how it can affect the Mind as an Object. Add, that the common *Metaphysics* cannot demonftrate any Part of its Subject, but affumes the whole ; there are no Principles or Axioms whereon to demonftrate *Metaphysics*, which contain the Principles

Principles of all other Sciences, particularly *Mathematics*, in all its various Branches ; so that it is dangerous for some People to dip too deep into a Science which is indeed too profound for common Capacities ; and I am afraid, Sir, said he to the Count that your Duke will over-load his Brain with a Heap of abstracted Ideas, if nothing worse happens to it, for he is not the first Person who has been metaphysically mad.

THE *Marquis* concluded his Discourse in this Manner, and was preparing to be gone ; but the Count and his Lady pressed him so much to sup with them that he was forced to yield ; and as he was as agreeable in familiar Conversation as he was profound in all Parts of Learning, he entertained us during and after Supper with most diverting Stories of the Court of *Versailles*, where none of the most secret Amours or Intrigues were unknown to him.

NEXT Morning we went to visit some royal Palaces, and Noblemens Seats, at a little Distance from this Place. We began with *Chambord* built by *Francis I.* which the Connoisseurs in Architecture say exceeds any *Gothic* Building in *France*, and has such various Beauties, that the greatest Masters may learn something from it. Four large Pavilions compose the Body of the Building, and the whole is surrounded with a Wall of Hewn Stone, flanked with Towers, which give it a very magnificent Appearance at

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a Distance. There is a wynding Stair-case in it of Two hundred and Seventy-four Steps, or rather two Stair-cases united, one for ascending and the other for descending. The Anti-chambers, Chambers, Halls, Wardrops, Cabinets, and Galleries, are all of a most exquisite Architecture, and the Garden and Park answerable to the Building.

THERE are Abundance of other royal Palaces and Noblemens Seats at a little Distance from *Blois*, which were probably erected when the Court resided there, the chief whereof are those of *Montfrault*, in the Forrest of *Boulogne*, a League from *Chambord*. The *Montils*, two Leagues from *Montfrault*. *Herbault*, four Leagues from *Blois*; *Villasaven* at the same Distance. *Beuaregard*, in the Forrest of *Russi*, two Leagues from *Blois*. *Chiverny*, *Menards*, *Nozieux*, &c. all which we visited in two Days that we were out.

ON the second Afternoon, when we returned, the Count proposed that we should go and make a Visit to the Bishop, whom we had not seen since the Scene between the two Ladies; he made an Apology to the Count and his Lady for the Incivility those two Mad-women, as he called them, had made him commit, in leaving the Company so abruptly; but, said he, I was afraid of having my Nose broke, or one of my Eyes dashed out by the Glasses and Trenchers that were flying

flying about the Room. The War, continued he, did not terminate here ; for the Ladies were no sooner got to their different Homes, than each of them made heavy Complaints to their Husbands ; who, had they not been prevented by having Guards placed upon them by the Deputy of the Marshals of *France*, would ere now have voided the Quarrel with their Swords ; and as they cannot now fight, Prosecutions are intended, and will be, probably, carried on, to the Ruin of one or other of the two Families, and not unlikely of both ; for each of the two exasperated Women would rather be stript to their Shirt than not be revenged ; and though I have done all that's possible to compromise the Matter, yet I have gained no Ground, they are equally bent upon one another's Ruin, and nothing but that can satisfy their Rage and Revenge.

THEIR Confessors have joined their Solicitations to mine, but all the Clergy of *Italy* and *France*, nay even the Pope himself, or *St. Paul*, if he were to come down from Heaven, could not pacify these furious Females ; for my Part, I resolve to apply to Court for an Order to have them both shut up within four bare Walls, and fed upon Bread and Water, till they are brought to a more peaceable and reasonable Way of Thinking ; for I look upon such Women to be Firebrands capable of doing a deal of Mischief, and a Reproach to any civilized Country. But, Madam, continued he, addressing

dressing himself to the Countess, let me beg
 of you not to judge of all our Ladies in *Blois*
 by the Sample which you have seen. If the
 Count and you, with your Friend, pointing
 to me, will do me the Honour to dine with
 me To-morrow, I will endeavour to procure
 you better Company than the last Time.
 The Count answered, that he believed it
 would be hard to find two Women of more
 Zeal and Courage than the two Antagonists.
 --- Rather say Rage and Fury, interrupted
 the Prelate; for it was by no Means their
 Zeal for Religion that hurried them to such
 Extremities, nor any thing that deserves the
 Name of Courage that made them so despe-
 rate, but the mutual Reproaches of their
 scandalous Intrigues.

I don't know, replied the Count, what
 the real Motives might be, but I am sure they
 fought it bravely, and I must own that I ne-
 ver saw a Female Battle that diverted me
 more. Fighting, said the Bishop, in Men,
 I mean Duelling, is a Thing which is as
 much contrary to good Policy as Religion;
 and though the Quarrels of Women seldom
 are carried so far as to deprive them of Life,
 yet such Roughness as what you saw here the
 other Day, is so contrary to that Softness
 which beautifies the Character of the tender
 Sex, that I look upon Women, who are
 capable of coming to such Extremities, to be
 no better, nay even worse, than some Spe-
 cies of the Brute Creation. Such Women as
 our two Viragos would not have been allow-

ed, for certain, among the ancient *Marcianists* to baptize, among the *Montanists* admitted to the Priesthood, and even the Episcopate, nor permitted among the modern Quakers to preach and prophesy; but what I think they have a just Title to, and richly deserves, is, to be placed in a Ducking-stool, and heartily plunged in Water, to cool their Heat and Choler.

THE Arrival of five or six Clergymen put a Stop to our Conversation, and we took Leave of the Bishop who reiterated his Invitation, which the Count and his Lady accepted; as for me I was like their Shadow, and followed them wherever they went.

ON leaving the Episcopal Palace we went to pay a Visit to the Lady Abess of a royal Abbey, who was a remote Relation of the Count's, but so old that she began to doat; she made all her Nuns come by Twos and Threes, all Women of Quality, to salute the Countess as her Relation. We were served with a very genteel Collation of Sweetmeats, and had a great Deal of Convent Chat not without Scandal; for it creeps into those holy Retreats as well as other Places; and as the Story of the two Ladies who had so desperate an Engagement was fresh, the Lady Abess, who was a zealous Molinist, tore poor *Jansenius* and all his Children to Pieces, and particularly *Madam de' Ongeval*, against whom she thundered out a terrible Volley of Anathemas, and excused her Antagonist's

nist's Failings the best Way she could, or, rather assured us, that it was mere Calumny, and that a Lady of her good Principles could not be guilty of what her Adversary, an Imp of Lucifer's, had accused her.

NEXT Day, we went about One o' Clock to the Bishop's, where we found three Ladies and two Gentlemen, one of whom was our good Friend the Marquis de *Mirandelle*. The good Bishop received us with open Arms, and first introduced Madam de *Bellecour*, and her Daughter, to the Countess, and then Madam de *Senlis*, Wife to one of the Subfermers General.

WHEN Dinner was over, and the Desert served, the Conversation ran upon *Wit*, which the Bishop defined a Faculty of the Mind, consisting in the assembling and putting together of those Ideas with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance or Congruity; whereby to make up pleasant Pictures, and agreeable Visions to the Phantacy.

THIS Faculty is just the contrary of *Judgment*, which consists in the separating carefully, from one another, such Ideas wherein can be found the least Difference, thereby to avoid being misled by Similitude, and, by the Affinity, to take one Thing for another.

IT is the Metaphor and Allusion, wherein, for the most part, lies the Entertainment and Pleasantry of *Wit*; which strikes so lively on the Imagination, and is, therefore, so acceptable to all People, because its Beauty appears at first Sight, and there is required no Labour of Thought to examine what Truth or Reason there is in it.----- The Mind, without looking any farther, rests satisfied with the Agreeableness of the Picture, and the Gaiety of the Imagination.

ACCORDING to *Malebranche*, when there happens to be any Alteration in that Part of the Brain where the Nerves terminate, there also happens an Alteration in the Brain; that whenever there is any Motion in that Part, to change the Order of its Fibres, there also happens a new Perception in the Soul, and she finds something new, either by Way of Sensation or *Imagination*; neither of which can be without an Alteration of the Fibres in that Part of the Brain which may be called the principal Part, because it corresponds to all the Parts of our Body, and is the Place where the Soul (if it may be so said) immediately resides. --- It matters not which that Part is, nor whether the Opinion of *Willis*, *Fernelius*, or *Des Cartes* be the most probable what that Part is; it suffices that there is some such Part.

SINCE then the Imagination only consists in a Power which the Soul has of forming Images of Objects, by impressing them on the Fibres of the Brain, it follows, that the
larger

larger and more distinct the Vestigia, or Tracks of the Animal Spirits, which are the Lines or Strokes, as it were, of those Images, are, the more strongly and distinctly the Soul *imagines* those Objects.

Now, as the Breadth, Depth and Cleanness of the Strokes of a Sculpture depend on the Force wherewith the Graver acts, and the Obedience which the Copper yields; so the Depth and Cleanness of the Tracks of the *Imagination* depend on the Force of the Animal Spirits, and the Constitution of the Fibres of the Brain; and it is that Variety which is found in those two Things, to which we owe almost all that vast Difference which we observe in Peoples Minds. --- On the one Side are Abundance and Scarcity, Briskness and Slowness, Largeness and Smallness of the Animal Spirits; and on the other Hand Delicacy or Grossness, Humidity or Dryness, Stiffness or Flexibility of the Fibres of the Brain; and lastly, a particular Relation which the Animal Spirits may have with those Fibres. From the various Combinations of which Things, will result a sufficiently great Variety, to account for all the different Characters which appear in the Minds of Men; and from the same Principle flows that Difference which is observed in the same Person's Mind, at different Times, and under different Circumstances, as in Childhood, Manhood, and old Age, in Sickness, Health, &c.

THE Bishop here left off speaking, and the two Ladies, who thought themselves first-rate Wits, and were impatient to shew their Talents, were both opening their Mouths to speak at the same Time; but Madam *Bellecour*, who was something above the other in Rank had the Preference, and spoke to this Purpose.

As for the *bel esprit*, or Wit, said she, I am of the same Opinion with a certain learned Gentleman, who lays down four Characteristics thereof.

1^o A Man, who, with an open Air, and easy Motions, affects those he converses withal, agreeably, and on any Subject that presents itself; advances new Thoughts, and adorns them with a sprightly Turn; is, all the World over, a *Wit*.

2^o ANOTHER, who, less solicitous about the Choice and Delicacy of his Sentiments, knows how to make himself valued, by I know not what Elevation of Discourse; who draws a deal of Attention, and shews a Deal of Vivacity in his speaking, and Readiness in his Answers, is likewise acknowledged a *Wit*.

3^o A Third, who takes less Care about thinking, than about speaking well; who affects fine Words, though perhaps low and poor in Matter; who pleases by an easy Pronunciation,

Pronunciation, and a certain Tone of Voice, is placed in the same Rank.

4^o ANOTHER, whose chief Aim is not to make himself esteemed, so much as to raise Mirth and Laughter ; who jokes pertinently, rallies pleasantly, and finds something to amuse himself withal in every pretty Subject, is likewise allowed a *Wit*.

Now, Madam, said she turning to Madam de Senlis, it is your Turn, and I hope you'll oblige the Company with something curious and worthy of a Lady of your famed *Wit*. Whether your Compliment be ironical or real it does not much concern me, answered Madam de Senlis ; let that be as it will, I shall very plainly tell you that I think there is nothing of real *Wit* in any of your Cases, the whole is *Imagination*, or *Memory* at most ; nay the whole is no more than Temperament may give.

A true *Wit* must have a just Faculty of Discernment ; must have, at the same time, both a Deal of Energy and of Delicacy in his Sentiments ; his Imagination must be noble, and withal happy and agreeable ; his Expressions polite and well turned ; without any thing of Parade or Vanity in his Discourse, or his Carriage. It is not at all essential to a *Wit* to be ever hunting after the Brilliant ; still studying fine Thoughts,
and

and affecting to say nothing but what may strike and surprize.

YOUR Ladyship's Definition of *Wit*, is, upon my Word, said the Lady *Bellecour*, a mighty pretty Story, and what adds to its Beauty is that it smells strongly, if I may be allowed the Expression, of the *Antique*; but in that it perfectly resembles the worthy Person who begot it, I mean your Ladyship. I know not, replied *Madam de Senlis* a little nettled, nor do I much care whether my Sentiments and Person appear to be ancient or modern in your Ladyship's Imagination; but this I know, that by your Scheme of *Wit*, and indeed every other Part of your Behaviour, you seem to have more Sail than Ballast (I hope you'll allow the Expression as I did your *strong Smell of Antique*) or, in plain Language has run away with your Judgment.

WHAT! Mrs. Impertinence, cried the furious *Bellecour*, shall a little Subfermer's Wife have the Impudence to tell a Lady of Quality that she wants Judgment; wants Judgment, good God grant me Patience: Rather pray, interrupted the Fermer's Wife as mad as a March Hare, for more Sense and less Pride; for of all Creatures a poor proud Woman of Quality is the most contemptible; and I would have you to know, Madam, that your noble Husband is not the only *Marquis* who has come Cap in Hand to my Husband, for a few Guineas

to

to pay his Taylor and his Wife's Manteau-maker, so give yourself no Airs, I beseech you, upon the Score of your Quality.

THE poor Bishop turned pale as Death, and fancied, I believe, that the Glasses were already rattling about his Ears; for my part, I expected every Minute they would come to Blows, and force the Man of God to take to his Heels once more; but I was mistaken, and, to speak the Truth, not at all well pleased with the Disappointment; for I do love a little Mischief of this kind. However, the Bishop, terribly afraid of more Blood-shed, started up from his Chair, and read them such a Lecture on their Behaviour that they both were silent, and seemed ashamed of having exposed themselves before Strangers.

MADAM *de Bellecour* made a short Apology to the Countess, a Courtesy to the Company and left the Room, not, however, without throwing a very disdainful Look at the Farmer's Wife, who answered it with a malicious Sneer, and when her Enemy was gone, she followed her Example both as to apologizing and retiring, which gave the good Prelate and the Countess great Pleasure, for they were both in a Manner trembling.

MADAM, said the Bishop to the Countess, when the *Wits* were gone, you cannot but have a very strange Notion of the *Blois* Ladies,

Ladies ; for my Part, I think the Devil's in them, and am fully resolved that none of them shall ever enter this House again. The Countess smiled and said that she was indeed very much afraid the two last Ladies would have come to the same Extremities as the former, and that she was extremely glad they had been prevented from coming to Blows ; for my Part, added she, I own such Scenes are intirely new to me, and I am concerned that any of my Sex should expose themselves to such a Degree ; though I am a very good *Molinist*, continued she, I have no Notion of Zeal that leads People, and particularly Women to such Extravagancies, 'tis the Business of the Clergy to settle such Points, and I think it a monstrous Presumption in silly ignorant Women to dispute upon Religion ; for my Part, I believe implicitly what the Church ordains, and if the *Jansenists* have broached unwarrantable Doctrines, I pity their Ignorance, and wish their Eyes may be opened ; but I have a very bad Opinion of Converters who make Use of the Arm of Flesh to bring Sinners to Repentance.

VERY right, Madam, replied the Bishop, but I think it was pretty evident that the Dispute between Madam *Fontange* and her Antagonist, I mean the Battle, proceeded rather from their Reflection on one another's private Characters, than from their differing in Sentiments about *Molinism* and *Jansenism* ; and in this Instance we have a fatal Example
of

of the Influence of Passion, which makes us say Things that we would otherwise conceal like Murder; and I dare say those two desperate Women heartily repent, by this time, of having, by their Imprudence, informed the Public themselves how shamefully wicked they are. The coming in of some Company put an End to this Conversation; and as we designed to leave *Blois* early next Morning, we took Leave of the Bishop, who gave us his Blessing, and heartily wished us a good Journey.

NEXT Morning about Six o' Clock we set out from *Blois*, dined at *St. Quentin* about fifteen Leagues from *Blois*, and lay that Night at *Châtelleraud* about eighteen Leagues from the Place of dining, a pretty pleasant Town upon the River of *Vienne*, with the Title of Dutchy, towards the Frontiers of *Touraine*. It suffered much in the last Civil Wars. Some will have it that it was within a League of this Place, that a Hind guided *Clovis's* Army over the River to fight *Alaric* King of the *Goths*. The Family of *Hamilton* in *Scotland* had the Titles of Dukes of this Place from the *French* King formerly.

NEXT Day we set out about Ten o' Clock and arrived at *Poitiers*, about ten Leagues distant, towards Three in the Afternoon, where we resolved to remain that Day, to take a View of the Town, which is the Capital of the Province of *Poitou*. It is situated on an Eminence near the little River *Clain*,

Clain, fourscore Miles to the Eastward of the Ocean, and about as much North-east of *Saintes*. If we regard the Extent of the Walls, it is the largest Town in *France* next to *Paris*; but then there is a great Deal of ploughed Land, Gardens, and Waste Ground included within those Bounds. The Town, however, is not small, containing Twenty-two Parishes, nine Convents of Friars, and Twelve of Nuns, besides several Abbies, two Seminaries, and three Hospitals; and is governed by a Mayor, Twenty-five Aldermen, and Sixty-five Burgesses.

THE Country is watered with Rivers, fruitful and abounding with Corn, Wine, Cattle, &c. its Inhabitants courageous, Lovers of Learning, polite and sociable, but somewhat indolent, to which is ascribed their having very little Trade.

THE Romans were Masters of this Province by the Name of *Aquitain*. The *Vandals*, *Huns*, or *Gerimans*, under the Conduct of their King *Crocus*, ruined it in the Fifth Century, and plundered *Poitiers*. The Romans quitted it in the Reign of *Honorius* to the *Wisigoths*, who were driven thence by *Glovis the Great*, about the Year 510, after the Battle of *Civicaux*.

Poitou was under Sovereign Counts of its own, from *Charlemagne's* Time till 1271, when, upon the Failure of the Line, it was united

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united to the Crown of *France*. It was much harassed, during the Civil Wars, about Religion. The Protestants possessed themselves of *Poitiers*, but the *Marshal de St. Andrew* took and plundered it in 1562. The Battle of *Poitiers* was very fatal to *France* in 1356, King *John* being made Prisoner there by the *English*.

Poitiers is a Bishop's See, and has an University of some Credit; there are also the Remains of several *Roman* Edifices in the Place, as of an Amphitheatre, a triumphal Arch, which still serves for one of the Gates, and some Aqueducts.

ON the 23^d we set out from *Poitiers* pretty early, and in three Days arrived at *Bordeaux*, about Sixty Leagues distant from the former by the Number of Posts.

THE Province of *Guienne* and *Gascogny*, comprehending the Generalities of *Bordeaux* and *Montauban*, is bounded by *Saintonge*, *Angoumois* and *Marche* on the North; by *Auvergne* and *Languedoc* on the East; by the *Pyrenean* Mountains on the South; and by the Ocean on the West; extending fourscore Leagues in Length from North to South, and near as much in Breadth from East to West.

THE principal Rivers are the *Garonne*, *Dordonne*, which unite their Streams below
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122 The TRAVELS of

Bordeaux, the Adour, Tarn, Aveyron, and the Lot.

THE Tide comes up the *Garonne*, as high as *Langon* and *St. Maccaire*, which are eight or nine Leagues above *Bordeaux*, and thirty Leagues from the Mouth of the River; and the Spring Tides go up the River *Dordogne* as high as *Castillon*, six or seven and twenty Leagues from the Mouth.

Bordeaux upon the *Garonne* is the Capital of the Province of *Guienne*, and is one of the ancientest, greatest, and best trading Cities of *France*, situated in a most delightful and fertile Country. *Ausonius* speaks of it in these Terms.

*Burdegala est natale Solum Clementia Cœli
Mitis, ubi & riguæ larga indulgentia terræ
Ver longum, brumæque breves, juga frondea
subsunt, &c.*

i. e.

Bordeaux is my native Country, where we breath a sweet and wholesome Air, here Fountains and Rills refresh the mellow Soil; to short Winters succeed long and kindly Springs, productive of verdant shady Leaves that cloath the tender Vine.

THE Latin Authors call this City *Burdegala*. *Pliny* and *Strabo* mention those of *Bordeaux*

Bordeaux by the Name of *Biturigis Vivisci*, to distinguish them from the Inhabitants of *Bourges*, whom *Cæsar* calls *Bituriges Cubi*. Several ancient Authors speak of this City as illustrious for its Antiquities and Haven, which is one of the most famous in *Europe*, and called *the Haven of the Moon*, because it is in the Form of a Crescent, and the City of *Bordeaux* resembles a Bow, whose String is the River *Garonne*. This River has, at its Mouth, the famous *Pharos*, named the Tower of *Cordouan*, the Work of *Lewis de Foix*, an able Engineer.

THE University of *Bordeaux* was one of the most flourishing in ancient Times ; and *Charles VII.* restored it to its former Lustre. *Pope Eugenius IV.* gave it great Privileges ; and *Lewis XI.* augmented them since. *St. Jerome* and *Ausonius* speak of the great Men it had produced ; and, in a Word, it hath all the Qualities and Prerogatives that can make a City considerable. The *Romans* valued it as a free City, and there are still many Marks of their Liberality to be seen ; as *the Palace of Safeguard*, and *the Palace of Galienus*. The First, in all Likelihood, was a Temple consecrated to the Tutelar Gods ; and the other an *Amphitheatre*, which is esteemed to have been built in the Time of the Emperor *Galienus*. The great Number of Statues, Inscriptions, and ancient Medals, which are every Day found there, are farther Arguments of the Value which the *Romans* had for *Bordeaux*.

THIS City was possessed by the *Goths* in the fifth Century, and subdued since by the *French*. In 415, they first burned it. The *Saracens* took it in 732; and it also suffered much by the Invasion of the *Vandals* and *Normans*, who often ruined it. Therefore we see that its Form is very different now from what it was in *Ausonius's* Time, who represents it as a square City.

*Quadræ Murorum Species, sic turribus
altis,
Ardua, ut aerias intrent fastigia Nubes, &c.*

i. e.

*Square Walls, adorned with high and lofty
Towers that seem to reach the Skies.*

AFTER this *Bordeaux* had particular Lords, some of whom were Counts, Dukes, &c. *Eleoner*, Daughter and Heiress to *William X.* last Duke of *Guienne*, re-united this Province to *France* by her Marriage with *Lewis VII.* called the Young, in 1137; but being divorced in 1152, she married *Henry* of *Normandy*, afterwards King of *England*; so that the *English* possessed *Bordeaux* until the Time of *Charles VII.* This Monarch having re-united *Guienne* to the Crown, *Bordeaux* followed the same Fate. He established there a Parliament in 1451 or 52. But this City revolting afterwards in favour of the *English*, he took it from them; and

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and *Lewis XI.* his Son restored it about 1463. Since that, it was translated elsewhere, but only for a small Time. *Thuanus* speaks of a Sedition, in *An. 1548*, at *Bordeaux*, on Account of a Tax upon Salt, and how severely the Constable *Montmorency* punished the same. Afterwards, this City had Share enough in the Misfortunes of the Civil Wars. The Marechal of *Matignon*, Governor of *Guienne*, kept it for the King against the League, which had many Partisans there. It has not been without Disorders in this Age; but the King to prevent them in Time coming has built the Citadel called *Chateau Trompette* to curb the City.

It is governed by four Jurats, or Sheriffs, and by a Mayor, who is always a Person of Quality. The Metropolitan Church of *St. Andrew* is large and magnificent, with two high Towers. As to the Ecclesiastical Part it is only Subject to the *Roman* See. Its Chapter is one of the most August in the Kingdom, composed of a Dean, three Archdeacons, a Prebend, a Sub-dean, a Treasurer, a Vestry-keeper, several Singers, and Twenty-three Canons. The Diocese has about Four hundred Parishes under ten Archpriests.

At the Entrance of the Key is *Chateau Trompette*, flanked with six great Bastions; most of the great Streets of *Bordeaux* terminate at this Key. The Town in general, the *Chartrons*, where the Merchants that ship

off Wines, Brandies, and other Commodities, generally reside, excepted, is none of the most beautiful, the Streets being narrow and the Buildings old; and the usual Inconveniencies are met with here that are found in other Sea-port Towns, that is a great Deal of Noise, Hurry, and Infolence.

THE Town house, the Arsenal, the Palace of Justice, the Church of *St. Michael*, the *Jesuits College*, and the *Chartreuse*, are elegant Pieces of Architecture, and capable to entertain the Curiosity of Strangers.

BESIDES the Parliament, *Bordeaux* has a Chamber of Justice, a Seneschal's Seat, a Court of Admiralty, an Exchequer Office, another of general Treasurers, and a Mint, where Silver is marked with the Letter K.

I dare say the Reader will think I often fail in the Promises which I made of being very brief in my Descriptions; and that, notwithstanding my pretended Aversion, I certainly love them; but I have two very substantial Reasons for putting them down: In the first Place, to swell out the Book, which without a good deal of that would not amount to above a Volume, to which narrow Bounds I would not for any thing have my Travels confined; in the next Place, as I regularly keep a daily Journal of what I see, and write it down at Night, I find it much easier to
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copy out of this Journal the Letters which I send my Aunt than it would be otherwise, and I think these two Motives are sufficient for me ; and if it won't do with your nice Sort of Folks, let them damn the Author, the Book, and the Bookseller, their Revenge will give me no Manner of Trouble.

A Propos about Books, are not the Uses of them numerous ? Do they not make one of the chief Instruments, or Means of acquiring Knowledge ? They are the Repositories of Laws, and the Vehicles of Learning of every Kind : Our Religion itself is founded on Books ; without them, says a certain Author, God is silent, Justice dormant, Physic at a Stand, Philosophy lame, Letters dumb, and all Things involved in *Gemmerian* Darkness.

THE Scope or Design of Books is various ; of some, to trace the Origines of Things discovered ; of others, to fix and establish some Truth, or to raise some Doctrine to a higher Pitch of Subtility ; of others, to remove some Scruple or Prejudice, which had before obtained, or fix more accurate and precise Ideas of Things ; of others, to explain the Names and Words used in different Nations, Ages, and Sects ; of others, to improve our Knowledge of Facts and Events, and shew the Order and Ways of Providence , Lastly, others aim at divers, or all of these ends.

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THE Elogiums that have been bestowed on Books are infinite; they are represented, as the Refuge of Truth, which is banished out of Conversation; as standing Counsellors and Preachers always at hand, and always disinterested; having this Advantage over Oral Instructors, that they are ready to repeat their Lesson, as oft as we please. ---- Books supply the Want of Masters, and even in some measure the Want of Genius and Invention, and can raise the dullest Persons, who have Memory, above the Level of the brightest, without.

BUT some will tell us of the ill Effects of Books, that they employ too much of our Time and Attention, engage us in Pursuits of no Use to the Commonwealth, and indispose us for the Functions of civil Life; that they render Men Lazy, and prevent their exerting their own Talents, by furnishing them on every Occasion with Things of the Growth of others; and that our natural Lights become weaken'd and extinguished, by inuring ourselves to see only with foreign Lights: Besides, that Ill Men are hereby furnished with Means of poisoning the People, and propagating Superstition, Immorality, Enthusiasm or Irreligion, which will always spread faster, and be received more greedily than Lessons of Truth and Virtue, ---many other Things are added concerning the emptiness of Books, and the Errors, Fables, and Follies they are fraught with;

with ; which, together with the Multitude and Perplexity of them, is such, that it may seem easier to discover Truth in the Nature and Reason of Things, than in the Uncertainty and Confusion of Books. Add, that Books have turned the other Instruments of Knowledge out of Doors, as Experiments, Observations, Furnaces, and the Like, without which, the natural Sciences can never be cultivated to Purpose ; and that in Mathematicks, Books have so far superceded the Exercise of Invention, that the Generality of Mathematicians are now contented to learn the Solution of Problems from others ; which is to relinquish the chief End of their Science : Since what is contained in Mathematical Books, is properly the History only of Mathematics, not the Science, Art or Talent of solving Questions ; which is hardly to be had from Books, but only from Nature and Meditation.

FOR the Art of Writing or composing Books, we have much fewer Helps, and Instructions than for the Art of Speaking ; though the former be the more difficult of the two ; as a Reader is not so easie to be imposed upon, but has better Opportunities of detecting Faults than a Hearer. ---A great Cardinal, indeed, reduces an Authors Business to a few Heads ; were they but as easily practised as prescribed : Let him consider who it is writes, what, how, why and to whom

To

To write a good Book, an Interesting Subject must be chosen, which is to be long, and closely meditated on: And of the Sentiments which offer themselves, those which are already commonly known, are to be rejected: Few or no Digressions from the main Points are to be allowed; Quotations rarely made, and then only to prove some important Truth, or embellish the Subject with some beautiful and uncommon Observation; never bringing an ancient Philosopher on the Stage, to say what the meanest Lacquey could have said as well; nor making a Sermon unless where the Business is to preach.

THE Conditions required in a Book are Solidity, Perspicuity and Brevity; the first will be best attained, by keeping the Piece long by us, often reviewing and correcting it by the Advice of Friends: The second by disposing the Sentiments in a due Order, and delivering them under proper and usual Expressions: The third by throwing every Thing aside that does not immediately concern the Subject. Were these Rules observed, it would scarce be possible for any except an Angel from Heaven, to write many Books. ---We should hear no more of those volatile Authors, who throw off yearly six or eight Books for ten or twelve Years running, such as *Lintrupius* Professor at *Copenhagen* who has given a Catalogue of seventy two Books, which he composed with-
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in the Compass of twelve Years; containing six Volumes in Theology, eleven in Ecclesiastical History, three in Philosophy, fourteen on Miscellaneous Subjects, and thirty eight on Litterary Subjects. Of those Voluminous Authors who number their Books by Scores and Hundreds, such as *Father Macedo* a Franciscan Fryar, who according to his own Testimony wrote Forty-four Volumes, Fifty-three Panegyricks, sixty Latin Speeches, One hundred and five Epitaphs, Five hundred Elegies, One hundred and Ten Odes, Two hundred and Twelve Epistles dedicatory, Five hundred familiar Epistles, Two thousand six hundred Poems in Heroics or Hexameters, and in fine, One hundred and fifteen thousand Verses. Nor of those childish Authors who publish Books by that Time they are able to speak, as the young Duke of *Main* whose Works were published at seven Years, old under the Title of *Oeuvres diverses d' un Auteur de Sept Ans.* i. e. *Miscellanies of an Author of seven Years old.* --- *Dan. Heinsius* published his Notes on *Silius Italicus* so young, that he intituled them *Crepundia Siliano.* i. e. *his Rattles.* *Caramuel* is even said to have written a Book on the Sphere before he was old enough to go to School, and what is pleasant, he took it chiefly from *Sacro Boscho's* *Treatise de Sphera*, before he had learnt a Word of Latin. In Fine, *Placcius* assures us he began to make his Collections, while under the Tuterage of his Nurse; and when he had

had nothing to collect out of but her Prayer Books.

A certain Author used to say, that to write Books, a Man must be either very foolish or very wise ; there are, doubtless, many of both Sorts in the Number of Authors, (I hope my very good natured Readers will not rank me among the former) yet the Majority seems to consist of those who are neither the one or the other. The Custom is much altered since the Time of the Ancients, who carried their Scrupulousness, in what relates to the Composition of Books, beyond all that has been above expressed : So august was the Idea they formed of a Book, that nothing would suffice less than its being a Treasure ; no Labour, no Assiduity and Exactness was thought enough to fit a Work for the public View ; every Sentiment and Expression was to be maturely weighed, and turned on all its Sides ; and not suffered to pass, unless every Word were a Pearl, and every Page beset with Gems. So that they put the Readers in Possession, in a single Hour, of what had cost them, perhaps, ten Years intense Thought and Application. ----- Such were those Books which were reputed *cedro digni*, to be smeared over with Cedar-juice, and thus rendered incorruptible, for the Instruction of all future Ages.

WITH us, the Case is otherwise ; the Ambition of being an Author possesses every body, even those who have nothing to say,
or

or at most, only one Thing, and that perhaps a Trifle, and already said by a hundred others: To furnish out a Book, we have Recourse to various Arts, and Stratagems; a formal Method is first chalked out, which like a Drag-net gathers all before it, old and new, common and uncommon, good, bad and indifferent, which we adopt with little Choice; the chief Attention being, with *Albutius* the Rhetor, to all on the Subject we can, not merely all we ought.

A modern Author, let his Subject be what it will, generally takes Occasion to retail his whole Stock of Knowledge then on hand: If he write, for instance, on the Gout, as *M. Aignan*, he will give you the Nature of all Diseases, and their Cures, and perhaps a System of Physics into the Bargain, and over and above many important Doctrines of Theology, and Rules of Morality; if on the building of *Solomon's Temple*, as *Caramuel*, he will not confine himself to Architecture, but treat of numerous Matters relating to Theology, Mathematics, Geography, History, Grammar, &c. Insomuch, that if we may believe the Author of a Piece inserted in *Caramuel's Work*, if God should permit all the Sciences in all the Universities in the World to be lost, they might be restored by Means of this Book alone.

He sets out with a tedious Preamble,
perhaps foreign to the Question; and proceeds
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ceeds on to a Digression, which gives Rise to a second ; which carries him such a Length, that we lose Sight of him ; he oppresses us with Proofs of Things that needed none ; makes Objections no body would have thought of, and to answer them is sometimes forced to make a Dissertation in Form, to which he gives a particular Title, and to lengthen it out, subjoins the Plan of some future Work, wherein he will treat the Point more at large. Sometimes he argues in form, accumulates Syllogism on Syllogism, and Induction on Induction ; being careful to note that they are so many Geometrical Demonstrations. At length you come to a String of Consequences, which you never expected ; and after twelve or fifteen Corollaries, wherein Contradictions are not spared, you are surprized for the Conclusion to find a Proposition which had never been mentioned, or at least had been utterly put out of your Head, or, perhaps, another which has no Relation to the Subject.

THE Subject of the Book, in all Probability, is some Trifle ; perhaps the Use of the Particle, *And*, or the Pronunciation of the *Greek*, *Eta*, or the Praise of an Ass or a Louse, of Folly or Idleness, of the Art of drinking or loving, or dressing ; of the Use and Abuse of Spurs, Shoes, or Gloves, or the like. Suppose, for instance, it be the last, and let us see how a modern Writer of Note proceeds to make his Book.

FOR

FOR Method he takes that of the *Lullists*, and begins with the Name and Etymology of *Glove*; which he gives not only in the Language he writes in, but in all the Languages he understands, or of which he has Dictionaries in his Study, oriental or occidental, living or dead; accompanying each with its respective Etymon or Original, and sometimes too with its Compounds and Derivatives, and referring for more thorough Knowledge to the several Dictionaries from whence he took them; always most religiously quoting Chapter and Page. From the Name he proceeds at length to the Thing, and passes with great Pains and Exactness through all the common Places of Arguments, as the Matter, Form, Use, Abuse, Adjuncts, Conjuncts, Disjuncts, &c. of Gloves. On each of which he does not confine himself to give us what is new, singular, or some Way uncommon, but thinks himself obliged to exhaust his Subjects, and give us all he can find. Thus Gloves, he informs us, preserve the Hands from Cold, and proves, that if we go much in the Sun without them, our Hands will be tanned. He goes on next to shew how Chaps on the Hands will ensue in Winter, if we leave our Gloves at home; and how painful, as well as unsightly, a Thing chapped Hands are.--- Yet must this be allowed an Author of Merit, and far from being singular in his Method of writing.

THE Form or Method is the Spirit that directs all ; one Writer supposes his Book to be a *Candlestick*, and every Chapter a *Socket* ; another reduces his Work to the Form of a Pair of Folding-doors, which open into two Parts, to admit the Reader into a Dichotomy or Bissection. A third considers his Book as a *Shop*, and divides or ranges the Materials of it accordingly, on so many *Shelves*, treating his Reader throughout as a Customer. A fourth turns his Book into a *Tree*, with its Trunk, Branches, Flowers, and Fruits ; the Twenty-four Letters of the Alphabet being the *Branches* ; the several Words the *Flowers*, and 120 Sermons the *Fruit*.

FOR the Origin of Books we have nothing that is clear ; the Books of *Moses* are, doubtless, the oldest of all that are extant ; but there were Books before those of *Moses*, who cites several. *Scipio Sgambati*, and others, even talk of Books before the Deluge, written by the Patriarchs, *Adam*, *Seth*, *Enos*, *Cainan*, *Enoch*, *Methusalem*, *Lamech*, *Noah*, and his *Wife* (which I think fairly proves that Women began early to be Authors ; and let any of the audacious Male Sex, who cannot bear that Women should be Sisters of the Quill, remember this, and read my Book with Reverence) also by *Ham*, and *Japhet* and his *Wife*, besides others by the Angels or Dæmons ; of all which, some Moderns have found enough, to fill an Antedeluvian Library ; but they appear all, either the Dreams
of

of idle Writers, or the Impostures of fraudulent ones.

OF profane Books, the oldest extant are *Homer's Poems*, which were even so in the Time of *Sextus Empiricus*; though we find Mention in *Greek Writers* of about Seventy others prior to *Homer*, as *Hermes*, *Orpheus*, *Daphne*, *Horus*, *Sinus*, *Musæus*, *Palamedes*, *Zoroaster*, &c. But of the greater Part of of these, there is not the least Fragment remaining, and of the others the Pieces which go under their Names, are generallly held by the learned as supposititious. ---- Father *Hardouin* goes farther; charging all the ancient Books, both *Greek* and *Latin*, except *Cicero*, *Pliny*, *Virgil's Georgics*, *Horace's Satyrs* and *Epistles*, *Herodotus* and *Homer*, as spurious, and forged in the Thirteenth Century, by a Club of Persons under the Direction of one *Severus Archontius*.

THE Multitude of Books has been long complained of; they are grown too numerous, not only to procure and read; but to see, learn the Names of, or even Number. *Solomon*, Three thousand Years ago complained, that "of writing Books there was "no End." But modern Writers cannot keep within Terms of so much Moderation: 'You may sooner empty the Sea, says one, 'than exhaust the immense Ocean of Books, 'or number the Sands on the Shore, than 'the Volumes extant.' They are not to be 'told, says another, though like an Inhabi-

'tant of *Mahomet's* Paradise, a Man had
'Seventy thousand Heads, and to each had
'Seventy thousand Mouths, and to each
'Mouth Seventy thousand Tongues, which
'each spoke Seventy thousand Languages.'

--- Yet how is the Number continually increasing ! when we consider the Multitude of Hands employed in writing, of Copyists throughout the East in transcribing, and of Presses in the West continually pouring in fresh Quantities, it seems a kind of Miracle the World should contain them.

ELEMENTARY Books seem the least to need to be multiplied ; since a good Grammar, or Dictionary, or Institution of any kind, seems hardly to admit of a second in one Age, or even many Ages. Yet it has been observed, that in this Country alone, within the Compass of Thirty Years, there have appeared no less than fifty new Elements of Geometry, as many Treatises of Algebra, as many of Arithmetic, and as many of Surveying and Measuring ; add, that within the Space of fifteen Years, there have been above One hundred *French* and *Latin* Grammars published, and of Dictionaries, Abridgments, Methods, &c. in Proportion ; all which are but an eternal Round of the same Thing, the same Ideas, same Discoveries, same Truths, same Falshoods.

THE best of it is, we are not obliged to read them all : Thanks to Providence, the good Bishop *Carmuel's* Scheme miscarried, which

which was to write about One hundred Volumes in Folio, and then prevailed on the Civil and Spiritual Powers to oblige all their Subjects to read them.

Ringeberg had laid the Schemes of no less than a thousand several Books, which he alone was to have composed, had he lived long enough; and apparently would not have been less eager in obtruding them on the Public. Had the same Thought entered *Hermes Trismegistus*, who, according to the Account given by *Jamblichus*, wrote 36525 Books, People would have had much more Reason to complain of the Multitude of Books than they have now.

IN reality, there are very few of the immense Number of Books, which deserve seriously to be studied; for the rest, Part of them are only to be occasionally consulted, and vast Numbers only read for Amusement. A Mathematician, for instance, ought not to be intirely ignorant of what is continued in the Mathematical Books; but then a general Knowledge is sufficient, which may easily be had, by turning over the chief Authors; out of whom References may be made, directing to the Places where they may be found when wanted. For there are many Things which are much better preserved in Books than in the Memory; as Astronomical Observations, Tables, Rules, Theorems, Proportions, and, in fine, whatever does not spontaneously adhere to the Memory, when
once

once known. For the less we crowd that Faculty, the readier and freer will the Wit remain for inventing.

THUS, a few Books well chosen and thoroughly studied, may suffice : Many have held the Bible alone sufficient for all the Purposes of Knowledge ; others the Alcoran : *Cardan* requires but three Books for any Person who does not make a Profession of Learning ; one, to contain the Lives and Acts of the Saints and other virtuous Men ; another, to amuse the Mind, with pleasing Verses ; and a third, to teach the Rules of Civil Life. Some have only proposed two Books for our Study, *viz.* that of Scripture, which discovers the Will of God ; and that of Creation, which shews his Power ; the latter of which is the Key of the former. But this, under Pretence of retrenching Superfluities, seems to be running into the opposite Extreme. The Business is rather to make a due Choice among the Multitude of a Number of good ones. --- It may be added, that as Knowledge is naturally advantageous, and, as every Man ought to be in the Way of Information, even a Superfluity of Books is not without its Use, since hereby they are brought to intrude themselves upon us, and engage us when we had least Design. --- This Advantage, an ancient *Father* observes, we owe to the Multiplicity of Books on the same Subject, that one falls in the Way of one Man, and another best suits the Level, or the Apprehension of another.

‘ EVERY

‘ EVERY thing that is written, says he,
‘ does not come into the Hands of all Per-
‘ sons: Perhaps some may meet with my
‘ Books, who may hear nothing of others
‘ which may have treated better of the same
‘ Subject. It is of Service, therefore, that
‘ the same Questions be handled by several
‘ Persons, and after different Methods, tho’
‘ all on the same Principles, that the Ex-
‘ plications of Difficulties, and Arguments
‘ for the Truth, may come to the Know-
‘ ledge of every one, by one Way or o-
‘ ther.’ --- Add, that the Multitude is the
only Security against the total Loss, or De-
struction of Books: It is this has preserved
them against the Injuries of Time, the Rage
of Tyrants, the Zeal of Persecutors, and
the Ravages of Barbarians; and handed them
down, through long Intervals of Darkness,
and Ignorance, safe to our Days.

AUTHORS are not well agreed on the Con-
ditions necessary to denominate a Book good.
Some require only good Sense in the Writer,
and an Acquaintance with the Subject; o-
thers with *Salden* demand Solidity, Perspe-
cuity, and Brevity: Others think Intelli-
gence and Exactness enough: The Gene-
rality of Critics seem to hold, that none of
the Perfections, which the human Mind is
capable of, ought to be wanting; but on this
footing there is scarce any such Thing as a
good Book; at least none which they them-
selves will all agree to be such. The more
reasonable

reasonable allow a Book to be very good, which has but few Faults; at least where the good Things in it exceed the bad and indifferent. Nor is a Book to be called bad where the indifferent is the prevailing Part, and the good and bad are proportioned equally. Let me here ask the Reader if I may not, without flattering my Vanity too far, conclude, that my Book, such as it is, may come under this last Denomination, at least, in my own Opinion I really think it might be raised a Step higher; every Parent is fond of his own Child, and seldom sees the Faults of the beloved Off-spring, and this may very well be my Case; but this is my Comfort, that I shall never see it condemned to Snuff Shops: This by way of Digression; and now to return.

SINCE the Fall of the Latin Tongue, Authors do not seem, so much to aim at the Glory of writing well, as of writing good Things: So that a Book is commonly allowed to be good, if it be happily conducted to the End which the Author aimed at; whatever other Faults it may have: Thus a Book which is not written on Account of Style, may be good though the Style be naught. Thus an Historian, who is well informed, faithful, and judicious; a Philosopher, who reasons justly, and on sound Principles; a Divine, who is Orthodox and departs not from Scripture and Antiquity, and even a Female travelling in Mens Cloaths, who says nothing but what she has

has seen or heard ; will be allowed good in their Kinds, though they be faulty in the less material Things.

AND thus most Books, in one respect or other, will be found good and useful ; so that the Choice seems difficult ; not so much what to take, as what to reject. The Elder *Pliny* used to say, there was no Book so bad, but some good might be had from it : But there are Degrees of Goodness ; and in many Books the Goodness is so thin sown, that it is hardly worth the gathering ; or hid so deep, or so beset with Thorns, that it will not quit the Cost of digging. *Virgil* could gather Gold out of *Ennius's* Dunghill ; but every body has not the Zeal or the Skill and Attention necessary to do the like.

IT is better judged in those who recommend a small Number of the best Books ; advising us to read much, but not many ; but how is the Choice to be made ?

To judge of a Book, those who have treated of the Subject, direct us to observe the Title, the Author's or Editor's Name, the Number of the Edition, the Place where, and the Year when it was printed, and the Printer's Name, especially if he be a celebrated one : Proceed thence to the Preface, and look for the Author's Design, and the Occasion of his writing : Consider also his Country, (each Nation having its peculiar Genius) and the Person by whose Order he wrote,

wrote, which may sometimes be learned from the Dedication: If his Life be annexed, run it over, and note his Profession, what Rank he was of, and any thing remarkable that attended his Education, Studies, Conversation, or Correspondences with learned Men; not forgetting the Elogies which have been given the Author, which often occur at the Beginning, or even any Critique or Censure, especially if made by a Man of Judgment. If the Preface do not give an Account of the Method of the Work, run briefly over the Order and Disposition of it, and note what Points the Author has handled; observe whether the Things and Sentiments he produces be trite and vulgar, or solid, and fetched from greater Depths. Note, whether he go in the common Road, or make any Innovation, and introduce any new Principle.

BUT it is a small Number of Books, we have Opportunity of thus judging of by perusing them; besides, that when we have read a Book over, the Judgment comes too late for many Purposes: It seems necessary, therefore, to have other Indications, whereby to prevent our being at the Charge of procuring, or the Pains of perusing a worthless Book; divers Rules of this Kind are given by *Baillet*, *Struvius*, *Stollus* and others; which though, in reality, no more than Presumptions, and frequently liable to be falsified, are not without their Use. The *Journalists de Trevoux* object to them all; The

‘ The shortest Way, say they, to judge of a Book is to read it, if you be qualified in the Subject, otherwise to refer yourself to those who are so.’ *Heuman* is somewhat more explicit; making it a Mark that a Book is good, when it is esteemed by Persons intelligent in the Subject it treats of; and when those who commend it receive no Advantage from the Applause they bestow on it, nor are leagued with the Author in any Cabal, for espousing any particular Principle, System, or Party in Religion, or Learning.

BUT more particularly it is an Indication that a Book is good, 1^o If the Author be known to excel in that Talent more immediately necessary for such a Subject, or have already published any Thing on the same that is esteemed. Thus we may conclude, that *Julius Caesar* will teach us the Art of War better than *Peter Ramus*, *Cato*, *Palladius*, and *Columella* Agriculture better than *Aristotle*; and *Cicero* Oratory better than *M. Varro*: Add, that it is not enough the Author be skilled in the Faculty, but that he be so in the particular Branch of it he treats of; some for instance, excel in the Civil Law, yet not in the common: *Salmasius* proved himself an excellent Critic in his *Exercit Plinian*, but was flat and languid in his *Defence of Monarchy*.

2^o If the Book be on a Subject that requires great reading, it may be presumed good, if the Author have a copious Library,

or can have Access to one ; or lived in a Place where Books were not wanting : Tho' here is Danger too of running into Excess in Quotations, especially says *Struvius*, if the Author be a Lawyer.

3^o A Book which took up a long Time in composing, cannot often fail of being good : Thus *Villalpondus's* Commentary on *Ezekiel* was a Work of forty Years : *Beronius's* Annals of thirty ; *Gousser's* Hebrew Commentaries of thirty ; *Paulus Emilius* employed the same Time in his History ; and *Vaugelas* in his Translation of *Q. Curtius* ; *Lamy* was thirty Years in his *Treatise of the Temple* : *Em. Tesauro* forty Years in his *Idea Argutæ dictionis* ; and the Jesuit *Carra* forty Years in his Poem called *Columbus*. --- It is true, they who are so long on the same Subject, rarely bring it out uniform and methodical ; besides, that they are apt to flag, and grow cold in so long a Pursuit : Men cannot attend to the same Thing for so many Years without being tired ; which will be apt to shew itself in the Composition ; and hence it has been observed that in those large Books so long about, the Beginnings glow, the Middle Parts are lukewarm, the Latter ends frigid. But then they must excel in the Materials, which have been gathering for so long a Tract of Time ; this is particularly observed of the *Spanish* Writers ; and is, at least, more commendable than the Levity and Precipitancy of some of their Neighbours. Not but the Public are sometimes disappointed in their Expectations,

pectations, from Writers who are so long in Labour; as was the Case in Chapelain's Poem *La pucelle*, i. e. *the Virgin*, in the finishing of which he spent thirty Years, and concerning which we have that Epigram of *Monmor.*

*Illa Capellani dudum expectata Puella,
Post tanta in Lucem tempora prodit Anus.*

i. e.

*Long labour'd Chaplain for his Virgin's
Life,
And, after all, brought forth but an old
Wife;*

SOME, it is certain, have carried their Scrupulousness to an Excess, as *Paulus Manutius*, who often spent three or four Months in writing a single Epistle; and *Isocrates*, who was three Olympeads in writing one Panegyric.

4^o BOOKS on Points of Doctrine by eclectic or unprejudiced Free Writers are to be presumed better than those writ by the Retainers to particular Sects.

5^o THE Age of a Writer may give us some Indication: Books which require Labour, are usually better performed by younger Persons, than those who are far advanced in Years: Strength decays, Business increases,

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we trust too much to our Judgment, and are not scrupulous enough in making Inquiries.

6^o ANOTHER Indication may be taken from the Author's State and Condition: Thus History written by a Person who was an Eye-Witness of what he relates, or is concerned in public Affairs, or has Access to the public Records, or other Monuments, from whence Intelligence may be drawn; or who is not byassed by Party, or hired by any great Man, will be supposed to be good. Thus *Sallust* and *Cicero* were well able to write the History of *Catiline's* Conspiracy, as having some Concerns in it; *D'Avila*, *de Comines*, *Guicciardin*, &c. were present in the Civil Wars they describe: *Xenophon*, having an Employment in the *Spartan* State, has treated excellently of that Common wealth: And *Amelot de la Houffaye*, by living long at *Venice*, was enabled to explain the Secrets of their Policy; *Thuanus* had Correspondence with the best Writers in every Country, and *Puffendorff* had Access to the public Archives. So, in practical Divinity, more Regard is due to those who have actually discharged the Office of Pastors than to others; and in literary Matters, we give Credit to those who have the Direction of Libraries.

7^o THE Time or Age wherein the Author lived may give some Light, every Age having its peculiar Genius and Excellency.

SOME

SOME judge by the Bulk or Size of Books, following the Grammarian *Callimachus's* Rule, that every great Book is of Course an ill one; a single Leaf of the Sybil, was doubtless preferable to the vast Annals of *Volusius*; yet *Pliny's* Observation will, nevertheless, hold true, that "A good Book is so much the better by how much it is the bigger." *Martial* gives us a Remedy against the Largeness of a Book, where that is the only Complaint; read but a little of it.

YET is the Smallness of a Book, a real Presumption in its Favour; he must be a poor Author who cannot furnish a Pamphlet, or loose Sheet with Things curious, and written with Spirit; but to support the same through a Volume in Folio, requires other-guise Funds. In Reality, in large Books it is allowed a Man to be sometimes dull; a heavy Preamble is expected, and a Series of Words of Course, ere you come to the Business; in the Prosecution of which many nodding Places are likewise allowed; but smaller Pieces are indulged none of these Privileges; they must immediately fall into their Subject, and treat every Part of it in a lively Manner; the Matter must be thrown close together, and either be new in itself, or in the Turn which is given it. --- Were the best Authors of Volumes in Form retailed to the Public piece-meal, we should complain of many flat Expressions, trivial

Observations, beaten Topics, and common Thoughts, which pass well enough off in the Lump.

WHAT does this Girl mean, will some of my Readers I dare say cry, to teize us with a long Story about Books, as if she could persuade us that she knew any Thing of the Matter, and which is worse, said nothing after all upon the Subject, but what we have read a Hundred times. Very well, take this with you, nevertheless, that *decies repetita placebit* is a Maxim allowed to be just in all Countries; besides, as it may very well happen, that a good many Persons, into whose Hands my Book may fall, have very little or no Notion of chusing good ones, the Directions they find here cannot but be of Service to them if they have any Inclination to read. --- To prevent your Surprise, Gentlemen, and Ladies, at my throwing in now and then a Latin Phrase; be it known to you, that I am so much Mistress of that Language as to read *Horace* and *Virgil*, who are my two Favourite Authors, and I would have you likewise to know, that I could upon Occasion clap in a Word or two of *Greek* too, were it necessary. But it is Time now to shift the Scene, to leave the dead, I mean Books, and converse with the Living; and therefore you shall now accompany me, if you please, to Monsieur *Dennis's* House, first President of the Parliament (where the Count, his Lady and I, went to an Assembly upon Invitation) the common Rendez-

vous

vous of the *Noblesse Gasconne*, i. e. the Nobles of *Gascony*; and indeed I have not seen, any where in my Travels, a more numerous and brilliant Company. The Men affect to be *petit-maitres*, are talkative, and very amorous: The Women are genteel, sprightly, and full of Life; but a Lady of a fair Complexion is a Curiosity seldom to be met with in this Country. The first Time I went to this Assembly, I happened to see *Mademoiselle L' Eglise*, a pretty young Girl, on whom I threw such amorous Glances, and gave such Umbrage to her Lover that next Morning I had a *Billet-doux* from her, and a Challenge from him; both which, with the Answers I wrote, having no better Entertainment to give you at present, I shall here put down verbatim.



Mademoiselle L' EGLISE's Letter.

WERE I a good Interpreter of the Language of the Eyes, I would not be so apt to imagine, as I am, that yours, Sir, seemed to express something more than Indifferency, when your Looks were directed towards me. This Freedom will, no doubt, seem a little odd to a *Parisian*, and you'll perhaps construct it to my Disadvantage; but I must let you into a Secret, by telling you, that such Steps are common to the Ladies of this Country, and no Man who knows the Custom,

Custom, or any thing of our Characters, will dare upon this Account to harbour a bad Opinion of our Virtue, which in any other Place would be justly suspected. We are frank, and will freely tell a Man when he happens to please us, and are by no Means sorry if he happens to be pre-engaged, nor offended if he should resist the Power of our Charms; and therefore, Sir, you may freely tell me, whether my Conjectures are right or wrong, and whether I may rank you in the Number of my Slaves, in which Case you may expect to be very kindly used by

FELICITE' DE L' EGLISE.

THIS Letter, I own, appeared to me to be of a very singular Stile, and I could not but think that the Custom of *Gascony* was very favourable to the Ladies, by exempting them from a terrible Constraint to which Women in other Parts of *France* are liable. I was preparing to write an Answer, when Word was brought me that a Man of a good Air, and dressed like a Gentleman, desired to speak with me in private. I ordered him to be directly introduced. *Catadiss*, my dear Sir, said he upon entering, I am, *par bleu*, overjoyed that the very first time I have the Honour of saluting you, I should be so lucky as to be the Messenger of a Piece of News which must give a brave Man like you great Pleasure; I hope, in Return, you will pitch upon one with whom I may have a little Diversion:

This

This Language was as mysterious to me as a *Persian* Riddle, and would have remained so had not he put a Billet in my Hand directed for the *Chevalier de Radpont*, which I opened, and found in it the following Words.

‘ You must be ignorant, Sir, of the *Gascon* Delicacy, and of the Danger of giving
‘ Offence to a Man who without Vanity
‘ is your Superior in every Respect, and
‘ knows how to put young Sparks like you in
‘ mind of their Duty; I say, you must be
‘ ignorant of these Things, otherwise you
‘ would not have given your Eyes the Liberty they took yesterday at the First President’s. In short, Sir, *Mademoiselle de*
‘ *L’Eglise* is the Object of my Wishes, and
‘ must be that of your Indifference; if you
‘ don’t incline to give me the Trouble of
‘ running you through the Body. I shall be
‘ at the Opera this Evening upon the Stage,
‘ where I expect to see you, and to know
‘ your Intentions, which I believe will be
‘ to ogle no more, because you’ll soon perceive there’s no jesting with

The Marquis de Tonnerre.’

I could not but laugh at the Rodomontade of this second *Don Quixot*; I told his Friend for Answer, that I would not fail to be at the Place appointed, where I would explain myself with the formidable Marquis de Tonnerre. Don’t fail, Sir, or---*par bleu*---you understand

stand me---So cock'd his Hat, adorned with a weather-beaten white Feather, and strutted along with the Pride of a Grand Mogol.

I was not so much frightened with the Threats of this terrible Son of *Mars*, as to prevent my carrying on the Joke a little with *Mademoiselle L' Eglise*, to whom I immediately wrote the following Letter.



To Mademoiselle L' EGLISE.

MY Eyes, Madam, I hope, spoke too plainly the Dictates of my Heart, to admit of the least Doubt, and did you but view that angelical Face of yours in the Glass, you would do Justice to Charms which no Heart can resist; mine they have pierced through and through; and though you are the Ravisher of my Liberty, I hug the Chain that binds me, and am fond of my Slavery. Since my fair Conqueror promises to use me kindly, I hope the Violence of my Flame, the Purity of my Wishes, and the Constancy of my Attachment will at last bring me to the Possession of a Treasure more valuable than the Mines of *Peru*; I long to be at your Feet to protest with all the Raptures of a passionate Lover, that I consecrate my whole Life to your Service, and to assure you that the Liberty you have used is so far from giving Suspicion of your Virtue, that on the
contrary,

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contrary, nothing can establish it in a more convincing Manner; for, a Woman who dares to tell a Man she loves him, must be so much Mistress of her own Inclinations, that neither they, nor the pressing Sollicitations of an agreeable Lover can have any greater Influence on her Heart than what her Virtue thinks proper, which is carrying it to the highest Pitch, and seems to bring us back to the first State of Innocence.---How I long for the Hour of the Opera, where I shall once more feed my ravished Eyes on the lovely Charmer of my Soul, and give her an Opportunity of adding new Links to the Chain in which she already holds her Slave.

The Chevalier de Radepont.

I don't know how the Reader will like my Style of Love-letters, but it pleased my Mistress and that's enough for me, this I could plainly perceive in her upon my making her a Bow at the Opera, before I had the agreeable Confirmation, for when I went into her Box, she dexterously slipt a bit of Paper into my Hand with which I retir'd, after some Compliments of Ceremony to her and the other Ladies with her, behind the Scenes, and found in it these few Words, *If your Protestations are sincere, I will be no Tyrant, and if you are false, I will forget you; to-morrow at Nine o' Clock you may have an Opportunity of renewing them, if you think it worth the Trouble of calling at Madam L' Eglise's House*

on

on the Chapeau rouge at that Hour, where you shall have a full Hearing.

WITH a Pencil I wrote upon a bit of Paper these Words: *Nothing but Death can prevent my obeying your Commands.--- O! how tedious will the Hours be to me till the happy Moment comes.* I returned with this to the Box, and found Means to give it her without any Body's perceiving it.

BUT I have been so taken up with my Love-letters that I quite forgot to tell you that before I came to the Play-houſe, nay indeed a Moment after I had wrote my Letter to Mademoiſelle, I began to think of that hec-toring Spark my Rival, and how I ſhould behave with him. If I carry on the Farce any longer with his Miſtreſs, ſaid I to my ſelf, I muſt reſolve on having a Tilting-bout with him, if he be a Man of real Courage, and that I don't much like; on the other hand, if I drop my Amour, he will proclaim me a Coward, and if ſuch a Story ſhould come to the Count *de Saluce's* Ears, he will deſpiſe me. What to do was not a little puzzling. At laſt, after long beating my Brain for an Expedient, I came to this Reſolution, that *Lucy* my Maid, or more properly ſpeaking, my *Valet de Chambre* ſhould find in the Pocket of a morning Frock the Marquis *de Tonnerre's* Letter, with which ſhe ſhould run to the Count terribly frightened, and begging of him to prevent Miſchief, without diſcovering to me how he had been informed of my Quarrel; the

the Count promised what she desired, and commended her Fidelity to her Master, I mean his Fidelity, for I often forget the Masculine Gender; she told me, that he seemed however to be under some Concern upon reading the Letter.

WHEN we were at the Opera, I took notice that the Count observed all my Motions. I rambled up and down upon the Stage, and resolved to be beforehand with *Monsieur de Tonnerre*, that is, having some Suspicion, from a Notion that the Men in this Country were terribly addicted to Gasconading, that he was not such a terrible Man as he seemed to be, I resolved to be the first Aggressor, and by drawing him behind the Scenes, try if I could not frighten him with stout Words. The first Act was over before he appeared, and he no sooner came upon the Stage than by his stedfast looking at me, I concluded he was my Man, and in that Belief directly brushed up to him in a confident bold Manner; Sir, said I, when I was close by him, give me leave to ask you, if you are not called the *Marquis de Tonnerre*; that's the Name I go by, answered he bluntly; very well, said I, follow me behind the Scenes where I have a Question to ask you which cannot be so conveniently done here; upon which I went off the Stage, and he followed me. When we were out of Sight I pulled out his Letter, and opening it, asked if he had writ that Letter. Yes, Sir, said he, and what then? Why the *then* is, Sir, that I tell you in plain Language that you

must now renounce all Pretensions to *Mademoiselle L' Eglise*, or fight me to-morrow Morning ; as I believe you to be a better Lover, and a Man of more Courage than to do the former, chuse your Hour, Place, and Weapons. The terrible *Marquis de Tonnerre* was so surpris'd at this unexpected Attack that I could observe he changed Colour, and remained some time without opening his Mouth, which I attributed to his want of Courage, and therefore told him, that if he thought To-morrow too long to wait, we might go out just now, and seek out for some convenient Place to cut one another's Throats. Sir, said he, at last, I believe to-morrow Morning will do well enough, and I shall meet you at Seven o' Clock behind the *Chateau Trompette*, with the Gentleman along with me who delivered you my Letter. No Seconds, cried I, why should we involve our Friends into a Scrape which must force them to fly their Country ; besides, I resolve to kill or be killed before I leave the Field, and therefore, Sir, I expect you'll come by your self to the Place appointed, where you shall have an Opportunity to exercise your Courage. After which I re-entered upon the Stage, and the *Marquis* went about to the opposite Side, where his Friend and he were in close Conversation.

THE Moment the Act was over, I flew to *Mademoiselle L' Eglise's* Box, where I staid a considerable Time talking with her and the other Ladies, in full View of my Rival, who
seemed

seemed to take no Notice of his Mistress or me.

WHEN the Play was over, I went with the Count and his Lady to the Marquis *de St. Martin's*, where we were invited to Supper, and passed the Evening very agreeably; this Gentleman and his Lady being Persons of great Merit.

As we were discoursing about the Opera, the Count *de Saluce* told me, smiling, that as we were Friends and Fellow-Travellers, I ought to introduce him to my Acquaintances here, as he did me to his; at first I had no Notion where he was driving, and told him, that I knew no Body worthy of his Acquaintance in *Bordeaux*, to whom I would not with great Pleasure introduce him; if so, Chevalier, answered he, I hope you'll make me acquainted with that Gentleman with whom you seemed to be so much taken up at the Opera; I suppose you mean, said I, the Marquis *de Tonnerre*, with whom I am but very little acquainted. I'll lay my Life, interrupted the Marquis *de St. Martin*, he has been notifying his Passion for *Mademoiselle L' Eglise*, and laying the Danger before you of becoming his Rival; but, continued he, smiling, if you find your self any ways disposed to love that Lady, poor *Tonnerre* is no blood-thirsty Man, and will rather yield his Mistress than draw his Sword; though to Appearance you would think he would kill and destroy all who come in his Way; not long ago a young

Gentleman in this Country happened to be in Company with *Mademoiselle L' Eglise*, and appearing to be fond of her, the Marquis de *Tonnerre*, who sticks to her like her Shadow, tho' she despises him, called him aside, and asked him in a very haughty Manner, if he did not know that he made Love to that young Lady? I am very glad to hear it, answered the Gentleman, and not to be behind with you in Confidence, I will frankly own that I am charmed with her Merit, and shall, for ought I know, very soon propose Marriage to her; why then, Sir, reply'd the Marquis, I'll as frankly tell you, if you do, that, this Sword, clapping his Hand to the Hilt, shall put a Stop to your matrimonial Project; and this, said the Gentleman whipping out his, shall I hope rid the Town of an impertinent vain Coxcomb: For Shame, put up your Sword, cried the frightened *Tonnerre*, this is no proper Place to void our Quarrel, but if you'll meet me to-morrow Morning at Seven o' Clock behind the *Chateau Trompette*, we shall try who has the best Pretensions, you or I; with all my Heart, said his Antagonist, we might perhaps, 'tis true, meet with Interruption here, I did not at first reflect on that, but now I approve of your Thought, and you may depend on my being punctual to the Appointment; upon which they parted, and the Marquis having saved his Bacon at this Time, resolved not to run such another Risk, for he went directly to find out a Friend of his, one who is as great a Coward as himself, to whom he related

lated what had happened, and begged he would inform the Deputy of the Marshals of France, as from himself, that his Antagonist and he might have Guards placed upon them, to prevent their Meeting, which was accordingly done, and upon some Difference happening afterwards between the Marquis and his Friend, the whole Story came out ; and therefore, continued the Marquis de St. Martin, if the Lady has made a Conquest of this Gentleman, turning to me, the Marquis de Tonnerre may well talk big, and even give, or accept of a Challenge, but then he'll take care to prevent fighting. I own that this Story did not at all displease me ; and I considered that I had not only no Occasion to contrive any Scheme for preventing our Combat, but resolved, being so well assured of my Rival's pacifick Disposition, to keep out of the way of Guards, in order to give the Count a good Opinion of my Courage, and therefore about half an Hour after I slipped out of the Room, and left word with a Servant that attended in the Antichamber to tell the Company, if they happened to enquire about me, that I was retired to my Lodgings to write some Post Letters, but instead of going home, I went directly to a Bagnio, and ordered a Bed to be got ready for me. The Company, when they were told what I had said to the Servant, believed it was so, and had no manner of Suspicion, and as it was very late when the Count and his Lady retired, they did not enquire about me, not doubting but I was in Bed ; but Lucy was extremely uneasy when

she saw that they came home without me, however she thought proper to conceal her Uneasiness from the People of the Inn.

NEXT Morning I got up early and went directly to the Field of Battle, where I was some Minutes before the Hour appointed, and walked up and down rather in Hopes that my Rival would not come, than uneasy at his being so little punctual. In short, I remained near a whole Hour after the Time appointed, but in vain, for no Enemy appeared; so that wearied at last with waiting, I returned to the same Bagnio from whence I sent for *Lucy*, who was very glad to hear where I was, and was not long before she was with me. When we were by ourselves, ah! Madam, cried she, what a terrible Night have you made me pass, and how overjoyed am I to see you safe here. At Four this Morning there were Guards from the Marshals of *France* in quest of you, having been informed of your Quarrel with the Marquis *de Tonnerre*, who has a Guard attending him in his Bed-chamber. The Count and his Lady know nothing of what has happened; and, as they will certainly be very uneasy about you, I think you should let them know where you are, and get their Advice how to manage. I will follow yours at this Time *Lucy*, said I, so get me some Paper, Pen and Ink, and I will write a Billet, which I will send by a common Porter, lest the Guards should secure you, and force you to discover where I am. When I had got the Materials for writing,

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ing, I put Pen to Paper, and wrote to the Count, as near as I can remember, in the following Terms.



To the Count DE SALUCE.

AS no body knows the Laws of Honour better, or observes them more religiously than the worthy Count *de Saluce*, I hope he will excuse a young Fellow's Failing in Point of Manners, when his Honour lies at Stake. The Marquis *de Tonnerre* and I were to have met this Morning to decide a little Quarrel, Sword-in-hand, ; and the Story which the Marquis *de St. Martin* related last Night, making me apprehensive of having a Guard put upon me this Morning, I chose rather to lie at a Bagnio in *Change-street* than at my Lodging, and to slip away from the Company last Night without taking Leave.

I know not what has happened to my Antagonist, but I waited a whole Hour for him at the Place appointed, to no Purpose ; and I conclude that he must be a Prisoner, otherwise I should have seen him ; and if so, he himself, or some of his Friends, must have given Information of our Difference.

As it was rather for Amusement than any real Inclination that I made my Court to
Mademoiselle

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Mademoiselle L' Eglise, I have no Plot of being troubled with a Guard at my Heels, and would rather chuse to leave the Town, if you have no Inclination to remain longer in it. --- My *Valet de Chambre* tells me, that Guards have been hunting after me, for which Reason, instead of waiting upon you, I must beg the Favour of a Visit from you, to ask your Advice which Way I am to behave, which I dare hope from your good Nature and Friendship, and that you'll believe no Mortal esteems you more than

The Chevalier DE RADPONT.

THE Messenger who carrid this Letter soon returned, with Answer that the Gentleman would be with me in Half an Hour, and he was as good as his Word. Upon his first coming in, he gently chid me, for keeping my Affair a Secret from him, adding, that he expected I would have placed a greater Confidence in his Friendship and Discretion ; however, continued he smiling, I am glad your Adversary is no Blood-thirsty Man, and that you are not so far engaged with the Lady but that you can leave her, without breaking your Heart ; for my Part, said he, I am very indifferent about staying any longer here ; and to prevent your being plagued with a Guard, my Advice is that you leave the Town without returning to our Inn, and go up in a Boat to *Langon*, where my Wife and I will join you To-morrow

morrow Night. But will it not be thought, said I hastily, that Fear has made me run away ; and, besides, can I leave the Town without taking Leave of *Mademoiselle L' Eglise*, to whom, I must confess, I have both said and written Things in the tender Strain.

As for your leaving the Town abruptly, replied the Count, be in no Pain, for I will take Care to set that Matter right, before I leave the Place ; and as for the young Lady, as you have no real Design upon her, I think a Letter may do the Business, since what has happened, of which she will, no doubt, be soon informed, cannot but excuse your not waiting upon her.

AFTER some Struggle I at last yielded, and resolved to leave the Town directly, accompanied by my Footman, whom *Lucy* sent to me from the Inn, and remained herself to pack up my Things, and to come along with my Chaise. The Count was no sooner gone than I wrote to *Mademoiselle L' Eglise*, pretty near in these Terms, and gave the Letter to the same Porter whom I had already employed, telling him that it required no Answer.



To Mademoiselle L' EGLISE.

I little thought of being so suddenly and cruelly dragged from the Charmer of my Soul. — Curse on the wretched Cause. — I dare say you'll have heard of it before this reaches you, and I would fain hope that it will give you some Concern. Had I consulted my own Inclination and Sentiments, no Guards, no Prisons, should have made me leave this Place, without once more renewing, at your Feet, the Protestations of a Passion which neither Time nor Absence can diminish ; but the Regard I have for a dear and worthy Friend forces me to sacrifice my own Satisfaction to his Will.

I am not so silly as to imagine that my abrupt Departure will give you any Uneasiness, that is a Happiness which I neither do nor ought to expect ; on the contrary, you have already made me but too sensible of your Indifference ; and that your Heart can more easily throw off Engagements, then come under them ; and I conclude, but O ! how terrible is the Conclusion to my poor amorous Heart, that the Moment I am gone, that Moment I am forgot, and perhaps hated, by the only Woman who can make me happy. I would much rather have an angry Letter
from

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 167

from you than none at all, for of all Evils your Silence will prove the heaviest ; let, therefore, Resentment excite you to send me a few Lines to the Care of the Postmaster of *Montaubon*, if Friendship be not a Motive strong enough. Farewel, thou loveliest of thy Sex, and remember this, that your Image will be for ever deeply imprinted in the unalterable Heart of

The Chevalier DE RADPONT.

I went up the River *Garonne* with the Tide of Flood to *Langan*, about nine Leagues from *Bordeaux*, where I arrived in four Hours from the Time of my setting out, having the Advantage both of Wind and Tide. As I entered a Tavern by the Water-side, I happened to see a Gentleman, who, though he spoke *French* very well, had something in his Air that made me suspect him to be a Stranger ; he was talking with the Master of the House about Dinner ; and as the Dishes he ordered were what I liked, I desired the Landlord to ask him if he inclined that a Stranger should dine with him ; and instead of sending an Answer he came himself into the Room where I was, and told me, in a very polite Manner, that I had prevented him in his Design of asking the Favour to dine with me ; for, added he, of all Things I cannot bear eating alone, and am always glad when I can get so good Company as I suppose yours to be, Sir, and I am very glad,

answered

answered I, that my Notion and yours correspond so well in this Respect. As I soon perceived something foreign in his Accent, though he spoke the *French* elegantly and correctly, I asked him, without Ceremony, if he was not a Traveller. Sir, said he, tho' I, strictly speaking, cannot assume that Title, yet if you look upon a Stranger as such, I may rank myself among the Number: My native Country, added he, is *Scotland*, and being involved in the unhappy Affair of 1715, of which, perhaps, you have heard, I believe I shall hardly ever return, unless some favourable Turn happens to the Side that I have espoused. I immediately conceived that he was one of those who were attached to the *Chevalier de St. George*, and I loved him the better, for I always esteemed the Family of *Stewarts*, and was sorry, though I am as good a Roman Catholic as any in *France*, that King *James II.* out of a mistaken Zeal, had deprived himself and his Posterity of a Crown to which he had an undoubted Right. This Gentleman, whose Name, as he himself told me, was *Robison of Struan*, seemed to be a Man of Consequence in his own Country, very well versed in the Transactions of that memorable Year, and told me many Things of which I was intirely ignorant, particularly with Regard to the *Chevalier* himself, whose Behaviour in that Expedition many found Fault with, being ignorant of the secret Motives of his Conduct, and only judging of Things by their Effects, and by their own mistaken Conjectures.

As

As we were at the Desert, a Servant came and told him that Major *Lautner* was below and wanted to see him. Sir, said he addressing himself to me, this is one of my Countrymen in my own Case, will you give me Leave to introduce him to you? by all Means, answered I, for I esteem the *Scotch*, and particularly those who are on your Side of the Question; upon which the Servant returned, and the Major directly appeared, who had very much the Air of a Soldier, and was, as his Friend justly termed him, a frank, honest, drunken Fellow, and what surprised me he spoke French rather better than Mr. *Robison*. When the Compliments of Ceremony were over, well *Lautner*, said his Friend, what News do you bring us of the Prisoner? Why Faith answered he, he's still in close Confinement, and the Nuns are resolved he shall turn Monk before they grant him his Liberty. These Words of Nuns, Monk, and Prisoner raised my Curiosity to such a Height (which you know is a Thing not at all Extraordinary in my Sex) that I could not forbear asking the Meaning of them, if the Affair was a Thing that might be told.

THE Thing is so far from being a Secret, answered Mr. *Robison*, that it affords Matter of Conversation not only to this Place, but to *Bordeaux*, and all the Country round about. --- You must know Sir, continued he, that ther's a Convent of *Ursuline* Nuns in this little Town, situated on the Banks of

the River. One of this Gentleman's Countrymen and mine, and under the same Disgrace with us, a genteel sprightly young Fellow, having a great deal of idle Time (which is indeed the Case of us all) upon his Hands, was from Morning to Night planted at the Grate, fooling away the tedious Hours with some of the Nuns or Boarders. As their Garden is only fenced towards the River by a high and thick Hedge; three or four Days ago the young Spark, who was at the Grate with a pretty young Lady a Boarder, and with whom he is over Head and Ears in Love, told her Laughing that if there were no other Obstacle to surmount but that Hedge, he would think it no great Difficulty to penetrate into the Garden and so of Course pay her a Visit in her Chamber; it is impossible replied she, for the River is so deep and the Current so rapid, that could you swim like a Duck you could not get at it, nor is there any Place where you could land, though you had a Boat. Will you only promise, said he, to meet me in the Alley behind the Hedge to morrow Morning at four o' Clock, and if you don't find me there, I will for ever banish my self from your Presence, which would be the greatest Punishment that could be inflicted on me. As I think the Project absolutely impracticable, said she, unless you have some familiar that transports you through the Air, which I don't believe, I will certainly meet you there at the Hour appointed.

THE Gentleman and I lodge in the same House and supped as usual together, and pretending to be disposed for his Bed, about eleven o' Clock the Maid lighted him up to his Bed-room, and he ordered her to return in half an Hour for the Candle which she did, you'll see Sir, said he to me by the Sequel of this Adventure, that it was necessary to take Notice of all these trifling Circumstances. When we were all got to Bed and fast asleep our Knight-Errant slipped down Stairs very softly, and got out to the Street; steering his Course to the River Side, where the Passage and fishing Boats lie, and where he found a small one fit for his Purpose, which he made loose and was in a Moment carried down by the Rapid Stream to the Place where he was to make a Breach, and invade the sanctified Ground, on which no Male before him had ever put Foot. When he came up to the Hedge, he caught hold of some Branches that lay over the Water, and brought his Boat close to the Bank, and having got the Rope, by which the Boat was made fast, about some of the Roots of the Hedge, secured her, as he thought, from being carried down the River. He then began to cut the Hedge, with a swinging sharp Knife called a *Couteau*, through which he soon could creep, and gain the holy ground. How overjoyed was he to think that he should soon feed his Eyes with the Sight of his Goddess, and I don't know but he hoped to gratify other

Senses. The Clock struck three just as he had got into the Garden, and having long to wait before the Hour appointed, he strolled up and down studying Speeches I suppose; after several Turns round the Garden he came to the Place where he had entered, to see if his Boat was safe, but to his great Surprise found no Boat there, and as he could not swim, he was in a terrible Perplexity how to make his Retreat; he formed a thousand Projects but could fix upon none. All Hopes upon the Side of the River being cut off, he went towards the Convent and the Walls of the Garden that face the Street, to try if he could not make his Escape that way; and while he was employed about this, one of the Nuns, who was earlier it seems than the rest and wanted to take a turn in the Garden, no sooner discovered a Thing in the Likeness of a Man, than she gave a loud Shriek and took to her Heels, crying out all along as she ran, a Ghost a Ghost in the Likeness of a Man. The Convent was soon in an Uproar and all the Nuns running out of their Cells, some naked, some half dress'd, to see the Ghost, at last the Prioress (Sister to the President *Dennis* at *Bordeaux*, a Woman of admirable Sense) got up, and came out to enquire what was the Matter? The Nun, who had seen the Vision, declared solemnly, that she had seen something in the Garden which she would take her Sacrament exactly resembled Captain *Bruce* the *scotch* Gentleman who came often to the Convent, and

and that it was either the very Man or his Ghost she was positive, and indeed she was not mistaken. However the Prioress who did not, I believe, give much Credit to the Appearance of Ghosts, told the rest of the Nuns to assemble all the holy Sisters, and that she would go upon their Head to examine the Garden. In less than a Quarter of an Hour a numerous Posse of those pious Ladies went in grand Ceremony, preceded by one carrying a Crucifix, and another with a Vessel full of holy Water; under such a Safeguard what could they fear?

THE Prioress led on her pious Troops slowly, but with a Countenance serene and composed, and the Wolf, for such they termed him, was at last discovered, hiding himself in a Thicket; thither the holy Troop directed their Steps, sprinkling the holy Water before them as they marched. Captain Bruce, or Captain Wolf, finding that he must give account of himself, resolved to stand the Brunt, and to face them with a Miracle; and accordingly advanced to meet them with a surprising Confidence.

WHEN they were near enough to parley, the Prioress, with the Crucifix in one Hand, and the holy Water in the other, advanced before her Corps two or three Steps, and with an audible Voice, after she had repeated a *Pater* and an *Ave*, said; I summons thee in the Name of God, to declare whether thou art a human Creature or a Spirit that has as-

sumed a Body? I am no Spirit, Madam, replied our Captain, but a Man, and the same individual Man who had the Honour to converse with you Yesterday at the Grate: You Captain *Bruck*, cried the Prioress, it cannot be, he is a Gentleman whom we esteem, and would not certainly venture to approach a Place where Men, without being guilty of Sacrilege, cannot so much as set foot, and if you really be that Gentleman, what could tempt you to do such a rash inconsiderate Thing, and how came you hither? That I am here, replied he, I believe is very certain, if I can trust to my Senses, for I both hear and see you, and am persuaded I do not dream, and yet it is as certain that last Night the Maid of my Lodging lighted me to my Chamber at Eleven o' Clock, and returned about Half an Hour after to take away the Cantle when I was got into Bed; this she, I believe, as well as I, will declare upon Oath, but how I came here is a Mystery I cannot account for, and I think it may be justly called a Miracle. No juggling, Captain, cried she, though we are credulous, your sham Miracles will gain no Credit among us; I believe, indeed, you are more of a Gentleman than to come here with an Intention to rob us, and I cannot but think that you have a Plot upon some of our Boarders and perphas, nay certainly, by Appointment, you have made so bold, or, rather, so mad a Step; you had better at once declare the Truth, for Murder will at last out. You may believe what you think proper, Madam, said he, but I again reiterate what I have
already

already said, and can say no more, were it to save my Life; and if I may adventure to give you a salutary Advice, it is, that you would suffer me to go privately out of your Territories, and no Mortal will have it in their Power, from without, to publish the Story; and the Honour of the Convent will tie up all these Ladies Tongues, and by this Means the Public will be deprived of an agreeable Piece of Scandal, which would run as Wild-fire, and like the Snow-ball gather as it goes.

SIR, answered the Prioress, what you say may be true, but should I allow you to go out privately, if ever the Story became public, which perhaps it might, how could I justify my Conduct, in concealing an Affair of this Nature; I will, however, consult our Confessor, and act agreeable to his Advice; then turning to the holy Band, dear Sisters, said she, let us now retire to the Quire, and earnestly implore the Protection of Heaven against this Man's dangerous Designs; in the mean Time let one be sent directly to the Capuchins for our good Father Director, that we may consult with him what's to be done with this Intruder.

THE old Friar trembled from Head to Foot when he heard the Story, and fancied that the Half of the Convent was already polluted; he came hobbling along as fast as possible; and being quite out of Breath when he arrived at the Convent, he could say no-
thing

thing but *Jesus Maria*. The Prioress related, in a very solemn and exact Manner, every Circumstance of the Affair, and the poor Friar was overjoyed to hear that this ravenous Wolf had not as yet seized on any of the tender Lambs.

WELL, Father, said she, after she had finished what she had to say, what must be done with our Prisoner, shall we release him privately? By no Means, answered he, the Affair seems to me to be of such Consequence, that the Archbishop must be acquainted with it by an Express; in the mean time, let him be securely locked up in the Chaplain's Apartment, with some Bread and Water to keep in Life; but cried old Sister *Dallon*, he is a strapping stout young Fellow, and I believe it will be no easy Matter to imprison him. Let me alone for that, said the Friar, I will call to my Assistance three or four *Cordeliers*, who will tie him Neck and Heels, if he pretends to resist; so said so done; and in a Quarter of an Hour four stout Franciscan Friars arrived, and our Captain having no Sword, which he thought a very useless Instrument in that Place, concluded, on seeing this Brigade of vigorous young Monks, with the old Capuchin at their Head advancing towards him, that Resistance would be to no Purpose, and therefore resolved, though he was terribly afraid of a little Convent Discipline, to obey whatever they ordered him to do; and when he understood what had been determined, he submitted to the Sentence,

tence, only telling them that he hoped they would use him like a Gentleman; to be sure, replied the Confessor, and you may expect more gentle Usage than what the Heinousness of your Crime deserves: Confinement, added he, will be the worst which you must undergo till we have the Archbishop's Orders about you.

A Couple of Friars were dispatched to wait upon *Monsieur D'Argenson* the Archbishop, who at first thought the Affair so serious that he was resolved to write to Court about it; but as the Duke of *Berwick*, Governor of *Gascony*, was then in Town, he thought it was proper to advise with him before he proceeded farther, and the Duke laughed heartily when he heard the Story, of which he made a Jest, and told the Prelate that he would by no Means advise him to trouble the Court with such a Bagatelle; your Nuns, added he, have been ill advised by their old Confessor, who has more Zeal than Discretion, and they had done much more prudently to have agreed to the young Fellow's Proposal than to confine him, which will give the Public an Opportunity to scandalize the Convent by Additions that will do no Honour to the Nuns; so my Opinion is, that you advise those Ladies to release their Prisoner, and, lest he should make any more Attempts, I will advise him not to remain any longer in that Place.

THE Prelate was persuaded not to write to Court, but he was positive, that the Captain should remain eight Days under Confinement upon Bread and Water ; he has been there already five, and by the Time that his Quarantine is out, I fancy he will have lost some of his Fat, and will think twice before he besieges any more Convents.

THIS Adventure made a terrible Noise in the Country all about ; and it was confidently reported, that the Half of the Nuns were already with Child ; so true it is, that when the Public gets hold of a scandalous Story they make a Thing monstrous, which, in itself, is but a Trifle.

OUR Landlord came up in a great Hurry, and had his Nose no sooner in the Room than he cryed out, in a most lamentable Manner : Can such a monstrous Cruelty be committed in a Christian Country, and are Nuns turned Devils ? What's the Matter, Landlord, said Mr. Robison ! The Matter, Sir, why, I am just now credibly informed, that poor Captain Bruce has undergone an Operation this Morning, which will, for the future, prevent his making any Attempts upon Nuns, or any of the Female Sex ; but if the horrid Crime be committed, continued he in great Rage, all the Nuns, with their old stupid Confessor at their Head, ought to be hanged, and their Convent razed

to the Ground. This Man told the Story so confidently, that Mr. Robison, and the Major, could not tell what to think of it, the former immediately called for Paper, and wrote to the Prioress in the following Terms.



To Madam DE St. DENNIS, Prioress of
the Convent of Ursuline Nuns at Lan-
gon.

MADAM,

WE are just now alarmed with Reports which I cannot allow myself to believe, though they are very positively asserted to be true; the Regard I have to the Delicacy of a Lady of your Profession forces me to avoid naming the barbarous Cruelty pretended to be committed on the Body of my Countryman Captain Bruce your Prisoner, no less Punishment than that of *Abillard* has been; it is said, this poor Gentleman's unhappy Fate. If this Report be malicious and false, I think it concerns the Reputation of your Convent to have it speedily made known, which may be effectually done, by allowing me, or any of his Countrymen to visit him, which is a Favour that,

that, upon your own Accounts ought to be granted to

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

STRUAN ROBISON.

THIS Letter was immediately sent, and in a Quarter of an Hour after a verbal Answer was returned, that he might, whenever he pleased, go to the Convent, and be convinced, with his own Eyes, how unjust and malicious such Reports were.

MR. Robison lost no Time in going to the Convent, where he found his Friend a little thin, indeed, with his spare Diet, but safe as to the rest. They remained together about an Hour, and Mr. Robison learned from his own Mouth the whole Adventure, but under Promise that he should not mention the Lady's Name, with whom he had made the Wager, but to Persons of Discretion who might be trusted with it; and we were all glad to find, upon his Return, that the Master of the Inn had been misinformed.

I passed the Afternoon, and supped with the two Scotch Gentlemen, who were both Persons of Wit and Merit, and would have been fonder of my Company could I have held

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held Pace with them at the Bottle; but as the Custom of hard drinking is not so prevalent in *France* as in some other Countries, my Age and Want of Practice were admitted as Excuses.

THE next Day the Count and his Lady arrived about One o' Clock, attended by their own Servants, and *Lucy* in my Chaise; I introduced my two *Scotch* Acquaintances to the Count, who invited them to dine with him; the Affair of Captain *Bruce* was the whole Subject of our Conversation, some approving, and others condemning, what the Nuns had done; but all unanimously agreed, that the Criminal's Punishment, if it went no farther than living a Week on Bread and Water, and thereafter condemned to retire from *Langon*, was by no Means too severe.

AFTER Dinner we crossed the *Garonne* to *St. Macaire*, where we took Post Horses, and made no Stop till we arrived at *Agen*, where we lay that Night in the Suburbs, the Gates being shut before we reached it.

Agen is a pretty large Town the Capital of the County, and of great Antiquity; it is most pleasantly situated on the north Shore of the River *Garonne*; the Bishop's Country Seat, a little Way out of Town, is the only Building worth a Traveller's Curiosity, unless his Gout runs upon Antiques and subterraneous Habitations, which he may indulge

in visiting the Hermitage cut out of a Rock, near the Top of a Hill, from whence there's a delicious Prospect of the Town, the Country for many Leagues round, and of the River up and down.

THE Count and I had the Curiosity to go to this holy Retreat, where we found five Hermits or mendicant Friars, I do not know which, lodged in a very odd but decent Manner; for every one of them had their little Cell cut out of the Rock, as their little Chapel was, and about an Acre of Vineyard before their House, which produced a very pretty small Wine, and a sufficient Quantity of it to serve their little Community; but as for Victuals, they had none but what they begged in Town, where they went regularly in their Turns. The Count was so charmed with the Situation of this Place, and with the happy and innocent Life of the Inhabitants, that he protested he would prefer it to all the Solitudes he had ever seen, in case he were to retire from the World. I did not contradict him, though, to speak the Truth, I have no Notion of living upon the Bits and Scraps that these poor People get in Charity.

As we resolved to go no farther than *Montauban* this Day, which was but five Posts from *Agen*, we only set out after Dinner, and arrived early. This Town is situated on an Eminence, at the Foot whereof runs the River *Tarn*, over which there is a handsome

some Stone Bridge that joins it to a Suburb in the Province of *Languedoc*. It is a well built populous Town, and the See of a Bishop Suffragan to *Toulouse*. The Things best worth the viewing are the Bishop's Palace, the *Griffon Fountain*, and the *Falese*, which is an agreeable Walk on the Banks of the *Tarn*. It is computed there are about thirty thousand Souls in the Place.

WHEN we had taken a View of every thing worth seeing in and about the Town, and were returned to the Inn about Dinner Time, some how or other *Mademoiselle L'Eglise* came into my Head, and I immediately sent to the Post-Office, from whence the Servant brought me a Letter from the very Lady; and the Reader, to whom I beg Leave to present a Copy of it, will see that she still kept up to the same Character.



To the Chevalier DE RADPONT, to the Care of the Post-Master of Montauban.

IT must be owned, Sir, that you are a very prudent discreet young Gentleman, to keep so wisely out of Harm's Way; but for your Love Protections, you must certainly take me to be a very silly Fool if you fancy that I believe one Syllable of the whole Story.

WHEN a Man's Actions and his Words are of a Piece, there's something to be said for him ; and had you been Fool enough to remain at *Bordeaux* with a Guard at your Heels Night and Day, I should have, perhaps, been vain enough to have attributed your Imprudence to the Magic of my Eyes, and that you chose rather to be a Prisoner where your Charmer was than to enjoy Liberty elsewhere.

I am not at all angry with you for not being madly in Love ; and if you really were a little touched this I hope will cure you, that I solemnly declare, I had no other View but to divert myself with you when a humble Prostrate Slave at my Feet, and never once to think of you after you was gone : So, good Sir, pursue your Travels, make as many Conquests as you can, but never let it once enter into your Head, that the Remembrance of you will give me the least Concern, which I think is as plainly as I can tell you, that you have made but a very small Progress in the Heart of

FELICITE' DE L' EGLISE.

P. S. No more Epistles, *Knight-Errant*, I beseech you, for I shall have no time to answer them, being in full Carrer to Matrimony.

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I could not hinder myself from shewing this Letter to the Count and his Lady, and they both laughed very heartily at the Whimsicalness of this Girl's Way of writing; and what added to my Diversion was, that they both were very serious with me not to think any more about her.

UPON the 5th of *May* we set out from *Montauban* for *Toulouse* about Eight o' Clock, and arrived about Dinner-time in the Capital of the Province of *Languedoc*, and the next City to *Paris* for Bigness, and it is certainly one the of finest, largest, and most ancient Towns in *France*. Though it be extremely well situated for Trade, lying almost in the Mid-way between the *Ocean* and the *Mediterranean*, and near the west End of the royal Canal, by which those Seas have a Communication, yet the Place is neither rich nor populous.

THE public Buildings most taken Notice of, are, the Cathedral dedicated to *St. Stephen*, the Choir whereof is very fine, lofty, and well enlightened. The Church of *St. Sernim* or *Saturnin* first Bishop of *Toulouse*, is a large magnificent Edifice, but very dark, much valued, however, by good Catholics for its vast Treasury of Relics, as the Church of the *Jacobins* for the Shrine of *Thomas Aquinas*. The *Dorade*, the Church of the *Carmelites*, that of the *Dominicans*, and the *Dalbade* are esteemed noble Structures, be-

sides which there are a great Number of handsome Colleges, but the University is in a Manner abandoned. The College of the *Jesuits* is a large and beautiful Edifice ; but this does not belong to the University. The Archbishop's Palace, the Parliament House, the Town-house and the Chartreuse are well worth viewing.

THIS Town is of great Antiquity, ancient Histories speak of it as one of the most flourishing Cities of the *Gauls*, and the Capital of the *Tectosages* who inhabited this Province, and conquered several Countries in *Greece* and the *Lesser Asia*, and planted Colonies there ; it was afterwards the Capital of a *Roman* Colony, as may still be seen by some Ruins of Antiquities such as an Amphitheatre, Capitol, &c. The Story of *Q. Servilius Cepio's* Covetousness is still upon Record here, who being Consul in the 658th Year of *Rome*, plundered their Temples of a great Quantity of Gold, and sent it to *Marseilles*, ordering the Convoy to be cut to Pieces, that he might engross all the Treasure to himself, and not be accountable to the Senate for it ; which being discovered by the *Romans* they confiscated his Estate, and applied it to public Uses, and the Consul died in Exile.

THIS Town was afterwards the Seat of the Earls of *Toulouse*, who were Sovereigns of this Country for several Hundred Years, till the *French* King and the Pope, divided their Territories

Territories between them, and King John re-united it and the Province to the Crown in 1361.

WE went to visit the Archbishop, the first President of the Parliament, the Intendant, and Madam Riquette, Widow to the famous Undertaker of the famous Canal already mentioned, and which is none of the least Monuments of *Lewis le Grand's* surprizing Reign. This Lady was extremely rich, and had been soon comforted, as I was informed, for the Loss of her Husband, who differed much in Temper, he placing his whole Happiness in acquiring Riches, and she a Lady who loved Company and Diversions; so that when she became sole Mistress of her Actions her House was the Rendezvous for Gallantry and Pleasures. She, in a Manner kept open House; at least all the gay polite Company in Town were welcome to her Table which was splendid and magnificent.

THRICE a Week regularly there were Assemblies at this Lady's; and the first Time we went there the Night concluded with a Ball, in honour of the Count and his Lady; and before it broke up I was perfectly informed by a Gentleman, with whom I had some Conversation in a Corner, not only of the Names but likewise the Histories of about a Score of Ladies who were present.

AMONG

AMONG the rest I took particular Notice of one, who appeared to be very young and extremely handsome, but a certain Melancholy in her Looks seemed to indicate a discontented Mind ; I asked my Friend if he knew her : Yes, yes, said he, I know her but too well for my Repose ; and though I had not a Fortune that could entitle me to make my Addresses to her, and that I knew she loved another, my silly Heart would take its own Course in spite of all my Reason ; and, in all Probability, this unhappy Passion, added he with a deep Sigh, will accompany me to my Grave ; but what will surprize you more than all, the Thoughts of her being miserable in a married State, are more insupportable than the Loss of her. The Gentleman whom she loved by the Consent of her Parents, who had, from her Infancy, agreed with those of her Lover, that they should be joined in Wedlock how soon they were arrived at the proper Age ; happening to lose his Father, and with him a Law Suit, by which his Fortune was considerably reduced, the Parents of his Mistress thought him no longer a proper Match for their Daughter, and told both him and her that they must no longer think of it.

THE Lover, who was my intimate Friend, came running to tell me the dismal News, and to advise with me how he should behave ; would you believe it, Sir, though I was passionately in Love with his Mistress, yet

yet I advised him to marry her privately, if she would consent to it ; but though she owned that she loved him, and could not be happy without him, she never could be reconciled to the Thoughts of a clandestine Marriage, and told him plainly, that if she could not be his by the Consent of her Parents, she could not imagine that Heaven would bless their Marriage ; all the Lengths he could bring her were to promise that she would propose the Convent, in case any other Match offered, which her Father approved of, protesting that she would, with Pleasure, quit the World since she must lose him ; but added, that this Choice was still upon a Supposition, that her Parents would consent to her being a Nun, because their Will was to be, in every respect, the Law by which she proposed to regulate the Conduct of her Life ; and she, moreover, assured him, that if they rejected her Proposal, nay even if they should command her to marry a Man whom she hated, the Respect and Duty which she thought due to those who had given her Being, would certainly make her sacrifice all the Happiness she could expect in Life to their Pleasure, and could assure him of no farther than that he was the only Man living with whom she could have wished to have passed her Days ; that she would do what lay in her Power to devote herself to a religious Life ; but that he must not expect, that she would ever draw down upon herself the Hatred of her Parents, by disobeying their Commands.

My

My poor Friend was too much oppressed with Grief to find Arguments to plead with his severe Judge ; but his Sighs and Tears expressed the Situation of his Mind, better than the most studied Speeches, and would have had more Influence on the tender compassionate *Lisinda* (this Lady's Name) had not her rigid Notions of Virtue shut the Door against Inclination and Pity, neither of which could reach a Heart where Duty reigned absolute Mistress.

In short, Sir, what these two unhappy Lovers dreaded soon happened ; an old, rich, peevish, surly, Judge of our Parliament, took it in his Head to marry this Girl ; and the Parents, without consulting their Daughter's Inclination in the least, jumped at the Proposal ; and the first Notice the unfortunate *Lisinda* had of the intended Match, was the Contract of Marriage presented to her to sign, which was so little expected, and so surprising, that when she took the Pen in her Hand, she sunk down upon the Floor in a deep fainting Fit, out of which they had Difficulty enough to recover her ; but she was at last brought to her Senses again, and told her Parents, with Tears in her Eyes, that though she foresaw how miserable and wretched she must be by such a Marriage, yet she would submit to their Will, and give her Hand to the Man in the World that she least esteemed ; but that if they had any Regard to her Happiness, since the Person's
Situation

Situation on whom, by their Orders, she had bestowed her Affection, was so far altered that the Match must be dropped, she hoped they would allow her to retire from the World, rather than force her to a Marriage which must make her the most unhappy Creature living: Then, throwing herself at her Father's Feet, and seizing on one of his Hands, which she washed with Floods of Tears; for Heaven's Sake, Sir, said she, let Fatherly Kindness and Pity move your Heart in my Favour, when I run over, with all possible Exactness, every Action of my Life, nay my very Thoughts; I cannot accuse myself of once deviating from the Respect and Obedience which I owe you, my Will was constantly dependant on your's, and my dear Mother's, or rather I had none but what you were pleased to prescribe; and though I now am on the Brink of Ruin, my Mind is still so fixed in its Principle of Obedience, that I will plunge into the Abyss rather than disobey your Commands; but then consider, my dearest Father, that Marriage so disproportioned as this, can be nothing but a Hell upon Earth; and why should you sacrifice me to Views which must be disappointed? For, to be sure, Heaven will blast all your Hopes, at least, by my Death, which I foresee must inevitably be the Consequence of this unhappy Step.

THIS

THIS resolute covetous Man heard her with Patience, and seemed to be somewhat moved by what she said ; yet as she was his only Child, he could not bear the Thoughts of her being a Nun, and far less of giving her to her Lover since the Change of his Affairs by that unhappy Law Suit ; he, therefore, told her, that he hoped she would be happier with the Husband he had made Choice of for her than she expected ; besides, added he, I am under such Obligations to the Gentleman, and have engaged my Word in so positive a Manner, that I cannot now get off ; so that I hope you will Summons all your Reason to your Assistance, and not give your Parents the Displeasure of finding you averse to what they think is fit for your Advantage, and what I hope will in the Sequel make you happy. Leave out that Word, Sir, said she sighing, for you may depend upon it, that from the Moment of this Union I shall date that of a Misery, which nothing but Death can terminate ; however, as my Happiness is not to be put in Competition with your Commands, I shall submit, without murmuring, to my unhappy Fate, so put the last Hand to the dreadful Sacrifice when you think proper, but remember when I am dead and gone, that those who gave me Life have taken it from me in a more cruel Manner than if they had pierced my Heart with a Dagger: Here Sighs and Tears stopt the Gentleman from going on, and during this Interval, having turned my Eyes towards the
the

the unfortunate charming Woman, methought I saw the Confirmation of the dreadful Story so visible in her Eyes, that mine were in a Moment so full of Tears I could scarce see. We both remained in this Posture for some Minutes, covering our Faces with our Handkerchiefs, at last the Gentleman continued in this Manner. Sir, said he, I'm perhaps guilty of a Weakness, which a Man less tender hearted than yourself would treat as a Thing unbecoming our Sex; but as Compassion has drawn Tears from you, I believe you'll the more easily excuse me. What remains to be related will not take up much Time; this beautiful but unhappy Victim was hurried to the Altar, and tied for ever to yonder Monster (pointing to her Husband, who was talking with another Limb of the Law) who uses her already in so barbarous a Manner, that even her cruel Parents begin to repent of what they have done, being informed, not from the poor Lady herself, who is far from complaining, but from Domesticks who have quitted his Service rather than be Witnesses to the ill Treatment which this abominable Wretch gives her, even in their Presence.

As for the poor unhappy *Chevalier de Grosfin* my Friend and her Lover, the Moment she was married he disappeared, and no Mortal as yet knows whether he be among the Dead or the Living; but we hope he is gone to travel, because his Sister, with whom he left a Power to receive his Rents, tells me that he

remitted some Money to *Italy* a Week or so before he left his own House, without, however, telling her or any Mortal what was his Design, or where he intended to go.

As for my own Part, continued he, I only remain in the Place till I settle some Affairs, and shall then go as far from it as Land and Water will allow me, though I have but very faint Hopes of being ever cured of my unfortunate Attachment; if I can be informed where my Friend is, I will join him, and endeavour to comfort him; at least, I hope we shall spin out our unhappy Lives together, since I can with as much Pleasure, as he, employ the tedious Hours, in deploring the wretched Fate of the beautiful *Linda*; then I shall probably tell him from what Motive I can bear a Part with him in this melancholy Employment, without his conceiving any Jealousy from my being his Rival, and I think of the two I am by far the most unfortunate; for he has the Pleasure of being certain that his Mistress would have preferred him to all Men living, had she been at her own Disposal; but for me, I had not only a happy Rival in my Way, with whom I would not even have disputed her Heart, but likewise other Obstacles which I never could have surmounted, had there been no Rivalship, Pre-engagement or Competition in the Case; so that, in all Events, I was born to be miserable; but still I would have thought myself less so, had my Friend and his Mistress been but happy: but ah! too cruel
 . . . Parents!

Parents! you have inhumanly blasted all our Hopes, and exercised more Barbarity in giving her up to a meer Brute, in the Shape of a Man, than if you had in cool Blood cut all our Throats; but take Care, added he, in human Parents, with a Look full of Rage directed to the Judge, that Despair does not tempt me to cut some body's Throat before I leave this Place. This rash Expression was the Effect of a violent Emotion, and it was no sooner out than he was sensible of his Imprudence, and told me in a low Voice: Sir, a just Indignation has carried me, perhaps, a little too far, but two Reasons remove any Fears that another Man might conceive upon laying himself thus open; the first is, a favourable Opinion that I have of your Honour, and the next is, that my Life is so unhappy, that the Loss of it would give me no great Trouble.

SIR, answered I, your favourable Opinion of my Honour is generous and kind; and that you may be still more confirmed in it, be assured that I am so irritated against those who have made three such deserving Persons miserable, that I could heartily join with you in cutting of Throats, and ridding the World of such Monsters.

THE poor Lady's Case is terrible, and though every Person of strict Virtue will, and, indeed, ought to obey the Commands of Parents in Things lawful, yet I cannot but think that, in the Case of Marriage the

Inclination of Children ought to be consulted, and that Fathers and Mothers sometimes assume an Authority, on that Occasion, which neither the Laws of God nor Man entitle them to.

I am not, I own, for a Girl's obstinately following the Dictates of her Heart in Opposition to the Advice of her Parents founded upon substantial Reasons, because, in that Case, she is supposed to act rather from Caprice than Consideration, and may ruin herself without Ressource; but I'm, on the other Hand, as far from approving the Conduct of Parents who consider nothing in the Establishment of their Children but mere Interest, by which Means, as in the Case of this unfortunate Lady, they render them miserable amidst Millions, and I do think that the beautiful *Lisinda* was too scrupulous upon the Point of Obedience and Duty to Parents. I would readily agree with you, said the afflicted Lover, in any other Case but the present: I can not bring myself to think that she is capable of being Mistaken, or that she ever did any Thing but what was right; nay, I am so strangely partial, or, rather, so strongly bewitched, that what I should be apt to think a Crime in another, would pass, at most, for an innocent Mistake in her; and I suppose you will readily conclude, as I do indeed myself, that the Source of all this lies in the secret Recesses of a passionate Heart, which represents the Idol to the Lover's Imagination, more accomplished

lished in every Respect than, perhaps, it really is.

I will readily allow, said I smiling, that a Man may, very probably, think his Mistress handsomer than she really is, and yet be in his Senses; but when he comes such a Length as to turn her Vices into Virtues, or even to excuse the former, I should conclude that the Poison had reached his Brain and made him delirious!

Ah! Sir, cried he, treat Love with more Respect; your Ignorance of that Passion makes you, perhaps, talk at this Rate; but take Care that, one Day or other, your Case may not be what mine now is, and that you will be as blind to the Failings of a Woman as I am; who cannot, however, be persuaded that I have lost the Use of my Reason. I confess my Want of Experience, answered I, and till I have made a Trial you will give me Leave to think as I now do.

A Gentleman advancing towards us interrupted our Conversation; and having called aside my Companion, I was left alone to ruminate on this odd Story, and on the unhappy Fate of this poor Lady, on whom I scarce durst throw my Eyes, for fear some one or other should observe my Tears, which I could not for my Life stop when I stole a Look of her languishing and pale Countenance, of which I knew the Cause.

and though I had a vast Inclination to converse with her, I durst not throw myself in the Way of it, for fear of discovering a Concern which might have been attributed to other Reasons than what was really the Cause.

NEXT Day we were invited to dine at the first President's, where I expected to pass the Day very agreeably, but was much disappointed by Accidents which I little expected, the Count *de Saluce* received Letters from his Cousin the Marquis *Dantin*, and from his Steward in *Auvergne*, acquainting him that a neighbouring Gentleman had, by his own Authority, ravaged some of his Grounds, beating and abusing the Tenants, and afterwards plundered their Houses; and on my Part I received that very Morning a Letter from Mr. *Pigeot* at *Paris*, acquainting me that my Aunt had received all her Sacraments, and was given over by the Physicians. These Letters altered all our Schemes, instead of dining where we intended, the Count sent a Letter of Excuse, and prepared to set out early next Morning for *Auvergne*; so that I found myself at once deprived of a most agreeable Friend, which with the Concern I was under for my poor Aunt made me extremely melancholy.

I was strongly tempted to abandon my Project of making the Tour of *Languedoc*, *Provence* and *Dauphiné*; and to go freight with him to *Auvergne*. My dear Chevalier, said

said he, were I only to consult my own Inclination, I would certainly persuade you to go along with us, but I will sacrifice it at this Time to what I think your Interest, and therefore continue your Travels ; only promise me that you will come and see us before you go to *Italy*, and I am satisfied : I am the more easily induced to consent to our Separation for a short Time, because I hope, in that Interval, I shall be able to bring my invading Neighbour to Reason, and shall have nothing to hinder me from giving you all the Diversion I possibly can in the Place of my Nativity.

I answered his Compliment the best Way I could, adding, that I was sorry for the Motive of our Separation, but that it was too urgent not to be complied with. I shall continue my Route, said I in a melancholy Tone, since you advise me to do so ; but I am afraid I shall have but little Satisfaction in visiting the Curiosities which may fall in my Way, when I am deprived of the Pleasure of your and your good Lady's Company.

I assure you, Sir, answered he, that you shall always have our good Wishes, and that we will long for the Pleasure of seeing you again, and then embraced me most affectionately ; which I must confess brought Tears in my Eyes, for I am more tender-hearted than is fit for a young Fellow, but the Reader knowing what I am, will not be surprized ;

surized ; and, my dear Friend the Count told me, that he attributed these Marks of my Sensibility to a Cause which did Honour to my Character.

NEXT Morning this lovely Pair set out very early for *Auvergne*, and as I could not bear the Thoughts of remaining after they were gone, I ordered Post-Horses to be got ready, and left the Town about Eight o' Clock. I dined at *Castlendaury* five Posts from *Toulouse*. The royal Canal passes thro' this Town, and upon Account of the Steepness of the Hill on which it is situated, which would occasion too precipitate a Flood of Waters ; they have erected five Locks upon it with great Sluices, one above another, and large Basons between each, whereby the Water is retained and the Navigation continued.

THOUGH *Carcassonne* is but about nine Miles from where I dined, as it is esteemed to be a very fine Place, I resolved to remain there that Day, that I might take a View of it. It is divided into the high and low Town by the River *Aude*. The Lower is well built and the Streets spacious. The Churches, Convents, and public Buildings, all make a good Appearance ; and there are very beautiful Walks of Trees about it. The Manufacture of Cloth here is considerable. The Castle is strongly situated and commands the Town.

NEXT

NEXT Morning, the tenth of *May*, I set out for *Narbonne*, distant five Posts and a half from *Carcaffonne*. This Town is situated in a Bottom, almost surrounded by Mountains, on a Canal, which affords it a Communication with the Canal Royal, and the River *Aude* on the one Side, and with the *Mediterranean* on the other, distant only about two Leagues. It is a large Place and was formerly strongly fortified, but the Fortifications were since demolished on Account of their adhering to the *Calvinists*, and nothing left standing but the Ramparts. The Cathedral is an old *Gothick* Structure which has very little in it to be admired, except the Picture of the Resurrection, and the raising *Lazarus* from the dead. There are besides five Parish Churches and several Monastries. I was told that they suffer great Inconveniencies, when any heavy Rains happen to fall, by the Floods, which run down in Torrents from the Mountains, the Dampness of the Country consequently must make it very unhealthful, and yet we find the *Romans* esteemed it so much, that they made it the Capital of their first Colony in *Gaul*, and beautified it with a Capitol and Amphitheatre of Marble, Aqueducts, and other useful and magnificent Edifices, the Ruins whereof are still visible. It is at present the See of an Archbishop, who, by Virtue of his Office, is President of the States of *Languedoc*. His Palace is a kind of Fortrefs, encompassed with large square Towers.

As

As for the other public Buildings they have little remarkable in them.

On the eleventh I set out for *Beziers* situated fifteen Miles Northeast of *Narbonne* and about two Miles North of the *Mediterranean*. It stands on a Hill, at the Foot whereof runs the River *Orbe*, and the Royal Canal also passes by it.

THE Prospect from the Terras or *Belvedere* before the Cathedral Church is altogether enchanting, extending over the Valley through which the River *Orbe* passes, and the Hills beyond it rising insensibly, from a kind of Amphitheatre covered with Olives and Vineyards.

THE Romans made it a Colony in the Time of *Julius Cæsar*, sending the young Soldiers of the seventh Legion thither, which occasioned it to be called *Colonia Septimanorum juniorum*; and here were two Temples erected in Honour of *Julius* and *Augustus*. It was governed by its particular Counts before it was united to the Crown, which happened about the Year 1247. The famous Engineer *Paul Riquet* who made the royal Canal, was a Native of this City.

I shall not trouble the Reader with a particular Description of *Lodeva*, *Clermont*, and *Canet*, the first is situated at the Foot of the Mountains of the *Cevennes*, more remarkable for its Antiquity than its present Grandeur.

Grandeur. The Bishop is temporal as well as spiritual Lord of the Place, and assumes the Title of the Count of *Montbrun*, an adjacent Castle.

Clermont is a little Town situate on an Eminence, at the Foot whereof runs the River *Largue*, near which is a royal Manufactory, where they make most Part of the Cloth which is carried to the *Levant*.

AFTER I had visited the Diocese of *Lode* (which, though it scarce produces Corn enough for the Subsistence of the Natives, yet their Trade in Cattle which they feed upon the Mountains, and their Manufactures of Cloth and Hats bring a great Deal of Money into the Country, and renders it one of the richest Parts of the Province) I turned Southward to the Diocese of *Agde*, which lies upon the *Mediterranean* and the royal Canal, to the Eastward of *Beziers*. It is one of the richest Countries in the Kingdom, having a great Trade in Corn, Wine, Oil, Silk and Wool. The chief Towns are *Agde*, *Pezenas*, *St. Tiberi*, *Brescon*, *Cette*, and *Meze*.

Agde is a little populous Town extending along the River *Erant*, about Half a League from the Place where it falls into the *Mediterranean*, forms a Port for small Barks, and is for most Part built of a black Stone, having a little Fort at the Mouth of the River for its Defence.

Cette

Cette is a Sea Port Town situate on the Bay of *Magnetone* to the Eastward of *Agde*, which the late King fortified for the Protection of the Trade of this Coast.

Pezenas stands on an Eminence near the River *Peyne*, three Leagues North of *Agde*, and is esteemed one of the finest Situations in *Languedoc*, and Living so cheap in it, that many Foreigners chuse to reside in this Place, not only for the Agreeableness, but likewise for the Cheapness of all Manner of Provisions.

ON the 18th of *May*, I arrived at *Montpelier*, which is pleasantly situated on a Hill, at the Foot whereof runs the River *Lez*. To the Northward there is a Prospect of a fine Country, covered with Olives and Vines, and to the Southward they have a near View of the Mediterranean. The agreeable Situation does not more recommend this Place than the Healthfulness of the Air, which occasions Foreigners of consumptive or weakly Constitutions to resort hither from all Parts.

THE City is not large, or generally well built, though there are many good Houses in it. The Citadel which commands the Place, was erected to bridle the Protestants, who were Masters of it in the Civil Wars, till *Lewis XIII.* took it from them in the Year 1623.

THE

THE principal Buildings are, the Palace of Justice, where their Courts are held, the royal College instituted for human Learning, and the Churches of *St. Peter* and *St. Mary*. But what this City is most considerable for, is its University chiefly frequented by Students in Physic, who could not have chosen a more agreeable or commodious Situation in *France*; for the Climate is extremely serene and temperate, and the Country so abounds with Vegetables, that it is but one large Physic Garden.

THE Number of Apothecaries in this small City is incredible, some say near two Hundred, who all live very well, however, on the many Compositions they make, which from hence are distributed to all Parts of *Europe*; as Confection of Alkermes, Hungary Water, Oil of Spike, Capillary Syrop, Essences, Perfumes, Treacle, equal to that of *Venice*, and great Variety of fine Drams.

THE King's Physic-Garden without the Town is well stored with medicinal Herbs, digested into several Partitions, each having an Inscription over the Door, shewing what Kinds it contains.

THE Inhabitants are polite and sociable; their Women the handsomest in *France*, and extremely free in Conversation.

I went to make my Court to the Governor the Duke of *Roquelaure*, who happened to be there at that Time, who is a most polite Nobleman, and takes it very kindly of Strangers who wait upon him. He generally keeps open Table for the Officers who are very free with his Grace's Victuals, and come often upon him in such Crowds, that I have seen sometimes three Tables in the same Hall, and so filled, that they scarce had Elbow Room. There was high Gaming at his Palace, and at the Princess *D'Auvergne's*, to whom I was presented by a Lieutenant Colonel of my Acquaintance at *Paris*. She is reckoned one of the finest Women in *France*, and though not extremely rich, lived in a very grand Manner, and with great Economy.

THIS Princess kept Assemblies at her House thrice a Week, and the Governor the other Days ; so that, between the two, Strangers could never miss to pass the Evening in excellent Company, and very agreeably ; among the Foreigners who made the greatest Figure, were about a Dozen of *English* Gentlemen, with some of whom I became very intimate, and was so charmed with the Allurements of this bewitching Place, that I remained about three Months in it, and left it much against my Will at last ; but I had rashly engaged myself so deeply in some Love Intrigues, that notwithstanding

standing all my Art of shifting, I was at last reduced to the Necessity of either discovering my Sex, or of leaving the Place, which last I preferred to the former, having less Inclination than ever to put off my Breeches, and lay aside rambling.

HERE, for the first Time, I drew my Sword, against a Captain of the Regiment of *Senectere*, and by the greatest good Luck in the World ran him through the Arm at the very first Push I made, which you may believe was awkward enough ; but my Enemy, who was a stout bold Fellow and a good Sword's-man, despised such a Stripling as me so very much, that he disdained to put himself in a Posture of Defence ; and I very wisely took the Advantage of his Negligence, and bravely whipt him through the Sword Arm, and thereby disabled him, I verily think, from whipping me through the Guts.

THOUGH this Adventure was kept so secret, that I believe the Governor heard nothing of it, yet it was whispered about among his Acquaintances and mine, and made some hot-headed Sparks, who otherwise would have been, perhaps, upon the *qui-vive* with me, a little more cautious.

I was so flushed with this good Success, and became so stout, that I carried a Challenge from an *English* Gentleman to a *German* Baron, who had affronted him at

the Intendant's House one Evening at Play ; but I managed the Thing so well, and made the *German* so sensible of his having been in the wrong, that I prevailed with him to beg Pardon before some of the Company, which satisfied my Friend.

I never diverted myself so well as at this Place, though I had Business enough upon my Hands, no less than three Mistresses to manage ; the first a Coquet, the second a Prude, and the third (whom I infinitely esteemed) a handsome, virtuous discreet young Widow, to whom I was oftner than once tempted to discover myself, from a secret Remorse for imposing on a pretty young Creature of so much Merit, and who preferred me to all the rest of her Admirers ; but I went so far, before I began to reflect, that I imagined she would hate me so much for the Diversion I had given myself at her Cost, that she would publish my Secret to be revenged, which made me go on as I had begun.

As for the precise Lady, and the Coquet, I had no Scruple of Conscience for imposing upon them, since it was but paying them back in their own Coin ; and to be sure I led them both such a Dance, that I dare say they did not soon forget me.

THOUGH I seldom played deep, yet one Evening at the Princess's, having lost about
fifty

fifty Louis-dors at *Lansquenet*, which was all the Gold I had about me, and being a little piqued at my being so handled ; I asked the Gentleman who held the Cards if I might play upon my Word, which he readily agreed to ; and I had such a bad Run of Luck, that in Half an Hour I was Ten thousand Livres in Debt, which I bore with a pretty good Grace, and told the *Coupeurs* (setting down upon a Bit of Paper the Names of my Creditors, and their respective Sums) that as I was not ignorant how punctually Debts of Honour were to be discharged, they might expect Satisfaction next Day.

My three Mistresses happened all to be present ; the Coquet told me, that she believed I was a Man much above being put out of Temper for a Trifle, and then laughed heartily in my Face. The Prude, on the contrary, began to harangue on the Dangers of an Itch to gaming in a young Man, adding, that it was the greatest Failing, next to whoring, that he could be guilty of ; and that for her Part, she looked upon a Gamester to be a Man who was covetous to the last Degree, and would sacrifice Religion, Honour, and Love, to satisfy an abominable Avidity. I am glad, continued she, to have had this Opportunity of knowing your Temper a little better than I did, and if any Person in this Country, to whom you make your Addresses, be of my Acquaintance, I will advise her not to trust you with her Fortune, lest it should go upon a Card.

I am very much obliged to you, Madam, said I, for your favourable Reprimand, and when I aspire to your Possession I will assuredly renounce all Manner of Gaming; to my Possession, Sir, what do you mean? My Meaning is plainly this, that I love you in a matrimonial Gouft, and that I will renounce gaming, wenching, drinking, and all such fashionable Vices, if you'll pronounce but the Monosyllable *Yes*, in a certain Place commonly called a Church.

I know not whether you are in Jest or Earnest, replied she, but I will answer your Monosyllable by another as short, without taking the Trouble of going to a Church, *No*, *no*: O! how happy do you make me, Madam, cried I; for, by all Rules of Grammar, two Negatives make an Affirmative. I do not understand your Grammar, said she, but what I meant by double *No's*, was to leave you no room to imagine that I accepted you for a Husband.

Is it so, charming *Miss Dainty*; then, to be as plain with you, I swear by all the Powers of Love, that had you accepted my Offer, I should have run mad, or hanged myself next Day; for of all Creatures a Prude is my Aversion; with that, I flung from her with an affected Air of Contempt, and brushed up to my dear delicious Widow: Madam, said I, when I was near enough to be heard, speaking in a low Voice; I have
been

been often told, that a Man is certain to lose his Money when his Mistress is thinking of him ; had a certain Lady, whom I could name, been so kind as to think favourably of me, when I was at Play, that Happiness would do much more than ballance the Loss that I have sustained this Evening.

I am not well acquainted, said she, with the Value that a Lover puts upon his Mistress's Thoughts ; but if I am not mistaken, your Loss would be a very high Price for an Hour of any Woman's Thoughts ; not for yours, Madam, I vow, answered I with Vivacity, all my Fortune, and Life into the Bargain, would I sacrifice on Condition that your Thoughts were but employed about me in the Manner that I would have them ; enough of Railery, said she, and now in good earnest, I was sorry to see you so unlucky, I dare say you lost a considerable Sum ; pardon my Curiosity if I ask you how much ? More than ever I did at one Time before, for I am no Gamester, but I can afford for once to pay for my Imprudence, and the Experience I shall learn from this Night's Misfortune will, I hope, be worth double the thousand Pistols which I have lost upon my Word, and which I design to pay as soon as it pleases my Banker to give me the Money.

AFTER some Minutes Conversation in the gallantish Strain, my charming Widow retired from the Assembly, under Pretence
of

of some pressing Business that called her home ; little did I think what that pressing Business was ; but the Reason of her sudden Retreat did not remain long a Mystery to me, and, in the Discovery, brought to Light such a generous Action as few Men or Women are capable of ; and that without any View or Motive of Love or Interest, which, in my Opinion, raises much the Merit of it ; and I should be most ungrateful if I were capable ever to forget such a noble and generous Procedure.

THE Princess did me the Honour to invite me to Supper, with a View, I suppose, to dissipate the Concern she imagined I was under for the Loss of my Money, but I soon convinced her that it was the least of my Thoughts. — My Prude happened to be invited that Night to, and, I believe, would have wished herself any where else, when she perceived that I did not retire when the Assembly broke up ; but having already accepted of the Invitation, no Pretence but Indisposition (of which there were no Symptoms about her) could bring her off ; but she needed be under no Apprehensions of me, for I had no Plot of attacking her a second Time, though, when it fell in my Way to to give her a genteel Wipe, I took Care not to lose the Opportunity ; and to do her Justice, she did not fail to return the Ball back upon me when she could handsomely do it ; we thus skirmished pretty often in a Manner very intelligible to us both, but not

not so plainly as that the Company could observe we drove directly at one another.

WHEN we got to the Desert, and Servants were retired, Wit and Champaigne went merrily about. The Princess having, contrary to usual Custom, had a Run of good Luck that Night, was full of Spirits, and said a great many diverting pretty Things. The Duke of *Raquelaure*'s short Nose and his Mistress's large Mouth underwent a severe Review, or, more properly speaking, were dissected by the Ladies in such a comical Manner, that the weeping *Heraclitus* himself, had he been with us, would have for once, at least, grin'd, if he could not laugh: When once they were fairly got into the Field of Scandal, a Jury of Five was appointed to bring in their Verdict upon the Trial of every Lady.

THE first who was brought upon the Tapis, was Madam *B---*, and the Jury returned her guilty of the enormous Crime of loving her Husband. --- Next, Madam *C---* the Reverse of the former --- acquitted. Madam *D---* accused of having a Chaplain for more than one Use --- Ignoramus. Madam *G---* of making her Husband a Cuckold --- fashionable. Miss *I---* a Prude, guilty of high Crimes and Misdemeanors. A just Verdict, cried I. Miss *F---* a notorious Jilt --- guilty Death.

IN short, they went on till I thought they had made the whole Tour of the Town, and all agreed that the Jury had acquitted themselves with Honour; but cried the Princess, why should not this Court bring the Male Delinquents to Trial as well as the Females; all the World knows that there are many notorious Criminals of that Sex in Town, and I insist upon their receiving such Punishments as their Crimes, duly made appear, deserve. This Motion was highly applauded; and so to Work they went.

THE first brought to the Bar, at least supposed to be there, was *Monsieur F---* arraigned for marrying a young Lady when he knew himself to be superannuated. ---The Jury enclosed and after some Time returned with this Verdict unanimously agreed to, that the said *F---* having come under Engagements, which he knew he could not perform, should be put into a Mad-house as a Person *non compos Mentis*; and accordingly Sentence was pronounced. The next was the Marquis de *N---* who thinks his Wife a Saint, whereas it is notorious to the whole Town, that she's a very great Sinner; after a long Debate the Jury returned their Verdict, *to be lodged with F---* next, the *Chevalier de P---* who boasts of Favours he never received. The jury thought it needless to enclose upon this Indictment, but directly gave their Opinion that he ought to

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to be castrated, to prevent the Public's being imposed upon by his Slander, and accordingly Sentence was pronounced.

THE next was *Monsieur de N---* a Woman Hater --- directly condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered, without Benefit of Clergy. Then Half a Score of drunken Sots, who stagger into Bed with their Breeches on, perfume it with the Steam of Brandy and Tobacco, and at last spue on their Wives, when they ought to be otherwise employed, with some twenty fumbling Drones, unfit for Propagation, were all arraigned as hurtful and useless Members of Society, and every Man of them condemned to the Gallies, after which the Court adjourned to a new Day.

GOOD God, thought I within myself, what an Inquisition have we got here, though the whole Scene was by way of Farce, yet I could not but observe how these Ladies loved to scandalize their own Sex, and how fruitful they were in inventing Punishments on the Men whom they thought guilty; to be sure I never was Witness to such a Diversion before; and it gave me an Opportunity of making very serious Reflections on the Characters of the *Montpellier* Ladies very dangerous, in my Opinion, to live among.

NEXT Morning, about Eight o' Clock, I went to Mr. *Desmaret's*, my Banker, and told him what had happened. I am sorry
for

for your Loss, Sir, said he, but such Debts must be paid, and about Two o' Clock in the Afternoon I shall send the Money to your Inn. As I had about a Hundred *Lewis d'ors* in my Lodging, I only drew on my Agent at *Paris* for a Thousand Pistols; and the Moment I had put my Name to the Bill, and wrote two Words of Advice, I left Mr. *Desmaret's*, and went to make some Visits; so that it was near Twelve when I returned to my Lodging, where I no sooner entered than *Lucy* delivered me a Letter with a very large Purse, or rather Bag, full of Gold. I had not Patience to open the Letter, which would have explained the Mystery, but hastily asked her how she had come by this Money, which, at first, I thought the Banker had sent sooner than he promised; but how great was my Surprize when, upon opening the Letter, I found the Name of my Widow; and, by reading it, that she had sent me this Money. As I think it would be highly ungrateful to conceal it, I shall here insert an exact Copy of it.



*To the Chevalier DE RADPONT, at the
Eagle Inn.*

THOUGH a Traveller, Sir, may have Credit sufficient, wherever he goes, for more than he has Occasion for; yet as Bankers seldom go beyond what their Correspondents

dents give them Orders to advance ; your's, perhaps, may scruple to let you have the Sum which you just now have Occasion for ; and, as I have it lying idle by me, I hope you will accept of it, till you can order Money to be sent to you from *Paris*. I would not have you to look upon this as a Favour that can tie you down to any other Acknowledgment, than barely to return the Money at your own Conveniency ; and I shall take it very ill if you do not as frankly accept as it is offered by,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

ARABELLA DE MONTFERAN.

WHAT generous noble Sentiments, cried I, are displayed in these few Words, and how happy will that Man be who gets Possession of so lovely a Woman ; could I now but metamorphose myself really into the Sex I represent, I would go and die at her Feet if she refused my Heart ; but what Madness possesses me to rave at this Rate, and wish for Impossibilities ; since Providence has put an invincible Bar to Wishes of this kind, shall I be so base as to impose upon so lovely a Creature. No ; it is resolved I will trust her with my Secret, I am sure she is too good to betray me ; and since I cannot be a Husband, I will be a faithful and constant Friend, and spend the Remainder of my Days in

this generous lovely Woman's Company ; but where am I wandering again ; is it possible that the Men, who must see all her Perfections better still than I do, will not teize her for ever till she enters a second Time into the State of Matrimony ; and is it rational to imagine that a Woman so young and lovely will incline to remain a Widow ? Well, let us go and endeavour to penetrate into her Intentions, and act according as we find them.

I here ended my Soliloquy, and ordered a Chair to be sent for, that I might wait of her at her House, and return the Money ; but when I came there, the Bird was flown ; and I was told by one of her Servants, that she went early this Morning to her Country Seat about six Leagues off, where she was to remain eight or ten Days. New Surprize to me, but it directly came into my Head, that her leaving the Town so abruptly was to prevent my having an Opportunity of restoring the Money.

I returned back to my Lodgings, and put up the Gold in a safe Place without counting it, or knowing, but by her Letter, what the Sum was ; which, though not even specified in it, I concluded must be what I told her I had lost. I sent my Footman with Compliments to every one of my gaming Creditors, desiring each of them to call or send to my Inn at Three o'Clock for what I owed them.

ABOUT

ABOUT Two I returned to my Banker's, and was extremely surprized to understand that he was gone to *Cette* upon some Business. I asked his Cashier, if he had left no Orders for sending Money to my Lodgings? No, Sir, said he, it was his Intention this Morning, and he gave me Orders to carry 1000 Pistols to be deliverd to you at your Inn; but the Messenger you sent here about an Hour after you left him, with Orders not to send the Money, made him countermand his to me. What Orders? What Messenger? cried I, pray explain yourself? Why Sir, your *Valet de Chambre* came here, and told my Master, that you had got the Money from another Person, and that you had no farther Occasion for what he was to have sent you.

I returned immediately to my Lodging, and asked *Lucy* if she had forbid *Desmarets* to send me some Money. Not I, Sir, said she, I have not been out of the House this Day, and know nothing of the Matter. The Case was plain; my generous Widow had contrived this Scheme to exempt me from the Displeasure of being, perhaps, refused by the Banker, at least delayed till such Time as he had wrote to *Paris*, to know of his Correspondent whether it was safe to take my Bills for such a Sum.

As *Desmarets* was not to return till next Day, I found myself now under a Necessity of making Use of her Money, that I might not disappoint my Creditors, who did not fail to come at the Hour appointed.

I sent my Footman to the Lady's House, to inform himself exactly whereabouts her Country Seat lay, that he might go to it with a Letter; and at the same Time ordered him to hire a Horse, and got himself ready in an Hour to set out, after which I sat down and wrote a Letter, whereof the following is an exact Copy.



To *Madam DE MONTFERAN* at her
Castle of Blaisy.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU take a most effectual Way of forcing those whom you intend to oblige, to accept of your Favours. I have, indeed, known Instances of good natured Actions, upon earnest Application made; but it only belongs to *Madam de Montferan* to force large Sums upon People unasked; not only that, but to put it out of their Power, by a noble and generous Stratagem, to do without her; this is my Case just now, by my Banker's going out of Town upon the pretended

tended *Valet de Chambre's* telling him I had no Occasion for the Money which he was to have sent me at Two o' Clock ; and upon the Faith of which I had sent Word to the several People, to whom I was indebted, to come or send for their Money, which they have indeed got but at your Cost.

YOUR generous Care of my Honour, Madam, is so kind, that I cannot find Words to express my Acknowledgment ; nor can I ever hope to make a suitable Return, except by letting you into a Secret, before I leave this County, which will shew you what Confidence I put in your Discretion ; in the mean Time, give me Leave to assure you, that the Banker made no Difficulty to advance the Money, which I shall get from him the Moment he comes to Town, and be myself the Bearer of it to your Country Seat, or deliver it here to any Person you are pleased to order ; I should much rather chuse the former, that I might have the Pleasure of assuring you, by Word of Mouth, that it is impossible any Mortal can admire you Half so much as

DEAR MADAM,

Your most obedient and obliged

humble Servant,

The Chevalier DE RADPONT.

My Servant returned next Morning, and delivered me a Letter from the Lady, of which I here subjoin a Copy.



*To the Chevalier DE RADPONT at the
Eagle Inn in Montpellier.*

SIR,

I Receive no Visits from Gentlemen at my Country-house ; and, as I design to be in Town in a few Days, I beg you'll keep the Money in your Hands till I see you. I cannot pretend to more Discretion than others of my Sex, and, therefore, am not very desirous of being trusted with Secrets ; however, if yours gives me an Opportunity of being serviceable to you in this or any other Part of the World, you may, with Safety and Freedom, put me to a Trial ; for I have such a favourable Opinion of you, that I am perswaded you have no Secret that may not be told, and heard, without putting you or me to the Blush. A propos about blushing. Ought I not to be a little afraid that you'll conclude, from my free Manner of behaving with you ; I am not easily to be put out of Countenance, and that certainly I must have some Plot upon you ; but I will now let you into a Secret which will answer

two

two Ends ; the one, of making you easy upon the Score of my Favours, as you term them, that is to say, that they proceed from no selfish View ; and the other, that by my discovering my real Intentions to you, I acquire a Sort of Title to a reciprocal Confidence.

You must know, Sir, that though I am rich, young, and, if I may believe my Glass, not ugly ; and though I have several Offers that might satisfy my Ambition, or any other Desires which a Woman at my Age may be supposed to have ; yet by a Distate, I suppose from Constitution, to what commonly is looked upon as the principal Happiness of a married State, joined to the fatal Experience I have already made of it, I am fully determined never to enter into a second Engagement ; this is a Secret which you alone know, and which I thought proper to let you into, that you might not misconstrue my Intentions : A certain inexplicable Sympathy makes me mighty desirous of your Friendship ; but if you should, out of Gallantry, or seriously commence Lover, you may depend upon losing, that Moment, my Friendship and Company ; so chuse, Sir, whether you incline that I should be familiar with you as a Friend, or shun you as a Lover ; if the former, I will go great Lengths to convince you how sincere I am in Friendship ; but if the latter, you may bid Adieu to all Correspondence with

ARABELLA.

How

How Satisfactory was this Letter, and how it eased my poor distracted Mind, not as yet fully determined whither the Secret must out or not. On the one Hand, I could not bear the Thoughts of dissembling with a Woman of such a lovely and noble Character, but on the other, was it to be imagined that a young Fellow, on whom she had bestowed so many Marks of a particular Esteem, could, or ought, indeed, to confine his Wishes within the Limits of Friendship, where, besides extraordinary Obligations, he meets with Charms capable of inspiring the most violent Passion. Her Letter, 'tis true said I to myself, exempts me from acting the Lover, and cuts off all my Hopes as such; but while she believes me to be a Man, she certainly never can imagine that it is possible for me to confine my Heart within the Bounds that she has prescribed, whatever Promises I may make to do so in Obedience to her Commands.

I believe she sincerely intends to have no more to do with Love or Lovers; but how does she know but that serious Friendship may at last turn to Love, and that she would be caught when she least thought of it; Nature loses none of her Rights, and will, sooner or later, work us all up to that Softness which gives a Relish to Matrimony; so that in spite of Constitution, and a former unhappy Marriage, the Widow may change her Opinion, and what a Misfortune would it be were she to do so in
my

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my Favour; I must prevent it by the Discovery of my Sex; but, continued I, what if she should condemn my Disguise as a thing inconsistent with Modesty, and, perhaps, lose all the Esteem she had for me as a Man. In this Case she may think me whimsical, for, after all, I scarce think she will suspect my Virtue, and in the other she would look upon me as a Cheat and an Impostor, and would detest me as long as she lived; for, to be sure, no Disappointment can equal that of a Woman, who bestows her Heart on a Thing that is but a meer Shadow, so to speak, and absolutely incapable to make the proper Use of it.

AFTER much Reasoning *pro* and *con*, I concluded that the safest Way was to trust my Secret to her Honour; and in this Resolution, I made my Servant return to her Country Seat with a Letter, of which I kept a Copy; and here it is.



To Madam DE MONTFERAN.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR Friendship I prefer to all the Attachments I ever had or can have; and though I think you richly deserve the Adoration of all the Male Sex, yet I glory more in the Character of your Friend, than in that of your Lover; for this Reason, that I
flatter

flatter myself qualified for the former, and am certain that I cannot, without a monstrous Madness, aspire to the latter ; for which I am almost tempted to curse my unhappy Fate.

THOUGH I tremble at the Thoughts of disclosing the Secret of my Life to you, not that I suspect your Discretion, but that I dread the Severity of your Virtue, which may not, perhaps, be satisfied with my Conduct, though in the main regular and innocent, and dares Malice's blackest Mouth ; however, happen what will, I must lay my Heart open to you, and let you into a Secret which I was resolved to conceal from every Mortal while I was on my Travels.

GIVE me Leave, dear Madam, to wait upon you at your Country Seat, and you shall see me metamorphosed into a Creature that admires your Perfections, but who is not capable of other Sentiments than what Friendship inspires ; the glorious Title of Friend you have already given me Leave to assume, my Ambition soars no higher ; and I hope when the Mask is off, you'll have no Cause to repent your having entertained a favourable Opinion of

The Chevalier DE RADPONT.

THAT

THAT very Evening my Servant returned with the following Answer.



To the Chevalier DE RADPONT.

SIR,

THOUGH Curiosity be none of my predominant Failings, yet I must own that your Letter has raised mine to such a Height, I will, for once, break in upon the Law which I had laid down to myself of admitting no Men Visitors here; I hope the Discovery you are to make will excuse this rash Step; but remember, that if there lies a Snake in the Grass, I mean, if I find this grand Secret proves nothing but a Stragem to get Access to this forbidden Place, nothing will ever after restore you again to the Friendship of

ARABELLA.

Now Fortune, cried I, Fortune what is she but a Fiction of the Poets, and to be invoked only by roving Fancy. Let me make my Application to that infinitely perfect Being, by whose Power and Wisdom the whole Creation is governed; vouchsafe O God to remove from the fair *Arabella* all Suspicions of my Virtue; whatever Notion

she may have of my Imprudence, my Youth will plead Indulgence for this, if she is but persuaded that my Inclinations are chaste and pure, which Heaven knows they are. After this Ejaculation I felt a Serenity in my Mind, and all my first Fears vanished. I ordered my Footman to get Post Horses for my Chaise, and to have every Thing ready by Eight o' Clock next Morning, at which Hour I designed to set out for *Madam de Montferan's* Country Seat, where I arrived about Eleven; and tho' something within me seemed to portend a kindly Reception, yet I trembled as I was going up the Stairs. I was carried into a very magnificent Apartment, and had scarce been a Moment in it, when the lovely *Arabella* appeared.

MADAM, said I, advancing some Steps, I don't come here with a Design to thank you for your generous Assistance; she who is capable of doing what you have done, receives no Satisfaction from the Acknowledgments of the Persons obliged, but from the inward Pleasure which always accompanies a noble and generous Action; so that I shall without any farther Formality, beg Leave to restore in the Bag you sent me, if not the individual Pieces of Gold that were in it, at least, an equal Number of the very same Species, which I received last Night from my Banker. I hope, Sir, said she smiling, you have something of more Consequence, than the Restitution of the Money, that brings you here, and I'm impatient 'till I know it. Yes, Madam, answered

swered I, the Motive of this Visit is quite other than what I dare say you imagine ; and tho' I tremble at the Thoughts of doing what, perhaps, may ruin me in your Esteem, which I should think the greatest Misfortune that can come upon me ; yet I cannot bear the Thoughts of having any Reserve with a Lady who has acted so nobly by me : Know then, Madam, continued I, that you see in me one of your own Sex, whom Curiosity to see the World has tempted to put on this Disguise, that I might travel with more Freedom and Safety. Good God, cried Madam de *Montferan*, you a Woman, can I believe it ? That I am, Madam answered I, you may be assured ; but before I give you such Proofs as will remove all your Doubts, give me Leave to run over some Passages of my Life, by which you'll understand how this Whim of Knight-Errantry first entered my Brain ; proceed, Sir or Madam, I don't yet know which--- I'm all Attention. When I had finished my Narration, I unbuttoned my Waistcoat, and discovered my Breasts, which the lovely *Arabella* no sooner perceived, than she clasped me in her Arms with Transports rather of a Lover than of a Friend.

My dearest *Mademoiselle*, cried she, for I now am satisfied about your Sex ; how happy do you make me by this Discovery, which I hope will unite us in Bands of Friendship more solid and more noble than that of Love ; and if your Sentiments correspond with mine, nothing but Death shall separate us ; if I

cannot persuade you, continued she smiling, to give over your traveling Project, I will take Breeches too, and we will set out together upon our Adventures, which I would rather do than be constantly liable to the Importunities of Men who love my Fortune better than my Person, about which they would, I dare say, be very indifferent, were there not a plentiful Estate in the Case, and I despise such People to the last Degree; but am obliged to relieve them civilly, particularly an old Judge whom I hate, but whom I must not treat with Rigour, till an important Law Suit, in which an Aunt of mine is concerned, be determined; and yet, added she, fetching a deep Sigh, this very Aunt, for whose Sake I am thus obliged to act the Hypocrite, was the Cause of a most unfortunate Marriage, into which she in a manner forced me very much against my Inclination; for I always had an insuperable Aversion to a married State, which I thought scarce tolerable, even in the Case of Love, and absolutely intolerable where that was not the Motive.

HOWEVER, this Aunt, with her persuasive and dangerous Eloquence, got the better of my Resistance, and I at last yielded to a fatal Engagement, in which I was as unhappy as can be imagined; though no Mortal, not even my Aunt herself, knew my Sufferings, and except another Aunt a Nun, you are the only Person, said she, hugging me in her Arms, to whom I could ever think of
laying

laying open my Heart, which I think an Obligation upon me, by Way of Return, for the Confidence you place in me, and which I never otherwise should have done.

KNOW then, my dear Friend, that never Woman was so unhappy in a Husband as I: *Monsieur de Montferan*. joined to a surly jealous Temper all the Vices of the most abandoned Debauchee. I was not a Week in his House when he brought to his Table four Women (whom he called his Cousins, and who lived with him) of scandalous Behaviour and Conversation; when he and I were by ourselves: Sir, said I, are these Women really your Relations? I should be sorry to think it; for I can scarce allow myself to believe that they are Gentlewomen, or that they have had an Education fit for such as you say they are; for my Part, if they are to continue here, I must beg the Favour of you to give them a Table by themselves, and order it so that I may have no Communication with them.

I am glad, Madam, answered he, that you have mentioned my Cousins, because it gives me an Opportunity of explaining my Intentions, with respect to your Conduct and Behaviour in this House; but first of all, I must acquaint you, that I have married you intirely upon the Account of your Fortune, without the least Inclination to your Person; and that if you desire to live comfortably with me, you must implicitly submit to my

Will, and never pretend to controul my Actions; this being premised, I shall now very freely tell you, that the Women who dined with you to day are none of my Relations, but Creatures that I keep for my Amusement till I weary of them, and when that happens they are discharged, and a new Set taken in; so that I have an eternal Round of Variety, in which I think consists the Happiness of this Life; and you may depend upon living a very disagreeable one here, if you pretend so much as to find Fault with my Scheme.

Do not imagine, Sir, said I, highly provoked at such a monstrous Proposal, that I will live in a Bawdy-house, for such I think you intend yours to be; and if you persist in this horrid Resolution, I will retire from your House.

No, no, cried he in a furious Tone, I have no Plot of losing any Part of your Fortune, by giving you an Opportunity to sue for a separate Maintenance, nor of exposing my domestick Concerns to the Eyes of the Public; I shall take Care to prevent your corresponding with Persons I have Reason to suspect; and in order to inure you betimes to the Life which you are to lead, you must from this Moment renounce all Commerce with any of your Relations or Acquaintances, whether I am at home or abroad, with this Certification, that if you ever attempt to write or speak to any of them, but
in

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in my Presence, your Life shall pay the Forfeiture. I will order one whom I confide in to serve you in your Apartment, from which I command you not to stir till further Orders ; after which he went out and left me so confounded that I scarce knew what I was doing.

AFTER I had recovered from my first Surprize, I shut myself up in my Closet, where I made melancholy Reflections on my unhappy Fate, and wept myself almost blind ; but amidst my Misery I had this Comfort, that the cruel Author did not add to it by his Presence, nor by sharing in my Bed. I saw him but once a Week for a Couple of Months, and after that much seldomer. I was as much a Stranger to what passed in the House as if I had been a thousand Miles from it ; the Woman who served me, and was the only human Creature I was allowed to see, being a Wretch as cruel as her Master, and entirely devoted to him, I never durst ask her any Question : Thus I lived, or, more properly speaking, languished out nine Months in a more rigorous Solitude than the most retired Hermit.

TOWARDS the latter End of the ninth Month I was terribly alarmed about Two o' Clock in the Morning, by the sudden Entry of my Keeper into my Apartment, who waked me hastily out of a profound Sleep ; my first Thoughts were that my Tyrant was come to kill me ; and Self-preservation, my

dear Friend, added she, gently squeezing my Hand, is so natural, that I gave a terrible Shriek, and was so prepossessed with the Notion of his being there with a Poniard in his Hand, that I begged he would not take away my Life ; protesting that I never had disobeyed his Commands, and that he might confine me still closer if he thought proper.

MADAM, said my Keeper, I am sorry that I have been obliged to frighten you by my Presence at this Hour ; but your Husband, who is just expiring, after a violent Fever of three Weeks Continuance, commanded me to bring you to him ; and if you incline to see him alive you must make haste. The Confessor is with him, and I believe it is at his Desire that he has been prevailed upon to see you before he dies.

I jumped immediately out of Bed ; and wrapping myself in a loose Night-gown went directly to his Apartment : Upon my approaching the Bed-side. I believe, Madam, said he, and was scarce able to pronounce these Words, I have treated you with, perhaps, too much Severity ; but my Death, which is now at hand, will make you Amends, and --- but here the last Agonies seized him, and in a few Minutes he expired.

His Breath was scarce out when all the Wretches, I mean the Creatures of his Seraglio, packt up and took to their Heels,
and

and well it was for them to do so, for, otherwise, I should have sent them all to the Work-house. My old Keeper threw herself at my Feet, and begged I would not punish her as she deserved. I told her she might retire where she pleased, and if there were any Wages due I would take Care to have them paid.

SUCH monstrous Scenes of Wickedness had been acted in this unhappy Place, that, immediately after I had performed the last Duties to my Husband, I left it, with a firm Resolution never to set my Foot in it again.

WHEN I had put my Affairs in some Sort of Order, I returned to *Montpelier*, and went directly to a Convent, where an Aunt of mine was Prioress. When we were by ourselves, I told her all the unhappy Story of my Marriage; and she blessed God for my Deliverance. All the Nuns came to salute me, and every one was readier than another to serve and oblige me. The Tenderness of these Ladies towards one another, gave me a Disbelief of the vulgar Expression, that the Nun enters the Cloyster unkown, lives there unbeloved, and dies unlamented; I saw nothing but engaging Appearances, and thought the Society charming. The Harmony among them, their Air of Satisfaction and Content, their sweet and insinuating Behaviour, their exact Regularity when the Bell rung; their Observance of the

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the Prioress, and their Diligence in executing her Orders, gave me a sublime Notion of their Virtue. Every Thing among them charmed me ; this said I to myself, is a Paradise upon Earth, a Resemblance of Heaven. These holy Women have quitted the World, they are remote from the Bustle of it, skreen'd from its Assaults, exempt from its Cares, and freed from all Disquiet ; they have but one Person to please, and that one exacts a very reasonable Obedience, and future Happiness is the Business of their Lives.

THIS is the Residence of Peace and Innocence. Devotion here is not so severe, at least it brings its Compensations. Nor is their Way of Life so rigid ; the Lodging is convenient, the Habit neat, and the Diet wholesome : The length of the Service is sweetned by the Melody of Instruments and Voices, and the Variety of the Exercises keeps up the Spirits, ah ! Said I, how happy is their Condition compared to what mine was in my Cruel Husband's Time ! In short, my Imagination was so warmed that I resolved to take the Vail, and proposed it to my Aunt, who was a Woman of Prudence, and considered so sudden a Resolution as a Fit of Transitory Devotion, on which she did not lay much Stress. My dear Niece, said she, nothing is more Customary than to see young Persons, in a Transport of indiscreet Zeal, taken with the glittering Appearances of our Cloysters, which
they

they have seen only on the favourable Side : They see nothing at first but Innocence and Peace, and frequently the Curtain, which conceals the rest, is not drawn 'till their Fervour is passed and their Choice made, and hence proceed so many Crimes and so much Despair. Happily Heaven confirmed my Vocation ; without that Assistance, I had been such an Example of transient Devotion.

THIS wise Remonstrance of my Aunt's so cool'd my Zeal, that I resolv'd not to be sudden in coming under Engagements, and in Effect, I was not three Months there when I had strangely altered my Opinion. The Nuns having no Notion that I had any Thoughts of being one of their Society, soon discovered the little Satisfaction they enjoyed in their Religious State, and I was strangely surprized how far I had been mistaken about them, and thanked Heaven with all my Heart, that I had not directly given Way to an indiscreet Zeal, which might have made me as unhappy as some of them ; my being saved from Shipwreck was intirely owing to the wise Remonstrances of my Aunt : had she in the least encouraged my Whim, I had been undone ; for, to be sure, I had no real Vocation to a religious Life.

AFTER I had passed six Months in the Convent I retired to this Place, where I generally pass the Summer Season, and go to Town during the Winter ; and bating some Uneasiness from two or three Suitors, whom
I

I cannot persuade that I am resolved never to marry again, my Life is agreeable enough. She had scarce pronounced the last Words when a Servant came and told her that Dinner was served, and that the Curate of the Parish was below in the Parlour. Very well, said she he will say Grace to us--- come, Sir, the Servant being still in the Room, I hope your Journey has given you such an Appetite that you can for once put up with homely Country Fare, and then, presenting her hand, I led her down Stairs.

WE had a very delicate genteel little Dinner, and the Curate being a Man of Sense and Learning, the Conversation was lively and diverting. *Madam de Montferan*, who was extremely delicate upon the Point of Character, being apprehensive that the Priest, who was a Man of Penetration, would be surprized to see her receive a Visit from a Man of my Age, when he knew her House was inaccessible to all Gentlemen Visitors, and therefore addressing herself to him, what a Difference is there, said she, between Debtors; you know, Mr. Curate, what Trouble you and I both had, to squeeze out of the Counsellor *Gripe's* Hands, I call him so because I think it a more proper Name than his own, the Ten thousand Livres which he borrowed from my late Husband; and this Gentleman, added she, pointing to me, has just now brought me an equal Sum without so much as my giving him the least Insinuation that I wanted the Money; on the

the contrary, I inclined it should remain in his Hands longer than it seems he inclines to keep it.

I immediately took the Hint, and told her that as I could conveniently repay the Money, I hoped she would not take it ill that I was willing to exempt myself from paying Interest for Money I had no Occasion for. The Priest could not deny but what I said was just; and this Story, I suppose, took off all Suspicion which he might otherwise have had upon my Visit; and to confirm him still the more, I rose from my Chair, and asked the Lady's Commands for *Montpelier*.

SIR, said she, your coming here with this Money will oblige me to be sooner there than I intended; for I do not think it adviseable to keep such a Sum idle by me, and I have no other Commands but to wish you a good Journey; upon which, I made her a low Bow and left her with her Curate.

THE Moment I arrived in Town, I received a Letter from Mr. *Pigeot*, advising me of my poor Aunt's Death, which gave me great Concern, as I loved her dearly. I shut myself up in my Room, that I might give full Vent to my Tears, and for two Days I received no Company, under Pretence of Indisposition.

THE third Day, as I was at Breakfast, Lucy brought me a Letter from my dear Widow, which I hastily opened, and found in it these Words.



To the Chevalier DE RADPONT.

WHAT a terrible Thing is Decorum, and how it grieved me to let you go from me without clasping you in my Arms, and assuring you of the most tender Friendship ; but it is the Fate of our Sex to be condemned to Constraints of this Kind, and our Happiness that, to preserve a good Character, we can deny ourselves the most flattering Pleasures ; but as I have fully satisfied what I owe to the Public and to my own Reputation, I think it is but just, that I indulge my Inclination in the innocent Embraces, which To-morrow Night you may expect to receive from

Your sincere and

affectionate Friend,

ARABELLA.

To



To *Madam* DE MONTFERAN.

I Suffered so terribly, my dearest *Madam*, by the Constraint which the Presence of your Curate laid us under, that I could have wished the poor Man, God forgive me, in Purgatory ; but I hope to Morrow Night, how agreeable is the pleasing Thought, that I shall meet with no Obstacles, to the sincere and tender Embraces, which the charming *Arabella* may expect, from one who prefers the glorious Title of *Friend* from her, to all the Advantages in the Power of Fortune to bestow on

ALITHEA DE RICHELIEU.

I had a Centry planted at the Gate by which she was to enter the Town, who brought me Word the Moment she arrived, and she was scarce alighted when I was at her Heels, and when the Servants were retired, before whom we always observed great Ceremony, I flew into her Arms. What Difference between this Moment's Liberty, cried I, my dear *Madam*, and the Constraint of that to which I was tied down when I left you last ; and how happy do I think myself in being at Freedom to give you all the Testimonies of the sincerest Esteem and Friendship,

ship, of which a Heart infinitely attached to you is capable.

I receive your Careffes, my dear *Alithea*, (for henceforth I insist upon all Ceremony's being banished between you and me, and that I shall be your *Arabella* as you are my *Alithea*) with as much Pleasure as you give them, and am very sure your Attachment to me cannot exceed mine to you; let this suffice once for all; but my dear Friend, added she, you know what a censorious World we live in: what will the People in this Town (who are the most malicious Creatures upon Earth) think, or, rather, what will they not say, upon seeing you and me so frequently together? As they believe you to be a Man, they will conclude, and not without Reason, that there must be a Love Intrigue carrying on between us; and, as the Town knows how little Access there is to Men at my House, I am uneasy upon the Score of my Reputation, which hitherto I have preserved entire. If you would discover your Sex, all Slander and Calumny would drop, but that's a Condescendence which you would, perhaps, think a Hardship upon you, as it would put an End to your rambling Project, which I should be sorry to do, considering how fond you are of seeing the World.

I am thinking, continued she laughing, of two very whimsical Remedies, either of which would make me easy, but I know not whether

whether I ought to accept of the one, or if you will not reject the other; however, for Whim's Sake, I will tell you what pretty Scheme I have in my Head; but first of all let me ask you a serious Question, to which I beg a serious Answer: Are you under any matrimonial Engagements? I neither am, answered I directly, nor ever intend to be, if I continue to think of a married State as I now do.

SINCE this is the Case, said the Widow, if I were sure there would be no Crime in our marrying, I would give you my Hand sooner than to any Man living; and I would accept with as much Pleasure, answered I laughing, as if I were capable to perform the Duties of a real Man, though I must own there would be some Injustice in robbing the Male Sex of such a Treasure.

FORBEAR your Compliments, my dear *Alithea*, said she, and let me proceed to the other Part of my Scheme which is this, that in case it should be esteemed a Mockery of the Sacrament of Marriage in us to join Hands, which I am very apprehensive it would, and that we must give over all Thoughts of that kind, the next thing to consider, is, whether I shall put on Breeches or you throw them off; I am afraid I should be very awkward in Mens Cloaths, and I believe it would be a Mortification to you to give up your favourite Scheme of travelling.

I own, said I, that I see Difficulties on both Sides ; as for Matrimony, I believe, in our Case, it is contrary to all divine and human Laws, and might be attended with dangerous Consequences, at least for me whom the World would look upon as a Cheat and an Impostor, unless you were to declare, upon a Discovery which possibly might happen, that you knew beforehand that I was a Woman ; and, even in that Case, our Whim, for no other Name it can justly bear, would make us be pointed at by all who knew us, and be talked of all over the Kingdom ; and, as for my giving over my Travels, I confess that I have so strong a Desire, or Passion if you will, to see *Italy*, that a Disappointment would give me great Uneasiness ; besides, my dear *Arabella*, though my Friendship for you should get the better of my Inclination for rambling a little longer, I should never be able to bear the Thoughts of appearing here in a different Shape ; and if I put on Womens Cloaths it must be in another Place than *Montpelier*.

HOLD, hold, my Dear, interrupted she, you have told me enough to convince me that neither of my Proposals will do, and indeed your Reasons are too strong to be combated, yet I hope you'll pardon Want of Thought, and attribute it to the Power of a very extraordinary Friendship, which hurried me on without Reflection. But, added she sighing, what must be done then, for to part

part with you is Death to me? Why, my dear *Arabella* cried I, clasping her in my Arms, be such a Man as I, and let us jaunt it about, and divert ourselves with the Follies of the World.

I believe it must be so, said she, but I fear I shall make a very odd Sort of a Cavalier; however, I have a good Master, and I will be a very tractable Scholar. I never in my Life felt so much Joy as at her consenting to go along with me, and I expressed my Satisfaction in Terms more proper for a Lover than a Friend; for to speak the Truth, I found my Heart so wrapt up in this lovely Woman, that had she stood out, I certainly should have come into Petticoats again, in any other Place except where we were; but I was ravished with the Thoughts that I could now satisfy my Curiosity without parting with my Friend.

WE then began to consider how we were to execute our Project, and after several Methods, we at last fixed upon this, that as her Curate's Nephew was her Agent and Receiver, there was a Necessity of letting him into the Secret, which she said we might very safely do, as he was a discreet good Man, and very much attached to her; and I likewise wish, added she, that the Thing were made known to the Curate, who is a pious good Man, without the Rigidity or Biggotry of some of the Clergy; he loves innocent Diversions, and I think he cannot call this

any Thing else, or, at worst, but a Whim, which may be pardonable in young Folks.

THOUGH I had some Apprehensions about letting the Priest into the Secret, lest he might propose Scruples which did not occur to us, yet as she had done so much for me, I could not but comply with this Proposal; and I had no sooner given my Consent than she took Pen and wrote to the Curate to come to Town with his Nephew, upon pressing Business; and this Letter was given to a Footman, who was ordered to set out early next Morning.

Now, my dear *Alithea*, said she, as you are still, in the Opinion of the Public, a very pretty young Fellow, I must punish myself by desiring you to retire, and to come but seldom to this House; I shall have the Pleasure of seeing you often at the Princess's, where we can always fall upon Ways to have a little Discourse without Affectation; tho', added she smiling, when we are at the Assembly, it would give me Pleasure to think that your Behaviour gave some Folks Umbrage there. Manage so as that they may imagine you love me; and I shall take Care to give you Marks of a greater Esteem than ever any of them could boast of; this will be a Sort of Diversion to you, and a Revenge to me for their Importunities.

I chearfully accept of the Commission, answered I laughing, because nothing gives me
me

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me more Diversion than to make those Fools called Lovers mad with Jealousy; but, my dearest, how shall I know them? One of them, said she, is an old Judge with a Folio Periwig, a Cravat of a yard long, and one Leg a Foot shorter than the other; to be sure you have taken Notice of him at the Assembly, hopping about after me; Yes, yes, said I, he is an Adonis of the first Magnitude.

THE next is a superannuated Colonel, who makes Love *a la mode de Guerre*; first forms a Blockade, then batters the Fort with great Compliments, which he calls Guns, and when he thinks the Breach is wide enough, threatens a general Assault, and to cut me Limb from Limb if I refuse to give up the Fort; that Fellow I don't love, said I; but go on.

THE third is a young Marquis, the greatest Fop upon Earth, and who thinks all the Women married and unmarried have a Plot upon him; and though I have a hundred Times told him, that I thought him a conceited Fool, he laughs it off, and tells me with an affected Grin, that the Ladies seldom speak as they think; you will know him by three or four Patches with which he adorns his Sheepish Face; and my Warrior has a remarkable long Sword, with a Hilt *a L'antique*.

I could not but laugh at this Description of my Friend's Lovers, and promised, tho' I did not at all like that terrible Son of *Mars*, that I would punctually obey her Commands, and endeavour to divert her, by making her Lovers jealous and mad, though at the Expence of a little Blood, which her hectoring Colonel might, perhaps, draw from me : Be under no Apprehensions that Way, said she ; for, though he's a Bully with the Women, he is as tame as a Lamb with the Men, and will abandon a hundred Mistresses rather than draw his Sword in Wrath ; and to be sure, continued she, if I had not known him to be a rank Coward, I would not have put you upon such an Exploit.

WELL, well, my dear *Arabella*, said I getting up, I will go home to my Toilet, and appear at the Assembly in the most gaudy Cloaths that I have, where I hope to meet my Charmer, and that she will be kind to me. Let this Kiss, said she, embracing me tenderly, be as a Pledge of my kind Usage ; and if I fail reproach me before the whole Assembly.

I went pretty early to the Assembly, dressed in a very gay Manner, where I had a little Conversation with the Princess before the Hall was crowded with Company. It would seem, Sir, said she smiling, by the Gaiety of your Dress, that you intend to make some Conquest here this Night. My
Intentions,

Intentions, Madam, answered I, would be very foolish, were they founded on no better Title than airy Dress, upon which, I believe, no Lady that comes here will put any Value; and as I am conscious to myself, that, stript of this Drapery, I have no other Accomplishments that can entitle me to any Lady's Favour; I conclude, that, with or without Dress, I have no Pretensions to Conquests.

I look upon Modesty, replied she, to be an Accomplishment in your Sex as well as ours; but to spare us both the Trouble, you of extenuating your Merit, and me of complimenting you on it; let me ask you one serious Question. Would you not be glad to make a Conquest of that pretty Lady whom I now see coming in? I turned my Eyes to the Door, and the first Object they met with was my dear *Arabella*, beautiful as a Goddess.

MADAM, said I to the Princess, that Lady deserves a Crown, and is an Object too high for my Ambition. In the mean time *Arabella* was advancing to make her Court to the Princess, who, upon her approaching, took her by the Hand, and said she came very opportunely to give her Opinion upon a Subject that she and I were upon; and, without giving her Time to answer, don't you join with me, Madam, added she, that there are few Ladies in this Town who would not be proud of making a Conquest of this

this Gentleman. Though I am not so proper a Judge of Merit, replied *Arabella*, as to determine this Question upon my own Capacity, yet I have so much Confidence in the Princess of *Auvergne's*, that I shall without any Difficulty adhere to her Opinion, if it be in favour of this Gentleman. Why then, Madam, said the Princess, if the Chevalier *de Radpont* should happen to be your Conquest, remember that 'tis my Opinion he deserves to be kindly used, and that you have engaged yourself to think as I do. I believe I shall run no Risk, Madam, replied she, to pin my Faith upon your Opinion, even in this Case, since I believe the Chevalier to be a Man of too good Taste, and too much prepossessed with the Merit of the *Paris Ladies* to be conquered by any of our Country Beauties, if we except Princesses.

Do not be too rash in judging, Madam, cried I, in a Sort of Rapture, and with a passionate Glance, which did not escape the Princess, your Charms make more Conquests than you are aware of ; and it were, perhaps, to be wished, for my Repose, that the Remembrance of the *Paris Ladies* could guard my Heart against them ; but it is so far from being fortified from that Corner, that I do not now remember one Woman in *Paris* whom I think half so beautiful as you ; where this will land I submit to the Judgment of the Princess, and shall beg of her to tell me, whether I am not in a fair Way to be your Conquest. Since you consult me, said she
laughing,

laughing, I conclude that you are fairly embarked for the Island of Love, and I wish you a prosperous Voyage. After this short Sentence she went to meet the Intendant's Lady, who was entering, and left my dear *Arabella* and me together.

THE Day is our own said she softly, I have been shut up for above an Hour with my Curate and his Nephew who came galloping to Town the Moment they received my Letter. The Priest was strangely surprized, and stood out a While, upon Account of the Dangers and Inconveniencies to which I should be exposed; but at last yielded; and, what gave me great Satisfaction, allowed that tho' there was something very whimsical in it, yet it could not be called criminal, so that I now think every Minute an Age, 'till I am got into my short Coat and Breeches. Come my dearest *Althea* follow me to yonder Window, and let us there laugh at the Suspicions of the Princess and the Contorsions of two of my Lovers whom I observe looking upon us and biting their Nails.

I have ordered my Agent to get Supper prepared for us at his Aunt's House, who is by good Luck out of Town; by going there we will give the Slip to Spies, and be at Freedom to concert every Thing; here is a Direction to find the House, I will only stay one Party at Quadril, and when that is over make the best of my Way, and
some

some Time after, you may follow; so fare well, my dearest till by and by; with that she went and joined Company with some Ladies, and I turned another Way. I diverted myself with going from Table to Table, and told every Body who asked me to play, that I had been so lately maltreated, I resolved to take a little Respite; at last I went and planted myself at the Back of the Princess's Chair, who observing me as she turned her Head; have you any better Notion, Sir said she softly, of your Merit now, than you had at your first coming in? Less, if less can be of my own, Madam, said I, but more of anothers; do not despair answered she, for if I guess right, you have no Reason to complain. Very well thought I, this Princess thinks I am over Head and Ears in Love with the Widow, and that she does not hate me.

As I was rambling about, I happened to meet this terrible Colonel, who after examining me from Head to Foot; *Parbleu* said he 'tis a pretty Play-thing for a Lady, and if the Widow can Love such a Creature as this, I wish her much Joy of it; I brushed close up to him, and taking him by the Hand, to which I gave not a Lover's Squeeze, by your looks, it would seem, Sir, said I, that you was muttering something about me, and if I rightly heard, in a contemptible Manner; as you have been, I am told, an Officer of Courage and Resolution, one would think, if you have any Grudge at a Man,
you

you would tell him so in plain Language and with an audible Voice; Faith and so I would, Sir, said he, for you must know, tho' I say it that should not say it, no Man that ever wore a Head, can fright the *quondam* Colonel of the second Battalion of *Bourbon*; but do you know me, Sir, or have you heard what terrible Havock I made among the *English and Dutch* the last Campaign? I have nothing to do with your Martial Exploits, said I, but I want to know whether you have any Pretensions to a certain Lady, whom you saw me with here this Night, and looked as if you would have bit off my Nose. Look you Sir, the Lady I mean is *Madam de Montferan* the charming Widow to whom I make my Addresses, and if you are my Rival, you must give over your Pretensions, or this Sword, clapping my Hand to the Hilt, shall pierce your Heart. The Woman, said he trembling, is a pretty Woman enough, and I could perhaps draw my Sword for her, did I think it consistent with the Character of an old Officer to fight for a Trifle. Sir, said I, with a seeming Rage, to treat the most charming Woman of her Sex so contemptuously renders you more obnoxious than if you were my Rival, and I insist upon having Satisfaction for this Affront; so chuse your Time, Place, and Weapons. Hey dey, said the Colonel, what Fire? were all the young Gentlemen in the Nation as zealous for their King and Country as they are for a Mistress, how happy would it be for the

Nation. Young Man, said he to me, after this Exclamation, I did not intend to affront the Lady, nor do I intend, if she declares in your Favour, to dispute her with you. In that Case, old Man, said I, you and I may be Friends, but no more muttering, and no more Pretensions to a Lady whom I am courting and hope to obtain; so fare you well--- I went next to parly a little with the Fop, but finding him closely engaged in a Party of Quadril, I only whispered in his Ear, that *Madam de Montferan* desired me to tell him that the killing Patch was wrong placed this Night, and that she had retired quite out of Humour about it. The poor Idiot was so confounded that he quite forgot his Game, and pulling out a little Glass out of his Pocket viewed the Badges of his Foppery, and finding them all in the usual Places; Sir, said he, the Lady must be mistaken, or you are making Game, but To-morrow is a new Day, and I shall find out the Mystery; yes, Sir, said I, and you may expect to have it unfolded by me, perhaps, to your Cost. To finish my Round I had only the Judge to give a *Nota Bene* to, and having found him in a Corner not far from the Door, sitting with an antedeluvian Sort of a Female, I begged her Permission to speak a Word to her Companion; upon which he rose and went to one side with me; and when we were at a little Distance he asked what my Business was with him? *Madam de Montferan*, Sir, said I, laid her Commands upon me, before she left the Assembly,

sembly, to tell you that you seem to be a little too indolent in her Aunt's Law Suit, and that she judges of your Passion by your Inactivity in her Friend's Affair. Give my Service to the Lady Sir, said he, and tell her that I am going on as fast as possible, and will leave no Stone unturned to give her Satisfaction in a very few Days. I would advise you, Sir said I, to be very diligent, for I suppose you are not ignorant that she is closely besieged, and it is possible you may lose the Fruit of your Labours ; the Woman is young, and cannot, perhaps, wait the slow Motion of you Judges ; so make a bold Push, Sir, or ---- you understand me. ---- Adieu, good Sir, --- mind your Business ; with that I made him a very low Bow, and left the Assembly, ordering my Chairmen to carry me to the Place where I was to sup with my dear *Arabella*, with whom I found her Curate and his Nephew ; our first Conversation was in the ludicrous Strain upon my Disguise, but at last we talked more seriously upon the Manner of executing our Project ; and it was resolved, that *Arabella* should, when her Aunt's Law Suit was ended, which she expected would be judged in a few Days, in *dernier ressort* at *Aix*, pretend an Obligation to go to *Paris*, upon an Affair of Consequence, which regarded her late Husband ; that I should set out about a Fortnight before, and wait for her at *Lyons*, from whence we should proceed to *Marseilles*, and take Shipping there for *Genoa* or *Leghorn*, as Opportunity offered. Her Equipage was to be the same with mine,

viz. her Maid *Diana*, of whose Affection and Fidelity she had many Proofs, was to be metamorphosed into a *Valet de Chambre*, and to be christened *Julian*; and a Footman to be hired in *Lyons*, or some other Place, who was to know no more of the Matter than mine did.

MATTERS being thus regulated, we supped with great Chearfulness; and I made my Friend laugh very heartily at my Manner of attacking her Lovers. As I am very confident, said she, of their pacific Dispositions, we will divert ourselves at their Expences; but my dearest, said I, is not your Fop a fighting Fellow? By no Means, answered she, he values his precious Person too much for that, and would rather lose his Mistress than disorder his Toupie by putting on his Hat, which I believe a Man must do when he fights.

NEXT Morning I went to have a little serious Conversation with Mr. *Symers* a *Scotch* Gentleman, who travelled with an *English* Gentleman, a Member of Parliament, as a Companion, and, to be sure, he might have been such to a Prince, for, in all my Life, I never met with a Man of more Merit, or who knew Books and Men better than this worthy *Scotchman*, who had made the Tour of the greatest Part of *Europe*, in Quality of Governor to a Nobleman's Son of his own Country, and had remained some time about
the

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the famous Mr. *Law's* Son, when the fatal Mississippi Scheme was carrying on.

WHEN I entered the Room, he took me by the Hand, and told me smiling, my dear Chevalier, you have come in a very lucky Minute, to tell me your Opinion of a Performance which a poor Author, of my Acquaintance, designs to publish in a few Days, if he can by Subscription raise as much Money as will put it to the Press.

IF it has your Approbation, said I, it needs no other Recommendation ; but pray what is it ? A very new and diverting System of Morality, replied he, and which you may read in a Quarter of an Hour, if you have so much spare Time upon your Hands ; and I believe, added he, the Author, pointing to a little meagre Man, pinned close to the Wall, in a dark Corner of the Room, and whom I had not before perceived, will approve of my putting his Manuscript into your Hands : He made Half a Dozen low Bows, and assured me, he would be very proud of my taking the Trouble of glancing over his poor Productions. As it is of a small Compass, said I, if Mr. *Symers* will allow me to step into his Closet I will run it over in a very short Time. Pray do, said my Friend ; and while you are reading I will write a Letter or two for the Post-Office.

I soon read over the Manuscript, and found the Author had taken a very different Road to some others who had written Treatises of Morality, and some of his Thoughts were really so new to me, that I intended to purchase the Copy, lest I should be gone from *Montpelier* before it was published.

WHEN I came out of the Closet, I asked the Author what he expected to get by the Publication; perhaps, said he, a Couple of Pieces, if the Thing takes a Run; that is but little, Sir, said I, and if you think proper to let me have the Copy, I will give you two Pieces, which you think it may bring you in, and three Pieces more for the Mortification it must be to an Author, who is fond of his Productions, not to have the Pleasure of acquiring a Character in the learned World.

WERE I, Sir, said he, in a Situation to indulge my Vanity, I should, perhaps, be as fond of doing it as another; but as I write to get Bread, your Proposal is mighty agreeable, as it is more advantageous than what I could propose to myself in publishing it, it is yours with all my Heart; upon which I gave him five Lewis d'ors, and he went off as happy as a Prince; but what made me laugh, as he was going out, he told me that if I usually dealt in such Commodities, he could, now and then, afford me as good and as cheap as his Neighbours.

MR.

MR. *Symers* laughed heartily at my Purchase, and I told him, that though I thought there was some Wit in the Thing, yet I scarce should have purchased it at so dear a Rate, had not the Author appeared to be in great Want of a little Cash; besides, as I had of late taken a Fancy to write down, by way of Amusement, every thing that happened to me, and, perhaps, not without some View of leaving my Travels as a Legacy to some Publisher, I thought this little Piece would fill up a Gap, when Adventures did not crowd in so much upon me; and as I am at present in one of those lucid Intervals, I will take the Liberty, nay, I rather ought to say, I will do the Reader the Favour to give him, for I think it is more proper for Males than Females, an Abstract of my five Guineas Purchase; and the worst he can say is, that a Fool and his Money are soon parted.--Now to my Task.

THE Author introduces his Scheme with the following Preamble, which, as he says, would have been more properly a Preface, and would have been placed so, but that he knew no body would read it.

‘ I have often observed, says he, with
 ‘ Concern, the little Efficacy of moral
 ‘ Treatises, in reforming the Minds and
 ‘ Manners of Men. The good Design of the
 ‘ Compilers is to be commended; their
 ‘ little

‘ little Success to be lamented. It has often
 ‘ exercised my Thoughts, and cost me some
 ‘ Pains to discover the Reasons of this unac-
 ‘ countable Evil. Some are, indeed, too
 ‘ obvious not to occur at first View ; such as the
 ‘ Power of evil Habits and corrupt Dispositions,
 ‘ the Languor and Inattention of Men, in the
 ‘ Perusal of any thing upon Morality or Re-
 ‘ ligion, compared with their Eagerness of
 ‘ inspecting a Novel, a Play, or a News-
 ‘ Paper ; the total Neglect of too many to
 ‘ consult Writings of this Stamp, and which
 ‘ are so little to their Taste. However, I am
 ‘ not so partial in passing Sentence on the
 ‘ Tribe of Readers as totally to acquit the
 ‘ Compilers of a due Share of the Fault.
 ‘ For it seems too plain to be dissembled,
 ‘ that a Part, and that no small one, of the
 ‘ little Influence of their Writings is charge-
 ‘ able upon the Composers. The Case, in
 ‘ short, may, very probably, be this. The
 ‘ Writers from Theories, perhaps finely fan-
 ‘ cied, and justly connected ; but too spe-
 ‘ culative, too sublime, too remote from
 ‘ Use, and, if I may venture to say it,
 ‘ little applicable to so motley a Compound
 ‘ as Man. For, supposing it true, that
 ‘ Reason is the peculiar Dignity and Prero-
 ‘ gative of this Species of Animals ; yet, we
 ‘ may fairly compute that the Brute may put
 ‘ in for two Thirds at least in the Composi-
 ‘ tion. Now, their Systems seem better
 ‘ adapted to Beings simply rational, than to
 ‘ such in whose Make the Brute is so main
 ‘ an Ingredient. And if we look closely,
 ‘ we

‘ we may see that this very Reason we so
 ‘ much pride ourselves in, blended as it is
 ‘ with our gross and flegmatick Mass, is not
 ‘ the Talent of arriving, or aiming at great
 ‘ and worthy Ends by suitable Mediums ;
 ‘ but a Fruitfulness in Shifts and Expedients
 ‘ to bring about selfish and sordid Ends, by
 ‘ Force or Stratagem. The first of which
 ‘ forms the Art military ; the latter, the
 ‘ numerous Trades of cozening and sharpening
 ‘ in Life.

‘ THESE Things being often turned over
 ‘ in my Thoughts, have led me to think,
 ‘ that a System of Morality properly practical
 ‘ is greatly wanted, and such as a Genius
 ‘ much superior to mine might be use-
 ‘ fully employed in. I have therefore resolved
 ‘ to present the World with a Sketch or
 ‘ Out drawing of a new Scheme of Ethicks ;
 ‘ wherein, rejecting the sublime High-flying
 ‘ Notions of my Prodecessors, I propose to
 ‘ keep the Nature of my Subject ever in
 ‘ View, to consider Man as a rational Brute,
 ‘ and to prescribe to his several Enormities
 ‘ Medicines not made up of Metaphysicks,
 ‘ but drawn from prudential Motives, that
 ‘ may possibly influence the Creature to be-
 ‘ come a less Nucence to itself and all about
 ‘ it. Religion enters no farther in my Scheme,
 ‘ than the Herd seem disposed to admit it,
 ‘ as a System useful to be looked on as
 ‘ possible, and that turns to Account upon
 ‘ many Occasions. But Decency, Repu-
 ‘ tation,

‘ tation, Health, Interest and the like Con-
‘ siderations are the chief Engines I em-
‘ ploy, as appearing by Experience, the only
‘ Ones likely to work on the Herd of Shop-
‘ keepers, Usurers, Attorneys, and the like.
‘ And I promise, upon my Veracity, to use
‘ no Arguments that may give Offence to
‘ People of their delicate Sense, or over shoot
‘ their Comprehension, which I am sensible
‘ is very scanty. Nor shall my Prescriptions
‘ disgust by their Harshness, however they
‘ may pall by their plainness and Simplicity ;
‘ for I freely own myself a Novice in Elo-
‘ quence, and quite unversed in the Sea-
‘ sonings of Stile and Fancy ; and as for
‘ subduing the Passions, deadning the sen-
‘ sual Appetites, Indifference in Point of
‘ self Interest and the like ; I am not
‘ Dreamer enough to press upon my Patients,
‘ as I am morally certain they will never
‘ digest them. No ; I very innocently re-
‘ commend, not the extinguishing the Passi-
‘ ons, but the confronting them, whereby
‘ the more kindly one may come off with
‘ the Victory ; not the starving the sensual
‘ Appetites, but the surfeiting them ; not a
‘ Lukewarmness to Lucre, but an extreme
‘ Caution how to compass it. But all this
‘ will better appear in the Sequel ; for I am
‘ not Artist enough to preface in Miniature
‘ what my Piece unfolds to the full. And if
‘ the Reader should say, that this Introduc-
‘ tion should rather have stood at the Head
‘ of my Treatise in Form of Preface, than
‘ have stepped into the Work ; let him
know

‘ know that this was done with Design, lest
 ‘ so necessary an Advertisement should partake the Fate of most Prefaces, to be overlooked and not read at all. Authors of
 ‘ greatest Use to me in furnishing Materials,
 ‘ were *Epicurus*, *Lucian*, *Erasmus*, *Sanchez*
 ‘ upon Marriage, and the ingenious *Rabelais*.

‘ To begin then; I observe that *Plato* in
 ‘ the sixth Book of his Republick takes Notice, that the Work of the Politicians and
 ‘ State Orators is no other than that of Jockeys, Swineherds and the like, allowing for
 ‘ the Difference of the Subject. Their Employ in short, is to inform themselves in
 ‘ the Appetites and Aversions of a certain
 ‘ Monster called the *Multitude*, to know how
 ‘ to gratify the former, and keep off all
 ‘ Occasions of the latter: The Science of
 ‘ Morality I consider in the same Light,
 ‘ and judge it to consist in the Knowledge
 ‘ of what pleases and offends the Creature
 ‘ which I shall call the *Yahoe*. The genuine Moralist I own, does not confine
 ‘ himself to the bare Speculation, but forming his Remarks into Method is thereby
 ‘ directed to manage the Appetites and
 ‘ Aversions of the *Brute* to the greater Advantage; that is, to render it the least
 ‘ Nuisance possible to itself and follow Creatures.

‘ Now, Man being a rational Animal or
 ‘ Beast, is capable of receiving Instruction,
 ‘ so

‘ so far as Experience and Precept convey
 ‘ it. The first Intention in the Mind of
 ‘ every human Creature is to gratify the
 ‘ whole Series of his Appetites, as they shall
 ‘ rise uppermost, without Lett or Hindrance.
 ‘ But as Experience shews, that the Way
 ‘ to compass this Gratification, is in many
 ‘ Cases to dissemble the Appetite; and that
 ‘ sometimes the present Gratification draws,
 ‘ by some untoward Fate, a Train of ugly
 ‘ Consequences behind; this Experience
 ‘ awakens Reflection, and that Cunning,
 ‘ which Points out the Necessity of Scheme,
 ‘ Method and System, or in other Words,
 ‘ of speculative Morality. And this it is
 ‘ which I am now at Work upon for my
 ‘ Reader’s Good.

‘ To proceed. The Pursuit of Gratifi-
 ‘ cations without Prudence, often thwarts
 ‘ the Intention of the *Yahoe*. And this in-
 ‘ discreet Conduct constitutes the Nature of
 ‘ Vice, which is therefore a blind Prosecuti-
 ‘ on of Pleasure. I do not think any Whore-
 ‘ monger, Sot, or Cheat, can object to this
 ‘ Definition, for tho’ it may seem to include
 ‘ some Reflection upon his Conduct, yet
 ‘ it tends not totally to condemn it, but
 ‘ to give it a turn to his Advantage.

‘ VICES are generally divided by Mora-
 ‘ lists into two Heads, sensual and intellec-
 ‘ tual. The former relate to Pleasures of
 ‘ Sense; the other to bad Qualities in the
 ‘ Mind simply, such as Pride, Avarice,
 ‘ ill

‘ ill Nature, &c. Now these latter, I am
 ‘ under some Doubt whether to prescribe
 ‘ to at all, and my Reason is, that no
 ‘ body thinks himself concerned in any Thing
 ‘ said to their Disparagement, but very can-
 ‘ didly applys it to his Neighbour. Thus
 ‘ you may rail at Pride, with the Approba-
 ‘ tion of the most puffy Mortal breathing,
 ‘ who has Numbers in his Eye that he
 ‘ judges it very suitable to, and hates mor-
 ‘ tally for it. Rail at Avarice before a
 ‘ Miser equal to D——r of happy Me-
 ‘ mory, and he is not displeased to hear an
 ‘ Invective against more than one Person
 ‘ that will not let him embezzle their
 ‘ Money.

‘ THE malicious are in a continual Fret
 ‘ at the ill Will, which they need not doubt
 ‘ all Mankind bears them. That is, they
 ‘ detest in others the Similitude of their own
 ‘ Disposition. Thus it is, and is likely to
 ‘ continue: My Advice, therefore, upon
 ‘ these Heads will be intirely palliative, not
 ‘ tending to remove the Disorder, but make
 ‘ it more supportable to the Person infected,
 ‘ as well as to his Neighbours. But as to the
 ‘ sensual Tribe of Vices, I am not without
 ‘ Hopes to remove them from some, to abate
 ‘ them to more, to render them less irksome
 ‘ to all.

‘ I differ from the rest of the Systematical
 ‘ Writers in their Division of Duties. They
 ‘ split them into three Heads, our Duty to
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‘ God, to our Neighbour, and to ourselves.
 ‘ I hope I have considered the Point atten-
 ‘ tively, and can support with strong Rea-
 ‘ sons my rejecting two Branches of this
 ‘ Division, and only admitting our Duty to
 ‘ ourselves.

‘ In this (besides what shall be offered
 ‘ hereafter) I am governed by the Practice
 ‘ of the World, not duly weighed by the
 ‘ Moralists : For it does not appear that
 ‘ Men in their ordinary Practice, shew a
 ‘ Sense of, nor will by Consequence allow
 ‘ of any Duty but the Care of ourselves.
 ‘ True it is, that from Motives of Decency
 ‘ or Reputation, they may perform some
 ‘ Acts of Religion, and seem to shew some
 ‘ Sense of Honesty and Humanity upon cer-
 ‘ tain Occasions. But the most sincere of
 ‘ those we are wont to stile *very honest Men*,
 ‘ will acknowledge this, under the Rose,
 ‘ to be chiefly for Peace-sake, and to keep
 ‘ up a fair Reputation. Besides, they con-
 ‘ sider that, perhaps, they may find their
 ‘ own Account in it in their Turn. There-
 ‘ fore, the Duties of Piety, Charity, Gene-
 ‘ rosity, &c. I look upon as Works of Su-
 ‘ pererogation, and which every Person may
 ‘ consult his Interest, Taste, or Credit,
 ‘ whether to practise or to omit. Nor shall
 ‘ I take upon me to condemn a Lukewarm-
 ‘ ness or Indifference that Way, but am wil-
 ‘ ling to suppose it a Symptom of Sagacity.
 ‘ For your sage Practitioners look upon
 ‘ these Duties as little likely to meet with

a suitable Return, and to be like Stoical
 Virtue their own Reward. And as those
 who pretend to know the World best es-
 pouse this Side of the Question, it would
 be cruel to pin them down to the Perfor-
 mance of Duties they deem to be useles
 and visionary. Some may, perhaps, think
 that a Pretext to Rigidness in these Articles
 may turn to Account, and I know not but
 in some Age of the World, or very remote
 Country, this may be true, but should think
 that any such Pretext at this Time and
 Place is what a discreet honest Man would
 be shy of, as it would scarce fail of being
 branded with Hypocrisy. Therefore upon
 this Head, I pretend not to advise, but
 leave every Man to follow his Fancy. Thus
 much for the Practise, but for Behaviour,
 particularly Conversation, the Case is diffe-
 rent, and demands distinct Considerati-
 on.

FIRST then for Piety, or what the
 Moralists call our Duty to God; I think
 it is not useles to believe the Existence
 of a Deity. My Reason is, that consi-
 dering the Hard-heartedness of Mankind,
 it must be comfortable upon many Oc-
 casions to think that what passes es-
 capes not the Inspection of a Being quite
 free from Selfishness and Brutality. A silent
 Appeal to him in Cases of undeserved Dist-
 ress, and Hopes of being one Day redressed
 may, for ought I can see, be a main Sup-
 port and Relief.

“It is indeed alledged by those who think otherwise, that to the Notion of a Providence is annexed an Apprehension of Punishment for the Bad, as of Reward for what is well meant; and for this Reason they reject it. But this seems to be meer Cavil, and what the fine Thinkers are too acute to be serious in. For, since the admired *Cratylus* * has exposed the Weakness of any such bug-bear Apprehensions, over and over assuring his Readers, that the vindictive Side of a Deity is the Invention of Priests, and runs counter to our natural Notions; methinks his Authority might silence any such Alarms.

“BESIDES, as the Moralists are agreed, that no Passion, nor by Consequence Anger, is applicable to the Divinity; whatever Evils are annexed to any Actions can be looked upon as no other, than an Order of Things consistent with the best humoured Providence they will be pleased to admit. And in fact we see that drinking, whoring, robbing, and the like, are wont to be followed by very untoward Consequences. May they not as well then allow these to result from a benign Providential Dispensation, as from an undistin-

* The Author of the *Characteristicks*, translated from *English* into *French* by the Count *de Maurepas*'s Secretary.

guishing Necessity? But it will be said, that the Belief of a Deity disposes Men to a Suspicion of an After-state of Being, wherein some Persons may be called upon to clear a long Score, that Death, as they hoped, had wiped off at once. I confess these Men are much in the Right to have in horror an After-reckoning, that run so deep in Arrears with Justice, and never purposed to pay, but bid Good-night to their Creditor; as if it was the Privilege of cunning Villainy to run in Debt with, and then bilk the Universe.

BUT to make these Objectors as easy as I can, let them apply what was said a little above; viz. that as some Enormities are pestered in this Life with Plagues and Punishments, whether there be or be not a Providence; they are not secure, by excluding one, against a Reckoning hereafter. For why, pray, may not the same ill-natured Chance or Fate, or whatever they please to call it, that so unkindly dogs them in this World, pursue them into the next; since in fact it is plain, that whatever the Reason be, Vice and Wickedness cannot lodge out of the Neighbourhood of Vexation and Misery! And as to a State to succeed, the same Cause that constituted this World, be it what it will, may, for ought they can tell, have ordained another hereafter. And these Topicks I recommend to their Consideration,

‘ if their great Sagacity has not prevented
 ‘ me.

‘ HAVING thus shewn the Innocence of
 ‘ such a Belief as I plead for, I must advise
 ‘ my Reader not to use himself to harangue
 ‘ in Company upon the Advantages of
 ‘ Atheism, upon Pain of being counted a
 ‘ Blockhead. The Writers that have ef-
 ‘ poused the negative Side of the Question
 ‘ are no better ; if the best Wits of *Europe*
 ‘ may be believed ; and for ordinary Men,
 ‘ Pretences to Skill in atheistical Metaphy-
 ‘ sicks, are, methinks, utterly unbecoming,
 ‘ nor are like to meet with Credit. Besides,
 ‘ an affected Disbelief of Religion is become
 ‘ so stale a Topick, and sunk so low by pas-
 ‘ sing through the Mouths of Mechanicks,
 ‘ Females, and Footmen, that I see no
 ‘ Likelyhood of raising an Opinion, much
 ‘ less of founding a Reputation of Parts upon
 ‘ it. Some, I am sensible, hope to shew
 ‘ their Sagacity, by distinguishing between
 ‘ natural Religion and Revelation, pretending
 ‘ a thorough Conviction of the former, but
 ‘ a just Contempt for the latter. But tho’
 ‘ this Scheme be authorized by the Practice
 ‘ of many fine Gentlemen and Ladies,
 ‘ yet I cannot recommend it, finding it
 ‘ liable to the same Objection with the
 ‘ former.

‘ It is become too trite, sunk too low,
 ‘ and betrays no Sharpness of Wit, because
 ‘ it wants Consistence. And it is well
 ‘ known

known, that the Strong-thinkers of the Times look down with Contempt on such mongrel Religionists, as so many One-eyed Persons that are not clear-sighted enough to see through the whole System. Therefore, such a Distinction can neither recommend one to the Vulgar, who are wont to judge of Things by the Lump, nor to their own Party, whose Heads are above compromising the Matter.

Lastly, it is not looked upon as good Manners to thwart the general Taste, were it no more than a Fashion; and for this, and the Reasons just specified, I think the Reader will find his Account best, in never publicly declaiming against Religion in general, or that of his Country in particular. If he has no Relish to either, he need only wave the Subject entirely, which is at this Day the general Practice.

Now that I am upon the Subject of Piety, the Reader will, perhaps, take it amiss if I say nothing on the practical Part of it, Worship, public Worship especially. I confess I had Thoughts of dismissing the Subject without touching on this Article, as it unfortunately happens that my Notions and the Practice of Persons of Taste at this Day do not concur; however, I hope their Indulgence, in briefly hinting my Opinion, after which their Plea shall be allowed its full Latitude.

I

' I suspect then, that to appear at religi-
 ' ous Assemblies, and to preserve an outward
 ' Form of Devotion there, is a Thing well
 ' becoming a good Commonwealth's-man,
 ' whatever may be his private Opinion.
 ' The World is much influenced by Example,
 ' especially the Lower Class of Men, by that
 ' of their betters; so that the former (who
 ' in every State make the Bulk of the People)
 ' are much strengthened in their Belief of
 ' Religion, and disposed to practice it, when
 ' a regular Attendance at the public Service
 ' and decent Behaviour there seem to be-
 ' speak a Sense of it in the Minds of People
 ' of Figure. This is all I shall presume to
 ' offer in favour of my Opinion.

' Now the Fine-thinkers on the other
 ' Side, overlooking such mean Considera-
 ' tions, object the Irksomness of attending
 ' such Meetings that they expect no good
 ' from. If even the Entertainment was to-
 ' lerable, something might be said in Behalf
 ' of such Assemblies, and Persons of Taste
 ' condescend at Times to honour them with
 ' their Presence. But what shall we say in
 ' their Defence, where the Musick is for the
 ' most part bad, and the Preaching, perhaps,
 ' worse, and the Congregation too of a
 ' Piece with both; or if a few Persons are
 ' by Chance to be met there, that in other
 ' Places would make possible Company, they
 ' are there spoiled for Conversation, by at-
 ' tending to the Business of the Place.
 ' This

‘ This is the Sum of what these refined
 ‘ Thinkers object, so far as I can remember ;
 ‘ and far be it from me to count light or
 ‘ trivial Complaints so well grounded, and
 ‘ so becoming their great Capacity.

‘ As to the Meanness of Church Musick
 ‘ then, I fear it will not be looked upon as
 ‘ a National Grievance, till our People in
 ‘ general have better Ears, and that is a
 ‘ Thing I despair of. It must be owned,
 ‘ that up and down in the Kingdom,
 ‘ especially where there is no Relief
 ‘ from an Organ ; the Incapacity of the
 ‘ Clerk, the Badness of his Voice and vile
 ‘ Performance in the whole, may well de-
 ‘ ter a delicate Ear from ever approaching
 ‘ the Place. To remedy this Evil, I pro-
 ‘ pose that in every Parish throughout the
 ‘ Kingdom, a competent Number of Infants
 ‘ may, from time to time, be qualified for
 ‘ the Seraglio, by which Means we may ne-
 ‘ ver for the future want a Supply of truly
 ‘ musical Clerks.

‘ NEXT, as to the Complaint of bad Prea-
 ‘ ching, little suited to nice Apprehensions ;
 ‘ this too I fear will not pass for a general
 ‘ Nuisance, till the Bulk of our People
 ‘ refine in their Understandings ; which they
 ‘ will in all Probability do, when they come
 ‘ to have better Ears. At present, let the
 ‘ fine Gentry consider that what appears
 ‘ to them mean and low, may be therefore
 ‘ suitable and edifying to Intellectuals just of a
 ‘ Level.

' Level. Or if one of their own Tribe were to
 ' mount in the Parson's Place, does he think
 ' that his delicate Sentiments and fashionable
 ' Strain, would be to the Gouft of the Po-
 ' pulice? However, if these squemish Wits
 ' are peremptory for a Reformation on this
 ' Head, I can only advife them to have in
 ' Readinefs a Petition againft the next Con-
 ' vocation, where every bad Preacher may
 ' be prefented as a Nufance. I fee no other
 ' Remedy, doubting whether the Govern-
 ' ment will interfere in the Matter. And
 ' as for the meanefs of the Members, they
 ' may as well tolerate their Prefence in a
 ' Church, as in a Play-houfe; and as to the
 ' fpoiling good Company for Converfation,
 ' by their Attention being turned to the
 ' Parfon, befides, that this Fault is feldom
 ' committed in thefe Days; whenever it is
 ' the Cafe, People of Taffe may comfort
 ' themfelves with *Roquelauré's* Remark, that
 ' one is at Church, too apt to do what they
 ' fhould not do.

' LASTLY, as to irkfomenefs of Atten-
 ' ding Affemblies that fine Gentlemen ex-
 ' pect no good from, this they will Pardon
 ' me if I difsent from, fince if no other
 ' Advantage accrued to them, it may ferve
 ' to exercife their Patience, a Quality of
 ' notable ufe, and which they are for the
 ' moft Part very flenderly flock'd with.
 ' And hoping that in this Apology, I have
 ' avoided their Dufguft if not fpoke to their
 ' Satisfaction,

‘ Satisfaction, I quit them, and the present
‘ Subject together.

‘ THE supererogating Virtues of Charity
‘ and Generosity come next. I will begin
‘ with defining them, asking Forgiveness for
‘ setting my Foot in the Province of Pedant-
‘ ry. Generosity I define to be, a Disposition
‘ to benefit Mankind, without expecting any
‘ Return. This is plainly a stoical Virtue,
‘ which, I own, might be properly practiced,
‘ could it be procured. I mean that he
‘ who feels such a Disposition and consequent
‘ Satisfaction in exerting it, has perhaps an
‘ higher Gratification, than an Usurer in
‘ exorbitant Interest, or a Tradesman in
‘ Extortion. But as, in all Probability, the
‘ Reader is a Stranger to any such Sense,
‘ it would be trifling away Time, to insist
‘ longer upon it. The Theory might be
‘ curious, but would center finally in Spe-
‘ culation.

‘ CHARITY is somewhat related to it,
‘ intimating an Uneasiness in the Mind to
‘ fit still at the Sight or Sense of our Fellow-
‘ Creatures Wants. But as most of my Ac-
‘ quaintances could never be tempted to budge
‘ by any such Uneasiness; I hope it is no
‘ uncharitable Surmise to suppose this Vir-
‘ tue like the former, to be something Ide-
‘ al. It may therefore seem strange, that a
‘ certain learned Divine should characterise
‘ Christianity, as holding Charity in one
‘ Hand and Generosity in the other. He
‘ must

‘ must have had uncommon Luck in his
 ‘ Acquaintance, or have looked upon ge-
 ‘ nuine Christians to be as undistinguishable
 ‘ from other Men in this State, as the Elect
 ‘ are generally deemed to be.

‘ HERE a Question arises, how comes
 ‘ it to pass that those supererogatory Vir-
 ‘ tues are so much applauded and so seldom
 ‘ practised? of the former, the Reason may
 ‘ seem pretty obvious, *viz.* that their En-
 ‘ comiasts hope, by extolling them, to raise
 ‘ a Spirit in others to practise them. This
 ‘ may be plausibly said, but there is one strong
 ‘ Objection against it; that the Trick has
 ‘ been so often repeated with so little Suc-
 ‘ cess, that no Man of Sense hopes any
 ‘ Good from it now-a-days. And according-
 ‘ ly, those who know the World least are
 ‘ loudest in their Encomiums on these Vir-
 ‘ tues, and your sage Practitioners do not
 ‘ even pretend any Esteem for them. But
 ‘ the whole Clue of this motley Mixture of
 ‘ thinking, talking, and acting, may be
 ‘ learned from this Story told me by a great
 ‘ *Rosycrucian*. He related that *Jupiter*,
 ‘ when he took it into his Head to produce
 ‘ the Species of rational Brutes or *Yahoos*,
 ‘ had much Debate with himself what Dis-
 ‘ positions to stock them with. As Brutes,
 ‘ they ought to be sordid, selfish, ravenous
 ‘ and sensual. And as rational, they should
 ‘ disapprove and condemn these groveling
 ‘ Propensities.

‘ AT

AT length he came to this Resolution, to stock them with Reason sufficient to see the odious Meanness of those Qualities, but without any Disposition to decline or distaste them. In consequence of which it was necessary so to situate them, that their brutal Qualities should be Nufances sufficient to compel them to some Share or Semblance of Honesty, Justice, or Equity, so that as the *Yahoe* is driven to Good *per Force*, and this Necessity is nothing so urgent, to demand the Exertion of the transcendent Virtues of Charity and Generosity; this is the Reason that the former are sometimes exerted, and the latter seldom or never. And this I take to be a satisfactory Solution of the Problem, though furnished by one of that Tribe, so eminent for Obscurity, Jargon, and Imposture.

HAVING discussed this knotty Question, I proceed to settle the Point of Duty, and shew in what Sense I use it. The Reader perceives from the Tenor of the Discourse, that my Design is not to disgust him by a rigid unpalatable Morality. By Duty then, I mean no more than Interest, and take Interest in the Sense that the Bulk of Men seem disposed to admit it, for temporal Satisfaction. But as they seem divided in their Notions of Interest, even in that Sense; it shall be my Business to propose

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‘ pose an amicable Scheme, that may accommodate each Party.

‘ Now it is observable, that the Bulk of
‘ Tradesmen, Usurers, Stock-jobbers, and
‘ Misers, have another Notion of Interest
‘ from the Tribe of Wenchers, Drunkards,
‘ Highwaymen, in a word Men of Pleasure.
‘ Cheating, Extortion, and Money-making
‘ seem to comprize the Sense of Interest, in
‘ the Acceptation of the former; whoring,
‘ guzzling, &c. with the latter. It may
‘ seem a bold Undertaking to attempt reconciling two Schemes that seem directly to thwart each other; yet I despair not to bring it about, when I reflect that all the Difference lies in a Desparity of Tastes, the End proposed being entirely the same; for the dry Sharper is really actuated by the same Motive as the Rakehill, viz. the gratifying his Taste; for that either is influenced by Motives of Philosophy or Religion, sure neither of them will pretend. And the hard Words they bestow upon one another, are from Want of Attention to their common Inability to make a Change in their Feelings. Each has in View his own *summum bonum*, and is angry with the other that he should differ in his Choice. But as I pretend not to condemn either of their Tastes, I shall shew that they compass the same End by taking divers Roads.

‘ SENSIBLE

‘ SENSIBLE I am, that Enquiries into the
 ‘ *summum bonum*, or ultimate End of Life are
 ‘ fallen into Disrepute, from the little Suc-
 ‘ cess of those who have engaged in them,
 ‘ they being quite unadapted to vulgar Taste
 ‘ and Use. The Reason is, that such En-
 ‘ quires have for the most part fallen into
 ‘ the Hands of sublime, abstracted Theo-
 ‘ rists ; but I hope it may succeed better
 ‘ with a plain ordinary Thinker. The *sum-*
 ‘ *mum bonum* then, I define not this or that
 ‘ Gratification or Pursuit, but an uninter-
 ‘ rupted Series of Success in a Man’s Appe-
 ‘ tites and Pursuits, be they what they will.
 ‘ From this Definition it follows, that it is
 ‘ equally attainable by the dry Cheat and
 ‘ the loose Profligate ; the Miser and the
 ‘ Spend-thrift, Tradesman and Philoso-
 ‘ pher.

‘ As Men are rational, each aims at a
 ‘ certain End, and as they are Brutes take a
 ‘ Tincture of their several Tendencies from
 ‘ the Beasts they resemble. The brutal Part
 ‘ of the Man of Pleasure may be said to be
 ‘ near a-kin to the Goat and the Swine ;
 ‘ of the Sharper to be a Compound of the
 ‘ Fox and *Indian* Pismire, so celebrated for
 ‘ its Attachment to Gold.

‘ THE *summum bonum* being thus under-
 ‘ stood, Duty or Interest is easy to define, it
 ‘ being no other than the Pursuit of the for-
 ‘ mer, guided by Caution or Cunning ; for

' without this it will hardly be compassed.
 ' Therefore I reject your Foot-pads, Pick-
 ' pockets and the like, from my Class of moral
 ' Men, because they take absurd Methods,
 ' in their Pursuits of Gain, as Experience
 ' shews every Day. In like Manner, I do
 ' not plead for your Rakers of Stues, Swi-
 ' nish Swillers of Ale, Dram-drinkers, and
 ' such Men of Pleasure; but write for the
 ' Use of those, who sharp, drink, and
 ' whore, with some Regard for their Safe-
 ' ty, Health, and Character. For it is
 ' plain, the *summum Bonum* in my Sense,
 ' which is that of sage Shop-keepers, able
 ' Attorneys, knowing Gamesters, wary Let-
 ' chers, and discreet Good-fellows, cannot
 ' be compassed without Care and Caution.
 ' He that ruins his Health, can no longer
 ' enjoy his Wench or Bottle with that keen
 ' Sense which Pleasure demands; and he
 ' that extorts too grossely or openly, disqua-
 ' lifies himself for further Extortion, by the
 ' bad Report apt to be raised. Indeed if
 ' a Man is so stationed, that he need not
 ' fear any ill Consequences from Infamy
 ' and the Curses of Mankind, I know not
 ' how applicable my Advices may be to him,
 ' and therefore do not adapt them to prime
 ' Ministers, Treasurers, Generals, or any
 ' Rank of Men, but those who must keep
 ' fair with Mankind if possible. For, if a
 ' Man's Taste lies to publick Plunder, and
 ' Fortune seconds his Views, such a Charac-
 ' ter is too transcendent to fall under the
 ' Predicaments (as Logicians stile them) of
 ' ordinary

ordinary Ethicks. In all that I have said, the Reader perceives that I exclude every Motive of Action, but the Love and Care of our own selves; which makes me hope better Success to my Labours than my Predecessors could with Reason propose to theirs. But it is Time to handle Duties separately, which I shall do with the same Inoffensiveness as I define them.

WELFARE or Interest shoots out into three Branches, our Circumstances, Persons and Characters. This founds a three-fold Division of Duties; the first relating to Money, the second to Health, the third to Reputation. Industry and Cunning take in the first of these three Heads. Industry then is a Disposition of taking as much Pains as will make us easy, that is, supply us with Money sufficient to gratify our Appetites. But in Case any Person is so addicted to Laziness, that the getting over it is a greater Uneasiness, than the Money can recompence, it is plain that to such a Person Industry is no Duty. However, as these Men are wont to be pestered with Appetites of Hunger, Lewdness and the Like, equally with other People, I suspect that betimes they condemn in their own Minds their exorbitant Laziness, finding it and the *summum bonum*, not very consistent.

‘ Now we find that frequent Trial and
‘ Repetition will often make that supportable
‘ that at first seemed intollerable. And I be-
‘ lieve that Attempts of this kind may suc-
‘ ceed with some that mortally hate Labour ;
‘ and considering the useful Consequences
‘ that might attend such a Change, it may,
‘ perhaps, be the Interest of some Slugs to
‘ bestir themselves a little ; at least till Trial
‘ is made whether Habit can amend Nature
‘ in this Article. If they find it incurable,
‘ I have nothing to say against their relaps-
‘ ing to their original Sloth, and stewing in
‘ it the rest of their Days. Indeed, consider-
‘ ing the Irfomness of their Wants, and
‘ their Unwillingness to help themselves ; I
‘ know not whether the Public will be so
‘ gracious to look upon them with an Eye of
‘ Compassion, and consider them as Objects
‘ of Charity. Some very valuable Females
‘ I could in particular recommend to its
‘ Care, as they could enjoy with a keen
‘ Sense the Goods of Life if they cost them
‘ no Labour to compass.

‘ THE Workhouse, or Bridewell of this
‘ Place, I am sensible is a charitable Institu-
‘ tion, but not quite commodious nor duly
‘ elevated for some decayed Ladies of great
‘ Spirits, quick Senses, and no Industry ;
‘ and who are equally compounded of Pride
‘ and Sloth. In the mean time I can give
‘ no further Assistance to these worthy
‘ Gentle-

Gentlewomen than my Advice to make
 themselves as easy as possible under their
 Distresses, by opposing Pride to the Con-
 sequences of Sloth, and not to suffer their
 barking Appetites to transport them into
 Investives against Relations, Friends and
 Acquaintance. They must consider the
 Hard-heartedness of Mankind, their Dull-
 ness to discern the Dignity of Laziness,
 and unconscionable Disregard of impotent
 Railing.

It may be asked here, whether these
 undeserved Sufferers have not a Right to
 borrow that Relief from Cunning, which
 they despair of from Industry; or, whether
 to practise some petty Frauds, Fallshoods,
 and Pilferings, can in this Case be justly
 deemed criminal. In answer to this Ques-
 tion, I have consulted some loose Casuists
 on the Subject, and finding them divided
 in their Opinions, lean to the indulgent
 Side. I might therefore, perhaps, deter-
 mine in their Favour, if the Strength of
 their Temptations and the Nicety of their
 Morals, did not make it very needless to
 interfere. So much at present for Indus-
 try; Cunning comes next.

CUNNING is a certain Dexterity to com-
 pass our Ends, by Means that those we
 deal with discern not, and for that Reason
 do not think of opposing. The cunning
 Person ever takes a different Road from
 what he makes others imagine, who, by
 Con-

' Consequence can seldom meet him to stop
 ' his Career. He who is possessed of this
 ' Talent walks invisible at Noon-day, and
 ' may be compared to *Homer's Ulysses* mant-
 ' led with Air, so as he could see every body
 ' and be seen by no body. The Practice of
 ' it is the ready Road to Riches, Industry
 ' being comparatively slow however sure,
 ' and moves a Snail's Pace, with Regard to
 ' the speedy Advances of Cunning. For this
 ' Reason the Virtue of Cunning is deservedly
 ' in the highest Repute with your sage Deal-
 ' ers, it is the main Tool they work with,
 ' and in their solid Judgment takes Place of
 ' all the Cardinal Virtues. The Fox, as is
 ' well known, may, among the Brute kind;
 ' pass for a very Model of Cunning. The
 ' various Wiles and Artifices, Shifts and
 ' Doublings, Choice of the Hedge betimes,
 ' betimes of the Water; vanishing from off
 ' a Precipice, when he knows there is a
 ' Twig by the Side of it to support him,
 ' pissing round in a Circle, and leaping over
 ' it to elude the Scent; these and many
 ' more Refinements, bespeak a most uncom-
 ' mon Discernment, and such as no human
 ' Brute may be ashamed to study and imi-
 ' tate. So much in Praise of this superexcel-
 ' lent Virtue of Cunning. But as in riding
 ' Post, Men are more apt to come by an
 ' Accident than upon an easy leisurely Trot,
 ' so it unfortunately happens in Life, that
 ' the quick Pace of the Cunning, their over
 ' haste to be wealthy, does sometimes occa-
 ' sion a Dizziness in their Discernment,
 ' that

‘ that makes them mistake their Road, and
‘ light into one that lies too open and ex-
‘ posed.

‘ THE Result of this unlucky Error is a
‘ Discovery of their Design, which is too
‘ apt to be defeated whenever it is detected.
‘ Besides, the Wyles of the Cunning,
‘ when laid open, make them look very ri-
‘ diculous, and, which is worse, occasion
‘ a Shyness in Men to deal with such rare
‘ Virtuosoës. The former Evil is sufficiently
‘ rectified by Impudence, an useful Quality
‘ which the Impostor is wont to be well
‘ stocked with; the latter is dangerous, and,
‘ without quick Redress, may become quite
‘ incurable. But as it is easier to prevent
‘ such Misfortunes than to redress them, I
‘ judge it of absolute Necessity that the vola-
‘ tile Virtue of Cunning be ballasted with
‘ the more cumbersome ones of Honesty and
‘ Veracity, which indeed rightly understood
‘ are two Branches of it, or rather two main
‘ Ingredients in it. This will appear by a
‘ just Explication of those Virtues practi-
‘ cally answered, to which I proceed imme-
‘ diately.

‘ HONESTY, then, I define to be Mo-
‘ deration in cheating, or such a Tempera-
‘ ment in Imposition or Extortion, as es-
‘ capes the Law, keeps the Character pretty
‘ unsullied, and does not end in the Ruin
‘ of the Person it is practised on. I hope
‘ this Definition may appear pretty accurate

‘ to

‘ to ordinary honest Dealers, as it is exact-
 ‘ ly copied from their Practice. Honesty
 ‘ thus being made to consist in a certain
 ‘ Temperament or Moderation, it is plain
 ‘ includes Proportion; Proportion, I mean,
 ‘ between the Circumstances of the Person
 ‘ we cozen, and the Quantity of the Extor-
 ‘ tion; for it seems not reasonable to extort
 ‘ equally upon him that has an Hundred
 ‘ Yearly Income, and another that has but
 ‘ ten, and to do Justice to Mr. *Bubble* the
 ‘ Toyman, he never failed to make *Lord*
 ‘ *Lackwit* pay twenty Guineas for a Joint
 ‘ worth two, while he exacted but ten from
 ‘ *Squire Empty*; and the Difference was
 ‘ just in proportion of their Fortunes. I do
 ‘ not pretend that the Bulk of Dealers are
 ‘ so scrupulously honest; nor do I require
 ‘ it.

‘ *Aristotle* has long since observed, that
 ‘ Morality is not to be weighed by Grains
 ‘ and Scruples, but rests within certain rea-
 ‘ sonable Bounds, which Honesty will not
 ‘ pass. Therefore I do not see how Usurers
 ‘ that take exorbitant Interest, or Pleaders
 ‘ that take unconscionable Fees, can put in
 ‘ for the Title of honest Men. I own that
 ‘ Attorneys, Proctors, and Solicitors, may
 ‘ demand some Latitude, and whatever Per-
 ‘ sons have been intirely bred to Fraud and
 ‘ Sharping; but think it immoral in old
 ‘ Benchers to be as merciless in taxing their
 ‘ Clients, when they have embezzled Es-
 ‘ tates by their Practice, as at their first
 ‘ setting

‘ setting out. This to me looks too like the
‘ Practice of those hard-hearted Quacks,
‘ who at once poison their Patients and pick
‘ their Pockets.

‘ CHARITY, indeed, in able Practitioners,
‘ would be an Offence against their primary
‘ Maxim, the advancing the Practice of the
‘ Law ; but I know not whether it would
‘ be equally unreasonable to expect practical
‘ Honesty at their Hands. And, observing
‘ the World to be very indulgent on this
‘ Head, I do not much oppose it.

‘ It may, perhaps, somewhat help our
‘ Judgments about Moderation or Proportion
‘ in cozening, to examine which of the
‘ three Proportions here takes-Place, viz.
‘ Arithmetical, Geometrical or Musical.
‘ and this being a Point of much Subtilty and
‘ Importance, I pray my Readers particular
‘ Attention.

‘ FIRST then, as to musical or harmoni-
‘ cal Proportion, my Skill is too scanty in
‘ Musick to apply it to the Subject ; and as
‘ for any Connection between Musick and
‘ Honesty, I can only say, that as Virtue is
‘ something related to Symmetry, Harmony
‘ may, for ought I can tell, enter into the
‘ Composition ; which looks the more likely
‘ from the Impression of Musick in former
‘ Times upon the Passions, when Men could
‘ be piped into Humanity, and jigged into
‘ De-

' corum ; but these fine Ears and Per-
 ' formers, are long since extinct. But
 ' to return to my Proportions, and to
 ' consider whether the Quantity of Extor-
 ' tion is to be regulated by arithmetical or
 ' geometrical Proportion. Now, to me, it
 ' seems, that strict Honesty requires a geo-
 ' metrical Ratio in cozening, while the or-
 ' dinary Practice is Arithmetical, which
 ' seems not so fair. To explain this ; arith-
 ' metical Proportion consists in equal Diffe-
 ' rences ; geometrical in equal Ratios or
 ' Quotients.

' By the Rule of geometrical juggling
 ' Extortion should proceed in Mr. *Bubble's*
 ' Method of being, as 2 to 1, when practis-
 ' ed upon two Persons whose Incomes bear
 ' that Proportion ; so 20 is to 10, as 2000
 ' is to 1000, that is 2 to 1. But the ordi-
 ' nary Practice of honest Traders is to ex-
 ' tort by equal Differences, or Excesses of
 ' the Value, without Regard to the Circum-
 ' stances of the Purchaser. Or if the Worth
 ' of the Commodity has divers Estimations to
 ' divers Persons, yet this rising and sinking
 ' regards not the Circumstances but the Sa-
 ' gacity of the Buyer ; for knowing Dealers
 ' do not pretend to practise alike on the skil-
 ' ful and unskilful, and the Excess or Quan-
 ' tity of Imposition bears nearly an inverse
 ' geometrical Ratio to the Skill of their
 ' Chaps.

' THUS

‘ THUS they extort nearly three times as
 ‘ much upon him, whose Skill they deem
 ‘ three times less than the other. This may
 ‘ be rational enough, for each Customer
 ‘ goes away equally content, unless where
 ‘ unfortunately they con Notes, and com-
 ‘ pare their Purchases and Prices. When a
 ‘ Discovery of this Kind is upbraided to the
 ‘ fair Dealer, he must take Care not to shew
 ‘ the least Confusion, but have in Read-
 ‘ nefs different Names for the same Commo-
 ‘ dity. This with a solemn Asseveration of
 ‘ Integrity (which I shall just now shew to
 ‘ be innocent) will seldom fail to reconcile
 ‘ the Dupe to the Cheat, if so honest a Man
 ‘ may be called so. As when Lord *Lackwit*
 ‘ having unluckily compared his Joint with
 ‘ ‘Squire *Empty*’s, and finding no Difference
 ‘ reproached the Seller with making him pay
 ‘ double ; Mr. *Bubble* satisfied h’s Lordship,
 ‘ by assuring upon his Veracity that the one
 ‘ was a *Bamboo*, the other no more than a
 ‘ *Jambee*. This elegant Distinction could
 ‘ not fail of giving Content to a Person of his
 ‘ Lordship’s Discernment, and made him at
 ‘ once see his Error in taxing Mr. *Bubble*’s
 ‘ Integrity.

‘ AND to conclude this Branch of Propor-
 ‘ tions, and with it my short System of
 ‘ fashionable easy Morality, it may be justly
 ‘ said in Defence of the Trader, that if he
 ‘ seldom makes Use of this more exact Form
 ‘ of geometrical Cozenage, he is not obliged
 Vol. II. B b ‘ to

‘ to know or enquire into the Circumstances
 ‘ of his Chaps, nor by Consequence to state
 ‘ his Extortion by them. Let it suffice that
 ‘ where he is at once acquainted with the
 ‘ Strength of their Pockets, and that of their
 ‘ Skulls, he never fails to apply it ; and if
 ‘ you are curious to know how he re-
 ‘ gulates Matters in that Case, I can tell
 ‘ you ; for the Fraud is in a compound Ra-
 ‘ tio, a direct one of the Pocket, and an
 ‘ inverse one of the Discernment. Thus of
 ‘ two Customers, he whose Revenue is three
 ‘ Times as large, and Head-piece three
 ‘ Times as weak as the other’s, shall undergo
 ‘ an Exaction nine-fold of his Fellow. I
 ‘ speak of two Chaps that buy separately
 ‘ and Light into the Hands of a Trader
 ‘ of rigid inflexible Honesty.’

I dare say my Readers of a genteel
 fashionable Taste will not dislike this pretty
 little System of Morality, which in my
 Opinion is intirely new, and our honest
 Extortioners, will have as good if not a bet-
 ter View of their own common Practice in
 this ludicrous Looking Glas as in a more
 serious Representation ; for to be sure his
 indulgent Scheme is more biting than if he
 were to draw a most hideous Picture, and
 rail himself out of Breath against the Immor-
 alities and Vices of the World. I could
 bring Instances in our own Days, where par-
 ticular Men have been unmercifully lashed by
 satyrical Pens, and pointed at by all their
 Neighbourts

Neighbours and Acquaintance ; what do you think was the Consequence of this ? Why, truly, such People wisely considered, that a broken Character is not to be retrieved by Change of Manners, and therefore piously resolved to make Money as fast as possible, right or wrong, being well assured when once a Man is possessed of an opulent Estate, a little Fraud in the Manner of acquiring it will not be minded ; for let the greatest Scoundrel upon Earth have but full Coffers, and my Life for it all his former Tricks will be buried in Oblivion, the Man has Money, and this Dross, we all well know, is the Idol which all the *Yahoos*, Man, Wife and Child, Worship and adore ; and since it has the Power of raising and destroying Kings and Kingdoms, of corrupting Mens Integrity and Women's Chastity, of procuring what your People of Taste call the Sweets of Life ; to be sure it must be a very sweet Thing to wallow in it, and a terrible sower Thing to have an empty Pocket ; Philosophers may talk as they please, and despise this Dross, but for my own Part, I frankly confess that I could neither speak, write, nor think, under straitened Circumstances ; and I have no Notion of the stoical Happiness of poring over a Parcel of musty Books in a Garret, and feeding upon Contemplation. The very Thoughts of it make me tremble ; and as I suppose the greatest Part of my Readers are as little in Love with Poverty as myself, I shall say no more upon this Topick, but endeavour to

entertain them and myself too with something less shocking.

THE Reader may remember, that I gave *Arabella's* Fop a transient Wipe upon his Patches, who thought himself so highly affronted that I found the following threatening Letter at my Lodgings when I returned.



To the Chevalier DE RADPONT *at the*
Eagle Inn.

MR. BLUFF,

I would have you to know that a little prig *Parisian* is out of his Latitude, or rather out of his Senses, when he finds Fault with the Decoratives that we Gentlemen of Taste, in this Place, think becoming; your Aversion to Patches, ought not, after all, to surprize me, in that I think you judge very right; for to be sure they would not become such a Face as yours; but I can see no Reason why mine should be the Subject of your insolent Raillery. Take my Word for it, good Signior *Don Quixot*, that the first Time I have the Honour of seeing your Knightship, you shall either beg my Patches Pardon for taking their Name in vain, or ---- I suppose you under-

understand what I mean, as well as when I tell you with great Sincerity that I am not

Your humble Servant,

AMBROSE DE RIGIDYRA.

THIS Letter, it must be owned, is original in its kind, and the Stile of it pleased me very much; but whether my Answer comes up to the Spirit of it I must submit to the Judgment of those who read what follows.



To Monsieur DE RIGIDYRA.

Great and magnificent Ambrose de Rigidyra.

SINCE the Badges of your Highness's Foppery call loud for Satisfaction, they must have it, and that too without Delay; but as the pretended Affront was private, the Satisfaction ought to be so too; and therefore, in Half an Hour hence, I will be walking on the *Canurgue*, where I expect to see the terrible *Rigidyra* and his Patches; from thence we will go a little out of Town together to some private Place, where I can, without Interruption, make the proper Apology. As we don't know what Accidents may

happen by Foot-pads or loose Fellows in the Fields, bring your best Sword along with you. I have a good one that has been through several Guts already, and I will shew you how I can handle it ; which is all I shall add till I have the Honour of seeing *Rigidyra* the Prince of Fops ; but that

*When I see great Rigidyra,
He, or I, must cry Picayra *.*

The Chevalier DE RADPONT,

I sent my Footman with this Letter, and went a little after to the Place appointed, not indeed without some Concern, notwithstanding *Arabella's* Character ; however, as I had so far engaged my Honour, I was resolved even to draw my Sword if I was put to it. I walked too and again about three Quarters of an Hour, and seeing no Enemy appear I returned to my Lodgings, where I found my Footman, who delivered me the following Billet,

* A Term in the *Languedocian Pattois*, or Jargon, expressing a Man's Sense of his having been guilty of a Fault.



To the Chevalier DE RADPONT.

I AM booted and spurred to go out of Town upon pressing Business, that can admit of no Delay ; but upon my Return, which will be in a few Days, you shall be attended to any Place you please, with every thing necessary to do myself Justice ; I long for the Moment as much as you ; and we shall then see who will cry *Picayra*, you or

AMBROSE DE RIGIDYRA.

I went out again, and steered my Course to *Arabella's*, who, upon my coming in told me, that her Lover the Judge had but just left her ; he has, said she, just received a Letter from his Friend at *Aix*, by which he acquaints him that my Aunt's Affair will be judged in two Days from the Date of his Letter ; and that having secured all the Judges, I mean convinced them of her just Title, he is certain of obtaining as favourable a Decree as he could desire ; so that I must prepare for Matrimony, which is the Price of this Judgment, or take to my Heels : My dear Friend, continued she, as you have nothing that detains you at *Montpelier*, I would have you to leave it directly, and go
to

to *Lyons*, where I shall soon have the Pleasure of joining you ; for I foresee that I shall be teized to Death by this old Fool, and I must prepare to give him the Slip when I am certain that my Aunt's Affair is finished.

NOTHING hinders me, my dear *Arabella*, said I, from setting out To-morrow but the Fear of your Fop's reflecting on my Character when he returns to Town, and finds that I have left it with so much Precipitation. Be under no Apprehensions upon his Score, answered she smiling ; for you may depend upon it, that as long as he knows you are here, Business will detain him in the Country ; so my dearest *Alithea*, let me beg of you to be gone, that I may at least remain some Days after you before I disappear.

WELL, well, my Friend, said I, I have laid down a fixed Resolution to obey your Commands in every thing ; I will go and take Leave of the Duke, the Princess, and all my other Acquaintances, with a Design to leave this Town To-morrow ; but shall I not have the Pleasure of seeing you once more before I go ? My Inclination is as strong as yours can be that Way, answered she, but this Visit must be the last that you are to make me in this Place ; with that she flew into my Arms, where we remained long clasped, and not without Tears, so strongly both our Hearts were linked with what may be justly called the Strictest Friendship.

I hope, my dearest *Arabella*, said I, you will leave *Montpelier* as soon as possible: consider that I shall have no Satisfaction till I see you again; nor I, cried she hugging me, till I can thus hold you in my Arms again, and you may depend that I will set out as soon as I can decently do it: You will, I suppose, take some Days to visit the Places upon the Road, particularly *Nismes*, where you'll see some Antiquities that deserve the Curiosity of a Traveller.

I employed the whole Afternoon and Evening to take Leave of my Acquaintances high and low, particularly my good Friend Mr. *Symers*, from whom I received many useful Lessons how I was to behave in *Italy*, and it gave me great Concern to part with this good Man.

NEXT Morning I left *Montpelier* the 18th of *August* at Eight o' Clock in the Morning; and having dined at the *Pont de Lunelle* a very famous Inn about six Leagues from *Montpelier*, I resolved to visit the famous Bridge of *Var* not far from the Inn, which I could easily do and reach *Nismes* at Night.

MANY have already treated with Care of this Bridge; and none are, I suppose, unacquainted that the Banks of the *Var*, which have the Fall of a Precipice, are joined by a Bridge consisting of six Arches: that eleven higher Arches rise above them, founded partly

partly on the Bases of the lower Arches, partly on the declining Part of the Banks; and that on the second Row a third is laid of Thirty-five smaller Arches that is level with the Summit of both Hills, and supports an Aqueduct upon it. Among the Arches of the second Row I observed the Figure of a small Animal carved, like a Hare. In another Part the three Letters A. E. A. are cut, interpreted by some to be *Augustus* and *Agrippa*, as Founders of the Bridge; by others to import *Aqua Emissa Amphitheatro*, i. e. Water brought from the Amphitheatre; by others the Name of the Architect. But these are Conjectures that neither demand a positive Assent, nor a Confutation. What can be asserted with Truth is, that this Bridge, or rather three Bridges one above another, is a surprizing Structure. I was assured by the Master of the Inn who conducted me, that the Aqueduct on the uppermost brought Water into the City of *Nismes*, and served to fill the *Arena* of the Theatre when they had Sea Fights represented upon it.

THIS Aqueduct, taking in all its Windings, is reckoned nine Leagues in Length. The Arches, he told me, of the Lower Bridge were each of them Fifty-eight Feet wide, and Fourscore and three Feet in Height; those of the Second Sixty-seven Feet in Height; and the third Bridge, consisting of 35 Arches, and supports the Aqueduct, is Five hundred and Fourscore Feet in

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in Length, and the whole Height of the Bridges One hundred Fourscore and two Feet.

THIS Aqueduct, when it came near the City, was divided into three Branches, one of which brought the Water to the Theatre, the second supplied a great Fountain near the Temple of *Diana*, and the third served several private Houses.

IN the Entrance of the Inn near to the Bridge, the following imperfect Inscription is to be seen.

— LIGGOR.
— AMMONIS.
— APOLLI. V. S. L. M.

Votum solvit Lubens merito.

i. e.

Justly and chearfully he paid his Vow.

AFTER I had fully satisfied my Curiosity about this Monument of Antiquity I set out for *Nismes*, where I arrived so early that I had Time enough to view the Remains of Antiquity to be seen there. First the imagined Temple of *Diana* at the Extremity of the Town half ruined, only one Side of it standing. The Antiquarian who shews and explains the Antiquities, told me that some of the Virtuoso's took it for a Pantheon, because
in

in the upper Part of it are twelve Niches fit to receive as many Images of the Deities, upon which Footing it might have been a Temple of the twelve Gods. *Herodotus* in his *Euterpe* informs us that twelve primary Gods were adored by the Ancients, and *Chrysostome*, that *Alexander of Macedon*, swelled with his Conquests, intended to proclaim himself the Thirteenth God.

My Conductor next led me to the Square House, as it is called, built by *Adrian* in Honour of *Plotina Augusta* Wife of *Trajan*. The Temple is of an elegant Structure, with Columns artfully turned; nothing can be more exquisite than the Capitals. The Building is of the Kind, termed *Pseudodipteron*, formerly very frequent in *Rome*, tho' at Present few of the Sort remain. They gave the Name of *Dipteron* to a Temple with two Rows of Columns on the Out side; so that every Way there were two Wings or Portico's. The *Pseudodipteron* was the Invention of *Hermogenes*; it had only one more spacious Portico about it, and the Inner Row of Columns was removed. In this Temple, the Columns of the Frontispiece are placed in the Nature of a Portico, but on the Sides they stand only half out from the Walls, as in the Church of *St. Mary of Egypt* at *Rome*; so that it can not be called a *Pseudodipteron*.

MUCH has been said of the Amphetheatre, the most entire of any in *Europe*. It is of an Oval

Oval Figure, having two Rows of Arches, which form two open Galleries, one over the other, consisting of sixty Arches, each being an Hundred, & Four score and fifteen Fathoms in Circumference. The Entrance is by four Doors, placed East, West, South and North. The Building consists of vast large Stones as durable as Marble. The Arena in the Middle of the Theatre, where their Combats and Shews were exhibited, is an Hundred Feet in Diameter, and on several Stones are Brass Reliefs, with the Figure of *Romulus* and *Remus* suckled by a Wolf, Combats of Gladiators, Bulls, &c. The Seats of the Spectators are demolished, and the Dens of the wild Beasts filled up, but the Outside is entire and makes a good Appearance.

ON the Brow of the Hill that hangs over the Town is a very ancient Tower, called by the Inhabitants the great Tower, which some pretend was a Light-house, because it affords an easy Prospect to the Sea, others a Treasury, but my Antiquarian told me, that the Opinion of the Curious was, that it had been a Sepulchre, as they were formerly erected near Cities.

HEADLESS Eagles are seen in several Parts of the City; and the Tradition is, that when the *Goths* broke into *Languedoc*, and took *Nismes*, all the Damage they took upon the City was to lop off the Heads of their Eagles, as a Token of Conquest over

the *Romans*, formerly Lords of the World, who bore them in their Ensigns: which form I took *Arles* in my Way to *Arignon*, where I saw the famous Monastery of *Le Mont Major*. On the Declivity of the Hill are subterraneous Caves, where it is thought that *St. Trophimus*, a Disciple of the Apostles, lived in Retirement; to the New this private Cell and Altar, on which he is reported to have performed the Eucharist; and in Place from whence, as a Pulpit, he preached to the People.

I entered the *Elban Fields*, as they are called, at the Convent of the Minims; where I met with a Variety of ancient Tombs and Inscriptions, of which the following is the most remarkable.

Of the Blow of the Hill that hangs over the Town is a very ancient Tomb called by the Inhabitants the *LEBBE* which some pretend was a Light. The others afford an early Prospect of the *ANN. V. M. VIII. DXXX. POMP. MYRISMUS. FIL. DULCISIMO. ERGA SEPIENTISS.*

The Letter *o*, as first in the Word *otavros*, was the Symbol of Death, as appears from *Persius*, and *Martial*;

and took *Myrism* as the Dialect they took upon the City was for all the Heads of the *Myrism* as a Town of *Myrism* the

Nos manifestamus Questoris, Castrice, Signum,

Est Opera pretium discere Theta novum.

*The Questor's killing Mark you know,
Theta's the Sign your Fate to show.*

HENCE I was conducted to the Cave, where they pretend there is a perpetual Miracle. Three Tombs are raised one upon another; Water is ever lodged in the middle Sepulchre, more or less according to the Increase or Wane of the Moon, while the others are empty; in Honour, as they tell you of St. Concordius; let the Authors be accountable for the Truth of it.

I arrived on the 22d of August at Avignon, belonging to the Pope, where I remained the next Day to view the Town, and what was worth seeing in it. From Avignon I followed the Post Road to Pont St. Esprit, passing through Valence, Tournon, Vienne, in which last I made a Stop to observe the Monuments of the City, and the high Tower, from which Pontius Pilate, when he was banished hither, is said to have precipitated himself.

As there are several curious Inscriptions upon Stones in this Place, and a learned Abbé who explains them, to whom Travel-

lers address themselves, and make him a small Present for his Trouble, he having little or nothing else to live by.

This Virtuoso, the Minute I got out of my Chaise, came to offer me his Service, which I readily accepted; so that for two or three Hours we galloped about among the Monuments, and then to Dinner, of which my Conductor did me the Favour to be a Partaker.

AFTER Dinner we had t'other Trip, and sauntered about till Night forced us to retreat; and as he was a Man of Wit and Humour we passed the Evening very agreeably together; and a little before he left me, Sir, said he, when I meet with Gentlemen Travellers who are curious, I generally give them in writing a Description of the Monuments and other Curiosities of this Place; and, as I take you to be of the Number, I beg Leave to present you with my little Remarks in this Paper, which I took out of his Hand, and slipped two Louis d'ors in his by way of Exchange: Sir, said he laughing, this Bit of Paper must be very valuable in your Opinion, since you purchase it at so dear a Rate; I own that I seldom meet with Gentlemen so generous, and I heartily wish you all Happiness in your Travels, so made me a low Bow and retired.

As

As some of my Readers may have a Gouft for any thing that favours of Antiquity, and are Fond, perhaps, of Infcriptions, I shall here put down one, to be seen on a Stone of one of the Monuments in this Town, which deserves a Place for its Singularity.

DD. FLAMINICA VIENNAE
TEGULAS AENEAS AURATAS
CUM CARPUSCULIS ET
VESTITURIS BASIUM ET SIGNA
CASTORIS ET POLLUCIS CUM
EQUIS
ET SIGNA HERCULIS ET
MERCURI.

D. S. D. *de suo dedit.*
THE first Letters D. D. either import the Name of the Matron that offered so great a Present, or *Domu Divinae* to the divine House. *Flaminica*, i. e. the Wife of the *Flamen*, that could not be divorced, of whom *P. Festus* avers, *Flameo Vestimento Flaminea utebatur*, id est, *Dialis Uxor*, &c. that is, the Wife of the Priest of *Jupiter* wore a Flame-coloured Vestment, and carried a Thunderbolt of the same Colour. The gilt brazen Tiles are remarkable, that recommend the Munificence of this *Flaminica*. By the *Carpuscula* are meant, perhaps, the Ornaments of the Capitals, often carved with Fruitage, possibly from *καρπος*, *fructus*. So that it is intimated, that both the Capitals

and the Bases were covered with the Titles above hinted.

THERE is a Tomb not far from the River Side in a Form resembling none I ever observed ; a cross Vault is supported by four Pilasters, join'd by as many *Tuscan* Columns, in Height about eighteen Foot, pointed above with a Pyramid above thirty Feet high ; only Half of each Column juts out ; and an Oblong Stone appears in the Middle of the Vault, about the Height of a Man, where, perhaps, the Ashes are deposited.

ON the 25th of *August* I arrived at *Lyons*, and put up at a famous Inn in the Square of *Terrau*. --- I shall not trouble the Reader with a Description of this Town, which is reckoned one of the greatest and richest in *France*. Every Book of Travels, of which there's no Penury, has been very particular in describing this famous Place. Before the Count *de Saluce* and I parted I got a Letter from him to the *Intendant* his particular Friend ; and next Morning after my Arrival I went to wait upon him, he received me most kindly, and not only invited me to Dinner that Day, but insisted on my making his House my own while I remained at *Lyons*. We had a very polite Company at Dinner, and a Table served in the most elegant Manner, his Lady was a very fine Woman, but so fond of gaming that her Husband was often pinched by her Losses, and yet was so good

good natured a Man, and so fond of her, that he paid her gaming Debts without the least Appearance of Discontent.

Lyons is a Town of very great Antiquity, though Authors, as usual, differ much about the Original of it. This, however, is certain, that in the Reign of *Augustus* it was enlarged and beautified, and the usual Seat of the Roman Governor. *Augustus* resided here some Time, and *Claudius Cæsar* was born in this Town. It was intirely burnt down in *Nero's* Time; and I suppose it is in Commemoration of this that *Lyons* is represented in Flames, on the grand Stair-case of the Town-house, which is reckoned one of the finest Pieces of Architecture of the Kind in Europe.

Suetonius, in the Life of *Caligula*, mentions an *Athæneum* or publick School here, wherein Orators disputed before an Altar erected to *Augustus Cæsar*; and the Person who had the worst of the Argument was obliged either to retract his Opinion, or be tumbled head-long into the River. The Abbey of *Aisnay* was built on the Ruins of this Accademy, and bears the Name of *Monasterium Athænecense*. Here are still visible the Ruins of some Roman Palaces, and of an ancient Aqueduct; and every Traveller mentions the Tomb of the two Lovers, erected on Pillars near the Gate of *Vese*, which some suppose to belong to *Herod* and *Herodias*, who, according to Tradition,

Tradition, were starved to Death here ; and others, that it was a Monument erected to a married Couple, who made Vows of perpetual Virginity.

I would recommend to any Traveller who happens to be at *Lyons* to visit *Monfieur Servier's* rare Cabinet, where he can see very curious Experiments in Mathematicks and Mechanicks, all made by his own Hands, such as the *Sympatetical Balls*, one springing up at the Approach of the other, held up a pretty Distance off : The Demonstration of a quick Way how to pass an Army over a River with one Boat, and a wooden Bridge easily to be folded up upon one Cart : The *Mouse-dial*, where a little Thing like a *Mouse*, by her insensible Motion, marks the Hours of the Day. The *Lizard-dial* is much like the former, only the *Mouse* moves upon a plain Frame of Wood, which hath the Hours marked on it ; and the *Lizard* creeps upwards from Hour to Hour. The *Night-dial*, shewing, by a lighted Lamp set behind it, the Hours of the Night, which are painted in Colours upon oiled Paper, and turn about as the Time goes. The *Tortoise-dial*, where a Piece of Cork cut out like a *Tortoise*, being put into a Pewter Dish of Water, which hath the twelve Hours of the Day marked upon its Brims, goeth up and down the Water a while seeking out the Hour of the Day that is then, and there fixing itself without stirring. The rare Engine, teaching how to throw Grana-
does

does into besieged Towns, and into any precise Place without failing.

THE Way how to set up a Watch-tower with a Man in it, to look into a Town from without, and see how they are drawn up within the Town : A Way how to change *Dining-rooms* three or four Times with their Tables, the Seats and Guests, being by the turning of a Wheel transported sitting out of one Room into another, and so into three or four Rooms variously hung with Tables covered. The *Desk-dial* which throws up a little Ball of Ivory without rest, and thereby marketh the Hour of the Day, and sheweth what a Clock it is. The *Dial* of the *Planets*, representing the Days of the Week, by several Figures in Ivory of the *Planets*. The *Oval-dial*, in which the Needle that marks the Hours shrinketh in, or stretcheth out itself, according as the Oval goes : The *Dial* shewing to every one that toucheth it his *predominant Passion* ; with a World of other rare Curiosities, all made by that ingenious Gentleman.

BUT what I admired most of this Gentleman's Curiosities was his Collection of Pictures and Statues, particularly those of *Esculapius Apollo*, and the famous Physician and Surgeon *Gabriel Tagliacozza*, or *Taliacotius*, who had an Art, as 'tis said, of supplying People with artificial Noses, Lips, Ears, and other Members, when their own happened to be mutilated or defaced, out of living human
Flesh,

Flesh, to which Purpose he published his *Chirurgia Curtorum*, where he relates a Story of a certain Gentleman who lost his Nose, and had it supplied by him with a Piece of Flesh cut from another Man's Back side, and so artificially shaped and joined, that every body took it to be natural; till unluckily the Fellow whom it was taken from happened to die, and then the Gentleman's Nose rotted off by Sympathy, according to the ingenious *Butler* Author of *Hudibras*,

*Learned Taliacotius from
The brawny Part of Porter's Bum
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Would last as long as Parent Breech;
But when the Date of Nock went out
Off dropt the sympathetick Snout*.*

THE first Time I dined at the *Intendant's* he presented me to a Gentleman of a very good Appearance, whom he called the *Chevalier de Mirmandole*, and told me, that as he was a Man whom he greatly esteemed, he would recommend him as a Person worthy of my Acquaintance and Friendship; besides, Sir, said he smiling, as he is a great Favourite of the Ladies, if you are a Man of Gallantry, you must make your Court to this Gentleman, and I will use all the Interest I have with him in your Favour, to

* The Translator took the Liberty of putting in this Quotation.

make your Stay at Lyons as agreeable as possible;

THE Chevalier returned the Compliment with a very good Grace, and told me, that I had no Occasion for so powerful a Protection as the *Intendant's* to make him my humble Servant; from that Moment we became very intimate, and he introduced me into the best Company in Town, and let me into the Characters of all the Ladies; in short, he appeared to be so fond of my Company, that he came in his Coach every Morning to my Lodgings, and we seldom parted till it was Bed-time; once or twice he pressed me to take a Share of his Bed rather than return from a remote Part of the Town at a late Hour; but I excused myself under some Pretence or other. Our Intimacy encreased daily to such a Degree, that the Ladies rallied us sometimes upon it, and alledged that they believed we loved one another more than we did any of their Sex.

THE Sentiments which you inspire, Ladies, said he, are of a different Nature from those which Men feel for one another, and I dare answer for my Friend, as well as for myself, that our Friendship does not in the least interfere with the Duty which we owe to your Charms, to which I added, that one of the strongest Motives I had to esteem the *Chevalier de Mirmondole* was because

because I understood he was in great Favour with the fair Sex, and I now see it so plainly, continued I, that I am afraid I shall have Occasion to loook upon him as a Monopoliser, so that I conclude it to be a very dangerous thing for a Stranger to offer his Heart to any Lady at Lyons, who may have an Opportunity of seeing and being acquainted with him. Hold, hold, my Friend cried he, though my Merit were such as you are jokingly pleased to represent it, I should be very sorry to have you for a Rival, and I believe all these Ladies will be on my Sidè. For my Part said the Countess *de Beau-jean*, were my Heart to be disposed of, I should be at a Loss which of you deserved it best, but this Uncertainty in me, proceeds from my being already engaged; and were it not so, I am apt to think I should not long remain in this State of Equality. For my Part, said a young Lady named *Mademoiselle de Montesier*, extremely marked with the small Pox, I think that Variety which we observe in Taste is a great Happiness to both Sexes, by which Means, continued she laughing, even I, deformed as I am, have my Admirers, who tell me as many pretty Things as if I were a Venus for Beauty, and when I tell them that they have a bad Taste, or are not sincere, their Answer is, that the Beauties of the Mind, make even such a Face as mine very tolerable; but I believe this is meer Complaisance, for were I a Man; let a Woman have what internal Accomplishments
you

you please, I should prefer a handsome genteel Mistress, and even Wife, to your fine accomplished Virtuoso ugly Lady; for I frankly own, that I have no Notion of a Man's being fond of a Woman purely for the Beauties of her Mind, and tho' he may sometimes find a certain Sort of Satisfaction, in her Company and Conversation, yet still the disagreeable Form will be present to his Imagination, and often prove a very great Draw-back to his Happiness. Were I a Man, said another Lady, who was not what we may call a Beauty but tolerably agreeable, I should of all Things avoid to have a Wife extremely handsome; for tho' she were really virtuous, I should be always afraid that some of your fine gallantish Gentlemen would wheedle her, if not out of her Virtue, at least out of her favourable Sentiments for a Husband, by artfully representing him in a ridiculous Light, if he happens to have, I will not say a jealous Disposition, but a certain Delicacy with Respect to a Woman's Conduct, which they would always represent to be an Incroachment upon the Privileges of the Female Sex, and treat him as a Tyrant who pretended to an Authority which neither the Laws of God nor Man gave him; if they can but once bring a Woman to think, that her Husband assumes a Power which does not belong to him, and puts her upon her Mettle to prevent Usurpation, all his Advices will become suspicious, and if not rejected, they are not to be complied with till after a strict Exami-

nation be made, whether they are agreeable to the Liberty and Privileges which every Woman of Spirit ought to support ; this will naturally produce, on many Occasions, a Difference of Opinion, from which may arise warm Expressions on both Sides ; and the Result may, very probably, amount if not to an open Breach, at least to very strong Suspicions on the Husband's Part, that his Spouse begins to cool in her Affection, which ten to one he will attribute to some new Attachment, and in Consequence watch his Wife's Behaviour with every Man that comes to the House, with so little Caution, that she at last perceives he is jealous, and is so enraged, that should an agreeable Lover come in her Way at that Moment, who knows how far she may be capable to push her Revenge.

MEN, who are by Profession Interlopers, if I may use the Term with Respect to Matrimony, when they have thus sown the Seed of Dissention betwixt the Husband and Wife are constantly on the Topick of unreasonable Jealousy in Husbands, and how much Women are to be pitied who happen to be in the unhappy Case ; the Indignity done them by such base Suspicions is painted in such black Colours, and Revenge asserted to be so reasonable and just, that many poor Females who are virtuously inclined, may, by this Hellish Scheme, be at last drawn into Ruin ; all which is the unhappy Consequence of a Man's being married to a Beauty, which
your

your fine Gentlemen think monstrous that he should have wholly to himself ; and upon the whole I conclude, that it is a very imprudent Thing to marry a Woman whom Men cannot see without becoming her Slaves.

Two Adventures both tragical but of different Natures enhanced the whole Conversation of *Lyons* a few Days after, the first was of a young Lady, who under solemn Promise of Marriage had allowed her Lover, a Lieutenant of Foot, Favours which ought to have been delayed till the Priest had given his Benediction.

AFTER some Time she proved with Child, and her perfidious Lover absolutely refused to marry her ; notwithstanding her Tears and Threats, nothing would do, which threw her into such a Rage, that she resolved to be revenged by his or her own Death. What I am going to relate is a Fact to which I was an Eye-witness.

THE Lady dressed herself in Mens Cloaths, and disfigured her Face so as that her most intimate Acquaintances could not know her ; She went to several Places in quest of her Lover, and, at last, found him in the Pit at the Play-house ; and, at the Close of an Act, told him softly, in a disguised Voice, that having something of Consequence to communicate to him, she begged he would walk out a little into a large Court before

the Entry to the Playhouse, which he immediately did.

WHEN they were got to a retired Corner; Sir, said she, I am let into the Secret of your Intrigue with *Mademoiselle Pont Saint Pierre*, and know the unhappy Case to which you have reduced her. As she is my Relation, and that I cannot with Indifference look upon the Loss of her Reputation, I come to ask you whether, according to your Promise, you will do her Justice.

If you mean Marriage Sir, said he, I never will do her Justice that Way, then defend your Life said she pulling out her Sword, for a Traitor such as you are deserves not to live. The Officer drew, and in the Twinkling of an Eye was run quite through the Body and laid flat upon his Back; the Alarm of a Gentleman's being killed soon reached our Ears, and I followed the *Intendant*, who went out to see what was the Matter; we soon discovered one lying on the Ground, and the other looking at him very attentively with her Sword drawn. The Moment she observed the *Intendant* with a Crowd of Gentlemen coming towards her, she advanced some Steps to meet him; and throwing her Sword upon the Ground; Sir, said she, I have punished a perjured Man who has dishonoured me, and am willing to undergo the Punishment which such Crimes as mine deserve; and as Life is become odious
to

to me, I have not endeavoured to make my Escape, though I could have easily done it ; but before I am dragged to Prison, allow me the Pleasure of saying a few Words to that unhappy Man, who, I suppose, has not many Minutes to live : With that she returned towards the wounded Person, and Curiosity to hear what she had to say, made us form a Ring about him and her. She addressed her Discourse first to the *Intendant*, and spoke with so laudable a Voice, that we could hear distinctly what she said.

You see in me, Sir, said she, an unhappy Woman, seduced by the Protections of a Man whom I loved, and thought incapable of Treachery ; but my Mistake will, in all Appearance, cost him his Life, though I lose what is dearer my Reputation ; I believed him really my Husband though we wanted the Ceremony of the Church, and unfortunately allowed him the Privilege of a Husband, being fully persuaded of his Honour ; but finding that the unhappy Effects of our Commerce forced me to press the Accomplishment of his Promises and Oaths, he shifted me off for some Time, and at last plainly declared that he never would marry me ; and it is to this Declaration he owes his own unhappy Fate just now.

SHE then turned to her Lover, and told him, that though all his Blood could not repair the Injury he had done her, yet as he would not, perhaps, have the Pleasure of

triumphing long ; and that she herself would soon be delivered from the Burthen of Life by a common Executioner, she would only recommend to him to endeavour to make his Peace with God, for invoking him to witness the Sincerity of Oaths which he resolved to break.

THE wounded Person stared her full in the Face while she was speaking, and when she left off : Good God, cried he, how just is my Punishment ! Sir, said he to the *Intendant*, what this Lady has told you is literally true, I must confess it, though to my own Condemnation ; but as it may be still in my Power to make some Reparation, I earnestly beg a Priest, and a Notary Public may be sent for this Moment, the former to marry me to this Lady, and the other to make my Will, by which I intend to leave her all I have in the World ; I find I have not long to live, and I could wish this were done before I am removed from this Place, for I fear the least Motion of my Body will prevent my doing what I intend.

THE young Lady no sooner heard what he said than she threw herself down upon the Ground by him, and catching Hold of his Hand bathed it with Tears, crying out in a most lamentable Manner, that she was now more unfortunate than ever. This Scene was so moving that both Men and Women were all in Tears.

THERE

THERE happened to be a Notary Public present, a little Table was brought out of the Play-house, and in a Trice the Gentleman's Will was signed, sealed, and delivered to the *Intendant*; and by the Time this was finished, a Priest arrived and performed the Ceremony of Marriage, after which the Gentleman was transported to his Lodgings; but his Spouse was carried to Prison till the King's Pleasure was known. The *Intendant* had a verbal Proces taken with every Circumstance of the Affair, which he sent to Court, and wrote so strongly in the Lady's Favour, that Orders came to set her at Liberty without any Prosecution. The unfortunate Gentleman died in three Days, and the Widow was inconsolable.

THE other Adventure was no less surprising, you must know that the Chevalier, whom I shall no more call my Friend, and who I believe professed such Friendship to me, with a Design to rob and kill me, was so far from being the Man that the *Intendant* and all *Lyons* took him to be, that he had narrowly missed being broke upon the Wheel for Robbery and Murder, but had received, as a Mark of Infamy on his left Shoulder, the three *Fleur de Lucs*, imprinted with a red hot Iron, by the Name of *Pelissier*. One Day when we were at Dinner with the *Intendant*, a Packet from Court was brought him. As Affairs of State admit of no Delay, he opened his Packet at Table, and I
could

could observe that he changed Colour upon reading his Dispatches, and seemed in a Moment to be wrapt up in deep thought, of which all the Company took Notice ; but as Men in his Station are very reserved in any Thing that regards the State, we were all silent. Immediately when Dinner was over, he retired to his Closet, and in a very short Time a Servant came and told the *Chevalier de Mirmandole* that his Master wanted to speak with him in his Closet. It is a very true Saying that Fear is the constant Companion of Guilt, for I observed a Sort of Surprize in his Looks which I was far from attributing to the real Cause ; but the Sequel made me remember his Behaviour upon receiving the Message which he obeyed however directly, but how strangely were we all surprized a few Minutes after, to hear first a Noise as of People struggling in the *Intendant's* Closet, and the rattling of Guns and Bayonets below Stairs ; we first ran to the Closet Door but found it locked, then to the Windows where we saw a Company of Soldiers with an Officer at their Head. The Closet was shut about half an Hour, during which the *Intendant's* Lady was more dead than alive, and to tell the Truth, we were all terribly frightened at we knew not what ; at last the Door was opened, and the first Object that presented to our View was the *Chevalier* with his Arms tied behind his Back with a Rope, and three of the *Intendant's* Footmen dragging him out ; I was so confounded with the Sight, that I
had

had almost dropt down, and the whole Company were under the greatest Consternation; he was hurried down Stairs, and conducted by the Soldiers to Jail, where he was directly clapt in Irons, and put in a Dungeon.

AT last the *Intendant* came out pale as Death; he first advanced towards his Lady, who ran to meet him the Moment he appeared; good God cried she, what strange Affair is this? what has the poor Chevalier done to be so treated? do not give a Wretch that Name Madam, said he, who deserves the Wheel for his Robberies and Murders, and who in all Probability cannot now escape it: I blush to think, continued he, that such a Monster has been caressed by the best of this Town, and I cannot forgive myself for having given him Admission to my House and Table. You must know, added he, directing his Discourse to the whole Company, that in the Packet I received was an Order from the Minister, to cause the pretended Chevalier strip himself in my Presence, by Force, if he refused to do it voluntarily; because he was certainly informed that I had the Honour to entertain at my Table one *Pelissier*, a notorious Rogue, who had been tryed for Robbery on the high Road, and had been marked on the left Shoulder with three *Fleur de Lucs*, upon strong Presumptions which did not however amount to a perfect Proof: That his Servant, whom he thought he had killed after he had robbed

bed

bed the *Diligence* of *Lyons* near *Chalons* of a very large Sum, had been taken up by some *Peasants*, and had declared before he died, in Presence of the Curate, and several creditable Persons of the Village, and signed his Declaration, that his Master was the Person who robbed the Coach in the Wood of *Chalons*, after shooting the Coachman and Postilion, with a single Passenger that was in it; that he had taken out a Bag full of Gold of a prodigious Weight, going directly to the particular Place, where it seems he knew it was; that it was tied on behind him the Deponent, who knew not what he was doing, so much he was terrified with this bloody Massacre, and to see that his Master had, besides the two Pistols in the Holsters, four more in large Pockets of his Breeches; that about a Mile from the Place, where this terrible Scene passed, he ordered this Deponent, who was riding before him, to turn to the right in a little Foot Path of the Wood, where they were scarce got Two hundred Paces, when the bloody Murderer committed the last Act of his Barbarity, by reducing him to the State wherein they saw him; that when he fell from his Horse without any Signs of Life, which he took Care not to give, because he was certain he would then finish him; his Master believing him quite dead dismounted, untied the Bag from his Horse and put it behind his own, which done, he returned the same Way we had come to gain the high Road.

ABOUT

ABOUT Half an Hour after he was gone, two *Peasants* happened to come that Way, and were surprized to see me lying bathed in Blood. I had still Strength enough to tell them the fatal Story ; and one of them ran to the Village not three hundred Paces distant, upon which the Curate and about twenty People came out, and I was carried to the Village on a Sort of Brancard, where Providence was pleased miraculously to preserve me in Life till I could make this Declaration, which I have signed in Presence of the Curate and several other Persons hereto subscribing ; and as I am now going to make my Appearance before a Judge who hates Liars and Calumniators, may the severest of his Punishments be my Fate, if there be any thing in this Declaration but what is Fact ; and I hope the same Providence which has given me Strength to divulge this Mystery of Iniquity, will make it serve some Time or other to bring the guilty Person to deserved Punishment, and thereby rid the World of such a Monster.

AFTER the *Intendant* had told us this surprising Story, you may believe, added he, that I was amazed at what I read, and could not allow myself to think that this Man was the guilty Person, I retired you know from Table to my Closet, where I ordered one to go immediately to the Captain of the Guard, desiring he would come to my House directly at the
Head

Head of his Company, upon Affairs that regarded the King's Service ; in the mean time I placed three stout Fellows of Footmen in a Garde Robe, ordering them to bounce out upon my stamping on the Floor with my right Foot, and to seize the Person they would find with me.

WHEN Things were thus prepared, I sent to desire the Chevalier would come and speak with me ; and when he entered the Cloſet I immediately locked the Door. I am juſt now, ſaid I to him, under a moſt terrible Agitation, from ſome News I have received from Court ; but I hope you will ſoon diſſipate the Vapour, and give me the Pleaſure of finding the Miniſter's as well as my own Suſpicions groundleſs ; read this, continued I, putting the Letter into his Hand, and endeavour, if poſſible, to clear yourſelf of ſuch a monſtrous Charge ; he took the Paper, and I could obſerve great Changes in his Countenance as he read.

WHEN he had done, he looked me full in the Face, and ſaid : I hope, Sir, you can never give Credit to ſuch a ſcandalous Aſperſion. I ſhall be overjoyed to find you innocent, cried I, but you ſee by that Order in what Manner I am to be ſatisfied. As I have the Honour to be a Gentleman, Sir, ſaid he with Fire in his Eyes, the bare Suſpicion is an Indignity hard to be bore ; but to prove my Innocence in the Manner propoſed is
what

what a thousand Daggers at my Breast should not make me comply with, and I hope you will not insist upon it; but I must and will, said I, and then gave the Signal, which he took, no doubt, to be the Effect of Passion, my Footmen came like Lightning, and before he could make the least Resistance, held him as fast as if he had been in Irons first disarming him; he struggled a little, but he might have jumped to the Moon sooner than got out of their Clutches.

MAKE no Resistance, cried I, but allow yourself to be stript to the Buff, that I may satisfy myself, or I will have you tied Neck and Heels, which was no sooner done than the Badges of his Infamy but too visibly appeared, and I was thunderstruck with the Sight. Ah! Wretch cried I, what has tempted thee to dishonour my House with thy Presence; I believe now that the execrable Things with which thou art charged are true, and thou wilt soon meet with the deserved Punishment. I ordered his Arms to be tied behind his Back, and he should be conducted to Prison where he lies loaded with Irons. After a verbal Process is made of every Circumstance, and an Interrogatory by the Sheriff, he will be delivered in Charge to the *Marechaussée*, who will conduct him in Chains to *Paris*, where he soon will be broke upon the Wheel.

THE Thoughts of the Danger I had escaped made me tremble every Time I thought of this Monster, for, to be sure, his pretended Friendship was with a Design to rob and murder me, and I resolved from hence forth to be more cautious with whom I contracted Familiarities ; and had it not been that the *Intendant* had introduced me to the Acquaintance of this Wretch, I should have been ashamed to have appeared at *Lyons*, where his Intimacy and mine was much taken Notice of.

WHEN his Lodgings were searched, and an Inventory taken of his Effects, they found to the Value of Sixty thousand Livres in Gold, and Jewels to the Value of Twenty thousand, besides a deal of fine Cloaths and Linnen, all which was claimed by the Merchants who had lost their Money in the *Diligence*, and the King gave up his Right to the Forfeiture in such Cases.

THIS Story was the whole Town-talk for some Days ; and two certain Ladies, both, as reported, in a Condition to let the Publick know how intimate they had been with this abominable Murderer, disappeared, not daring to show their Faces after what had happened. For my part, I took Care to let every Mortal know that the *Intendant* was the Person who had made me acquainted with him, which removed Suspicions

cions that People might have otherwise had. But I was still so shocked with the Thoughts of having kept Company with such a Creature that I had no more Pleasure at *Lyons*, and therefore wrote to *Arabella*, pressing her Departure, from whom the Week after I received the following Letter.



To the Chevalier DE RADPONT at the Hotel de Paris on the Terrau at Lyons.

I Received, my dearest *Alithea*, your agreeable Letter, and am not at all surprized that your frightful Adventure with that Robber should make you uneasy where you are. I have now put all my Affairs in Order, and told all my Acquaintances that I am under a Necessity of going to *Paris*, which has not a little startled my amorous Judge; but I am very easy about him now that my Aunt's Affair is intirely finished.

I had a Visit the other Day from my *Fop*, who pretended to be under a great Surprise at your having left *Montpelier* so abruptly, and told me that he believed he knew the Reason of it. I was not so intimate with the Gentleman, said I, as to ask him any Questions about his staying or going; but when he took his Leave of me, he desired I

would do him the Favour to tell you the first Time I saw you, that he would remain some Time at *Lyons*, and expected to hear from you, upon which he would appoint a Place where you and he might have an Interview, and added, that a Letter directed to the *Hotel de Paris* at *Lyons* would come to his Hands; so, Sir, continued I, if you have any Business with that Gentleman, I dare say he will give you Satisfaction. No Business, said he, but to make him sensible that I am not in the Humour to bear his indiscreet Raillery; and as I have some Thoughts of going soon to *Auvergne*, I will take *Lyons* in my Way, and if he is there, we will soon settle that Affair.

You need be under no Apprehensions, my dearest, of seeing this Poltroon, for I am very sure he will take Care not to appear at *Lyons* till he knows you have left it. I hope to see you in eight Days at farthest. My Steward is to accompany me to *Lyons*, where I will appear in short Coat and Breeches, and then set out with you whenever you please upon our Adventures; in the mean Time, be assured that every Minute is an Age till I have the Pleasure of embracing my dear *Alithea*, who is Husband, Lover and Friend to

ARABELLA.

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I went every Day to the *Intendant's*, where if I did not dine I was sure to sup; and happening one Evening to meet there with a Gentleman from *Auvergne*, an Acquaintance of the Count *de Saluce's*, and who was to return to that Country in a few Days, I had the Pleasure of hearing from him that the Count and his Lady were perfectly well, and that the Difference between him and his invading Neighbour was amicably made up; I could think of no better Opportunity of writing to the Count than this Gentleman, who frankly offered to be the Bearer; and here is a Copy of what I wrote.



To the Count DE SALUCE, at his Castle of Saluce in Auvergne.

I AM just now, my dear Count, in one of those critical Conjunctions which would require a larger Share of Understanding and nicer Discernment than I am Master of, to determine how I am to behave: On the one hand, when I consider the many Obligations I lye under to the Count *de Saluce*, it seems to be my Duty as well as Interest, to show myself grateful, and to be punctal to the Promise I made to see him, and receive his Commands for *Italy*. On the other hand, I have got acquainted with a

Person at *Montpelier*, with whom I have contracted such a Friendship, that rather than part with me, he has resolved to accompany me in my Travels ; but being obliged to be back in *France* at a certain limited Time, cannot well afford to make a Journey to *Auvergne*.

WHAT shall I do in this perplexing Situation, to be ungrateful and guilty of Breach of Promise to my dear Count *de Saluce* is a shocking Thought ; to impose on the good Nature of another, who, without any Inclination to Rambling, is determined to it intirely for the Pleasure of my Company, is equally pinching ; but, upon serious Reflection, I consider, that I rather punish myself than you in not going at this Time to *Auvergne*, and that I should be guilty of a manifest Injustice to my other Friend, or, at least, not at all come up to his generous Procedure, should I keep him longer abroad than Business will conveniently allow him.

THIS is, my dear Count, the plain State of my Case at present, which has this Misfortune attending it, that whatever I determine, a certain Regret will be the Consequence ; for I shall certainly be sadly vexed to leave *France* without seeing you and your worthy Lady, and I must do a Hardship to my travelling Companion if I should.

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BELIEVE me, my dear Count, no Mortal honours you more than I do, nor can your Concern for not seeing me be equal to mine for being deprived of the Pleasure I always had in your Company ; but when I consider that it would be a greater Hardship on me to bid you Adieu in *Auvergne*, after a few Days Stay with you, than it is at this Distance, that determines me more than any thing to defer my Visit till I have seen a little more of the World, and may have acquired Accomplishments that will give me a better Title to your Favour, than I dare as yet pretend to; and I hope this Motive will prevail with a Person of your noble and generous Way of thinking, to accept of my Reasons for not waiting on you till I return from my Travels, which nothing on Earth shall prevent.

I design to leave this in a few Days, so cannot expect to have the Pleasure of hearing from you while I am here ; but as a Letter may reach me at *Marseilles* where I design to embark for *Italy*, I hope you will grant me that Favour, and if I should be gone before it comes there, I will give Directions at the Post Office to have it forwarded by Post to *Italy*, so that it will follow me wherever I go till it at last reaches me.

I wish you and the charming Countess all the Happiness that you deserve, and hope you will be persuaded of the sincere and hearty Attachment of

The Chevalier DE RADPONT.

As I had viewed every thing that deserved the Curiosity of a Traveller at *Lyons*, and did not expect *Arabella* till about eight or ten Days hence, I resolved to make a little Tour to *Geneva*, about Thirty-three Leagues from *Lyons*, from which Place I set out Post on the second of *September* at Six o' Clock in the Morning, and arrived pretty late the same Day at *Geneva*.

THE greatest Part of this Town stands upon a Hill, and has its Views bounded on all Sides by several Ranges of Mountains, which are, however, at so great a Distance, that they leave open a wonderful Variety of beautiful Prospects. The Situation of these Mountains has some particular Effects on the Country which they enclose; as first, they cover it from all Winds except the South and North.

It is to the last of these Winds that the Inhabitants of *Geneva* ascribe the Healthfulness of their Air; for as the *Alps* surround them on all Sides, they form a vast Kind of
Basin,

Bafon, where would be a constant Stagnation of Vapours, the Country being so well watered, did not the North-wind put them in Motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another Effect the *Alpes* have on *Geneva* is, that the Sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other Places of the same Latitude. It is observable that the Tops of the neighbouring Mountains are covered with Light above Half an Hour after the Sun is down, in Respect of those who live at *Geneva*.

THESE Mountains, likewise, very much increase their Summer Heats, and make up an Horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On the one Side you have the long Tract of Hills that goes under the Name of *Mount-jura*, covered with Vineyards and Pasturage; and on the other huge Precipices of naked Rocks rising up in a thousand odd Figures, and cleft in some Places, so as to discover high Mountains of Snow that lye several Leagues behind them. Towards the South the Hills rise more insensibly, and leave the Eye a vast uninterrupted Prospect for many Miles. But the most beautiful View of all is the Lake, and the Borders of it that lye north of the Town.

THE Lake resembles a Sea in the Colour of its Waters, the Storms that are raised on it, and the Ravage it makes on its Banks. It receives too a different Name from the Coasts it washes, and in Summer has something like
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an Ebb and Flow, which arises from the melting of the Snows that fall into it more copiously at Noon than at other Times of the Day. It has five different States bordering on it, the Kingdom of *France*, and the Dutchy of *Savoy*, the Canton of *Bern*, the Bishoprick of *Sion*, and the Republick of *Geneva*.

I made the Tour of the Lake, sometimes by Land but oftner by Water, and touched on the several Towns that lie on its Coasts which took up near five Days.

THE right Side of the Lake from *Geneva* belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest Entertainment we found in coasting it were the several Prospects of Woods, Vineyards, Meadows, and Corn-fields which lie on the Borders of it, and run up all the Sides of the *Alpes*, where the Barrenness of the Rocks, or the Steepness of the Ascent will suffer them. The Wine, however, on this Side of the Lake is by no Means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a Soil, and is less exposed to the Sun. We passed by *Yvoire*, where the Duke keeps his Gallies, and lodged at *Tonon*, which is the greatest Town on the Lake belonging to the *Savoyard*. It has four Convents, and they say about six or seven Thousand Inhabitants. The Lake is here about twelve Miles in Breadth. At a little Distance from *Tonon* stands *Rapaille*, where is a Convent of *Carthusians*. They have a large Forest

Forest cut out into Walks that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the Genius of the Inhabitants. There are *Vista's* in it of a great Length, that terminate upon the Lake.

At one Side of the Walks you have a near Prospect of the *Alps*, which are broken into so many Steps and Precipices, that they fill the Mind with an agreeable kind of Horror, and form one of the most irregular mis-shapen Scenes in the World. The House that is now in the Hands of the *Carthusians* belonged formerly to the Hermits of St. *Maurice*, and is famous in History for the Retreat of an Anti-pope, who called himself *Felix V.* He had been Duke of *Savoy*, and after a very glorious Reign took on him the Habit of a Hermit, and retired into this solitary Spot of his Dominions. His Enemies will have it, that he lived here in great Ease and Luxury, from whence the *Italians* to this Day make Use of the Proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*; and the *French*, *faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful Kind of Life. They say too, that he had great Managements with several Ecclesiasticks before he turned Hermit, and that he did it on the View of being advanced to the Pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a Year before he was chosen Pope by the Council of *Basil*, who took upon them to depose *Eugenio IV.* This promised fair at first; but by the Death of the Emperor who favoured *Amadeo*, and the Resolution of *Eugenio*, the greatest Part of

of the Church threw itself again under the Government of their deposed Head. Our Anti-pope, however, was still supported by the Council of *Basil*, and owned by *Savoy*, *Switzerland*, and a few other little States. This Schism lasted in the Church nine Years, after which *Felix* voluntarily resigned his Title into the Hands of Pope *Nicholas V.* but on the following Conditions, that *Amadeo* should be the first Cardinal in the Conclave ; that the Pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his Mouth to kiss ; that he should be perpetual Cardinal-legate in the States of *Savoy* and *Switzerland*, and in the Archbishopricks of *Geneva*, *Sion*, *Bress*, &c. and lastly, that all the Cardinals of his Creation should be recognized by the Pope. After he had made a Peace so acceptable to the Church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the Remainder of his Life with great Devotion at *Ripaille*, and died with an extraordinary Reputation of Sanctity.

THE nearer we approach the East End of the Lake the Mountains on both Sides grow thicker and higher, till at length they almost meet ; and we often see on the Tops of the Mountains several sharp Rocks which stand above the Rest ; for the Soil, which originally covered these Mountains, and rendered them much higher than they are at present, having been washed away by the Rains, has left the Veins of Stone bare which supported them. The natural Histories

ries of *Switzerland* contain various Accounts of the Fall of such Rocks, and the Mischief they have done when their Foundations have moulder'd away with Age, or been rent by an Earthquake.

THOSE vast Receptacles of Snow which are found on the Mountain Tops, and in the Hollows of the *Alpes* are, according to some ingenious Writers, the Occasion of those periodical Fountains that are found in *Switzerland*, and flow only at certain Hours of the Day; for as these Mountains cast their Shadows upon one another, they hinder the Sun's shining on several Places at certain Times, so that there are several Heaps of Snow which have the Sun lying upon them two or three Hours together, and are in the Shade all the Day afterwards. If, therefore, it happens that any particular Fountain takes its Rise from any of these Reservoirs of Snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such Hours of the Day as the Snow begins to melt; but as soon as the Sun leaves it, again to freeze and harden, the Fountain dries up, and receives no more Supplies, till about the same Time the next Day, when the Heat of the Sun again sets the Snows a running that fall into the same little Conduits, Traces, and Canals, and by Consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same Place.

AT the very Extremity of the Lake the *Rhone* enters. One would wonder how so many learned Men could fall into so great an Absurdity, as to believe this River could preserve itself unmixed with the Lake, till its going out again at *Geneva*, which is a Course of many Miles. It was extremely muddy at its Entrance when I saw it, though as clear as Rock Water at its going out. The River, indeed, preserves itself for about a Quarter of a Mile in the Lake, but is afterwards so wholly mixed, and lost with the Waters of the Lake, that one discovers nothing like a Stream, till within about a Quarter of a Mile of *Geneva*.

FROM the End of the Lake to the Source of the *Rhone* is a Valley about four Days Journey in Length, which gives the Name of *Valleins* to its Inhabitants, and is the Dominion of the Bishop of *Sion*.

I lodged the second Night at *Ville-neuve*, a little Town in the Canton of *Berne*, where I found good Accommodations, and a much greater Appearance of Plenty than on the other Side of the Lake.

THE next Day having passed by the Castle of *Chillon*, I came to *Verfey* another Town in the Canton of *Berne*, where *Ludlow* retired after having left *Geneva* and *Lausanne*.

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THE next Day I spent at *Lausanne*, the greatest Town on the Lake after *Geneva*, where I saw the Wall of the Cathedral Church that was opened by an Earthquake, and shut again some Years after by a second, the Crack can be but just discerned at present, though there are several in Town still living who have formerly passed through it.

THERE is one Street in this Town that has the Privilege of acquitting or condemning any Person of their own Body in Matters of Life and Death; every Inhabitant of it has his Vote, which makes a House here sell better than in any Part of the Town. They tell you that not many Years ago, it happened that a Cobler had a casting Vote for the Life of a Criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful Side.

FROM *Loufanne* I came to *Morge*, where there is an artificial Port, and a Show of more Trade than in any other Town on the Lake.

FROM *Morge* I came to *Nyon*. The *Colonia Equestris* that *Julius Cæsar* settled in this Country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this Place. They have often dug up old *Roman* Inscriptions and Statues; and in the Walls of several Houses we may yet see the Fragments of vast *Corinthian*

rinthian Pillars, with several other Pieces of Architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble Pile of Building.

AT about five Miles Distance from *Nyon* they show still the Ruins of *Cæsar's* Wall, that reached eighteen Miles in Length from Mount *Jura* to the Borders of the Lake, as he has described it in the first Book of his Commentaries. We sailed from hence directly to *Geneva*, which makes a very noble Show from the Lake, which, as it approaches the Town grows still narrower and narrower, till at last it changes its Name into the *Rhone*, which turns all the Mills in the Town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its Waters are very deep.

As I have seen a great Part of this River, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular Hand of Providence. It rises in the very Heart of the *Alpes*, and has a long Valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its Waters a Passage amidst so many Rocks and Mountains which are on all Sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct Line to *Geneva*. It would there overflow all the Country, were there not one particular Cleft that divides a vast Circuit of Mountains, and conveys it off to *Lyons*. From *Lyons* there is another great Rent, which runs across the whole Country in almost another streight Line ; and notwithstanding the vast Height
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of the Mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest Course it can take to fall into the Sea. Had such a River as this been left to itself, to have found its Way out from among the *Alpes*, whatever Windings it had made, it must have formed several little Seas, and have laid many Countries under Water before it had come to the End of its Course.

I returned to *Geneva* on the Sixth Day from my leaving it; and on the Tenth of *September* set out betimes in the Morning for *Lyons*, where I arrived on the Eleventh, having stopped some Hours to visit the *Cataract* or Water-fall, where the River *Rhone* takes its Course under Ground, and rises again at *Sessel*. I was obliged to lye at a Place about ten Leagues from *Geneva*.

UPON my Arrival next Day at *Lyons* I found a Letter from *Arabella*, acquainting me that she reckoned to be with me by the Thirteenth, which gave me great Joy: As I was a little fatigued I did not think proper to make my Appearance in Town that Day, but went early to Bed and a good Night's Rest made me as fresh next Morning as I was when I left *Lyons*.

A Lover could not be more impatient for the Arrival of a Mistress than I was about my Friend, who was so good as not to let me languish long in Expectation; for at the precise Time her Letter mentioned, I had

the unspeakable Pleasure of clasping her in my Arms, dressed in a Habit fit for a Gentleman Traveller ; and she looked so charming in that Dress, that I gazed upon her for some Minutes, without being able to open my Mouth, at last I recovered the Use of my Tongue, and made her a great many extravagant Compliments ; my dearest *Arabella*, cried I, were you really what you represent I believe I should have quite different Thoughts of Matrimony, for I am very sure I should fall in Love with you, and in that Case I fancy nothing but Matrimony would satisfy me, and, which will shew you my Weakness in its full Extent, I must fairly confess that I just now wish you were a Man, and a Man who would play the Fool and commit Matrimony with me.

WITHOUT pretending to the Spirit of Prophecy I can foretell the Loss of many poor Female Hearts before you and I have finished our Rambling ; for in good Earnest, my dearest *Arabella*, your Features, Complexion, Mien and Shape, are so exquisite, that it is impossible for any Man who is a Man to resist them ; besides, there's a certain *je ne sçai quoy* in your whole Composition that will, I vow, make all the Women, from the Princess to the Chambermaid, stark-staring-mad, and I fancy it will require all your Art and mine to bring you out of Intrigues, of which, I dare say, you'll have Abundance on your Hands.

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SHE laughed at my Rhapsody, and told me that I was prejudiced in her Favour, which made me think her endowed with so many Perfections ; but my dearest *Alithea*, continued she, do you not think that you will have your Share in our Conquests ; and without enumerating all your Perfections and Charms in that pompous Manner you have done mine, let me only tell you, but not in Jest, that if any thing could tempt me to wish myself of another Sex, it would be the Possession of the charming *Alithea* ; but let us lay aside these romantick Wishes, and think of leaving *France* as soon as possible, otherwise we may happen to be attended by my three *Montpelier* Lovers, who threaten to follow me close at the Heels ; the Colonel with Sword and Pistol ; the Fop with a Suit of new embroidered Cloaths, and my Judge with a Writ of Damages for not delivering up my Person and Fortune. I want to lay out a good Sum this Day to make me a Beau, ---- Let us set about it directly, and leave *Lyons* without Loss of Time, for that old Fool will be mad enough to follow me.

I am ready, my dear, said E, to set out when ever you please ; and as we design for *Italy*, where Velvets are better and cheaper than here, I think you had best refer buying any thing of that Kind till we get to *Genoa* ; with all my Heart, said she, but as
 Brocades

Brocades are better here than in *Italy*, I will buy as much as will make a Couple of Waistcoats, the one fringed and the other plain, just such as yours ; for I would fain have us be as uniform in Dress as in Temper and Disposition.

BUT, said I, my dear *Arabella*, do you think that I will suffer you to leave *Lyons* till you have reduced Half a Dozen of the proudest Hearts ; this Operation will soon be performed ; I will present you to the *Intendant* and his Lady, to whom I have already mentioned you, and you will give me Leave to conduct you to a grand Assembly at his House, where, I hope, you will rob some Ladies of their Night's Rest ; and I would particularly recommend to you to make your Court to a certain young *Prude*, whom I shall show you there, who treats Love as a Bagatelle, and Lovers as People who have lost the Use of their Reason, and yet I believe her precise Ladyship would as willingly taste forbidden Fruit as another.

AFTER buying what we wanted, we drove streight to the *Intendant's* House in *Lewis le Grand's* Square, where we found a numerous and brilliant Assembly. I presented my Friend, who met with a very polite Reception ; and I soon perceived that the *Chevalier de Montferan* drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, particularly my *Prude*, who, in spite of her
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strict Rules of outward Behaviour, could not for her Life keep her Eyes one Moment off him.

VERY well thought I, the Medicine begins already to work, and I shall soon see our *Miss Precise* as supple as a Glove; when she sucks in the Poison at so great a Distance, what must it be when they come to close Engagement; as I love Mischief in my Heart, I must bring them together and finish the Work of her Conquest. I whispered *Arabella* to follow me to the Part of the Hall where our *Prude* sat in a very pensive Posture: Madam, said I upon coming up to her, you seem to be wrapt up in Thought, if the Subject be pleasing you'll scarce pardon my Intrusion, but if otherwise I hope I have done you a small Service, for which I would, by way of Reward, beg your Allowance to present this Gentleman the *Chevalier de Montferan* to you, for which I am hopeful you will, upon a nearer Acquaintance with his Merit, give me Thanks.

SIR, said she, I believe you to be so good a Judge of Merit, that I will beforehand look upon the Opportunity of being acquainted with a Gentleman of your Friend's Appearance, as an Advantage for which I am indebted to you.

THE *Chevalier de Radpont's* Friendship to me is so great, Madam, said *Arabella*, that
he

he does not consider how dangerous it may prove upon this Occasion, when you find that I am so far short of his Character and your Expectation ; however, I cannot but be sensible of the Favour he has done in presenting me to a Lady of your Merit, whatever may be the Consequence of it. The Consequence can be no other, replied she, but the Regret which we shall have, after being acquainted, to lose you sooner than we could wish.

THAT is very true, Madam, said I, and that my Friend may make the best Use of his Time, I mean to confirm the Character I have given of him ; give me Leave to beg you will allow him to entertain you while I am busied in a Party of Quadril which I am engaged in ; with that I left them, and observed that they had a long Conversation which my Friend told me was all upon the gallantish Strain, and had been pushed to a Declaration of Love, and a Promise of corresponding by Letters.

As we were determined to leave *Lyons* next Morning, we took our Leave that Night of the *Intendant* and all our Acquaintances, and went Post by Water next Day to *Avignon*, from thence to *Aix* a Parliament Town, and arrived at *Marseilles* without drawing Bridle, where the first Thing we did was to hire a Vessel to carry us by Sea to *Genoa*, and the Master was obliged to have

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 347

have every Thing ready in three Days, which Time we employed in visiting *Marseilles*, *Toulon* and *Hieres*, which last gives Name to the Islands that lye opposite to it in the *Mediterranean*.

I hope whoever publishes my Travels will put what remains in a Volume by itself for two Reasons ; first, because I have a Partner who is less fond of seeing Curiosities than of knowing the Characters of different People ; and the second, because I shall in the Sequel quite alter my Sceeme, that is, lead my Readers through *Italy*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *England* and *Holland*, without fatiguing them with Descriptions, unless where I have met with Antiquities, that have not been taken Notice of by other Travellers.

End of the Second Volume.